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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE.

BY

JOHN S. MEMES, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE, PAINTING, AND ARCHITECTURE," &c.

NEW EDITION.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

THE peculiar advantages of position, in regard to his present subject, so long enjoyed by M. de Bourrienne, from his official situation, his literary accomplishments and moral qualifications, have already obtained for these *Memoirs* the first rank of authenticity in contemporary history. In France, where they had for years been expected with anxiety, and where, since the Revolution, no work, connected with that period, or its consequent events, has created so great a sensation, the volumes of Bourrienne have, from the first, been accepted as the only trustworthy exhibition of the private life and political principles of Napoleon.

For six-and-twenty years, from his childhood upwards, the intimate relations of the historian

with the master spirit of his narrative, were such as necessarily opened up an insight into character and motives, occasioned disclosures, and prepared revelations, which the world neither looked for, nor would have received without hesitation, save from the early companion and confidential secretary, united in the original author of the volumes now presented to the English reader. During this period of unrestrained intercourse, not only occurred many of the most important acts in that astonishing career which Bourrienne, with such exclusive advantages, has undertaken to describe, but also were determined the grand lines of future policy. The present work, therefore, while it displays, under aspects hitherto concealed from observation, a lively portraiture of the presiding genius, will be found minutely to unfold many, and to supply a key to most, of those gigantic schemes which agitated France and affected Europe.

The station which Bourrienne so long held near him who had only to will "where to choose," will probably be admitted as sufficient evidence of no common capabilities nor ordinary attainments. But in the narrator, who describes important transactions as an eye-witness and original authority, other qualities are demanded, to which those of literature or mere talent are secondary. In the present case, especially, where so many living influences still mingle with our reminiscences of the past, moral accomplishments are

equally indispensable and invaluable. The merits of M. de Bourrienne are here of the highest order, and such as conciliate not less respect than confidence.

A regard for truth has been by him held superior to all other considerations. By a period of publication remote in time, and when the hands that might have rewarded or punished are for ever powerless, he has laboured to obviate even the possible imputation that interested motives have given a colouring to his narrative. Removing still farther from the influence of whatever fear or temptation may yet exist, he has sought security and retirement in the kingdom of the Netherlands. Under the protection of a tried friend, the Duchess de Brancas, he there drew up, in the course of this and the preceding year, the memoirs composing the following volumes. The manuscripts, transmitted from the chateau of Fontaine-Leveque to Paris, were published successively; the holographs of original documents, and the autographs of many of the potentates of Europe, being placed for verification in the hands of the publishers.

The reader will also observe, that these *Memoirs* do not belong to the class af books which pass by the name of Reminiscences: the volumes have been arranged from copious materials and notes, collected or written while the events were passing. Thus, with every improvement of mature thought, the work possesses all

the liveliness and vigour of first impressions. A conversation was no sooner ended, a fact no sooner determined, than it was registered in the private journals of Bourrienne, who, from the first, on becoming an actor in events which he foresaw would belong to history, watched and recorded all with laudable diligence.

Bourrienne, though privy to many very questionable transactions—frequently, indeed, the writer of instructions for conducting them—never once became so implicated, that his personal reputation could suffer by declaring, or his vanity be concerned by concealing or distorting, the truth. Thus, with all the secret and intimate knowledge of a partizan, there exists no possible reason why he should write as an apologist.

Predilections, however, do occur in the work; but these—to be respected in their objects, at least—are seldom, if ever, carried to an ungracious length; while an honest exposition of facts always supplies materials for an independent opinion. These little partialities, therefore, it may prove useful to the reader to be previously made aware of.

Though candidly and correctly estimating the actions of Napoleon, and his claims to fame, considered in themselves, Bourrienne shews himself jealously alive to these pretensions, as they can be connected with the honour and glory of France.

Yet do these very pages bear witness, that the glory of Napoleon is but a wild vision,—a blood-stained phantom, predominating, indeed, in the imagination, but wherein the heart can have no share, save to mourn the laceration of its holiest ties. Of all those agents in mighty events whom history will designate under the name of great, Bonaparte will assuredly be pronounced, by an impartial and distant posterity, to have among the fewest pretensions to intrinsic or personal greatness. His grandeur was that of position alone; and not only so, but of circumstances, in the creation or even guidance of which, in the first instance, the energies of his own spirit, or the perspicacity of his own foresight, held no control. His rise was prepared by events; and the manner in which he turned these to advantage furnishes no example of ennobling emulation, nor supplies one lesson of which human nature can be proud. His connection with the fortunes of thirty millions of men, whose generous confidence he abused, whose best hopes he deluded, and whose thraldom he achieved, through the weakness of the worthless, and the supineness of the good, will give to his name its immortality.

Napoleon's public character was entirely factitious, and, in all transactions, his grand instrument was artifice. Even his ambition, uniformly selfish and heartless, maturing its purposes and attaining its aims by elaborated contrivance,

resembled more the artificial passion of little mind, than the mistaken virtue of a lofty soul. With him, even virtuous actions rarely displayed the impulse of a native benevolence; they appeared rather as the calculated result of an experience, that mankind are most effectually deceived into evil by the semblance of good. In private, and while with no object immediately in view, Bonaparte is found habitually giving way to vulgar excitement and unbecoming passion, unrestrained by the conventional decorum of polished life,—withheld still less by the steady dignity of fixed principle. Both in good and evil, in hostilities as in friendships, we discover the workings of an ill-regulated and capricious mind, upon an impatient temperament,—often, too, the operation of the meanest motives.

Forgetting the man and the ruler whom he has thus delineated, Bourrienne, in speaking of Napoleon the military leader, often remembers only the victorious chief, whose splendid, though delusive, triumphs have added to the glory of France. Under the influence of such feelings, England's achievements in arms, and the spirit of her policy, are naturally enough viewed with the prejudices incurred by her as the grand mover of that opposition which withstood, and of the reverse which finally closed, this career. But this is a matter which may be safely left to the decision of the reader, in possession of the

facts of Britain's lengthened and single-handed struggle, and of her great adversary's own admissions, as contained in these volumes.

In withstanding the erection of France into a great military, and consequently enslaved and dangerous, community, under a fortunate soldier, the policy of England ought, in consistency, to have met the approbation of our author. For, from the opinions expressed in his own work, her opposition cannot be considered as having been directed against the French people. As soon as they beheld their hopes of a free representative government disappointed, they disavowed all communion of purpose with a self-imposed ruler, and preferred the more peaceful dominion of their ancient sovereigns. The erection of the throne became the signal for recalling its legitimate possessors; and, in so far as the question rested between Bonaparte and the Bourbons, England, in aiding to reinstate the latter in their milder rights, only conferred a benefit long desired, and promoted the earlier accomplishment of the national wish of France.

The ulterior measures of the allied powers, however, as respects the loss of conquest seem most offensive to Bourrienne, who here expresses the sentiment of a majority of France. But the ancient and real territory of the kingdom was held sacred; while she was deprived only of forced accessions, the retaining of which threatened the pacific relations of Europe. With the

disparting of defenceless states, the traffickings in human rights, which elsewhere ensued, England cannot be impeached. Her exertions had freed the nations, but her example could not persuade allies to be generous victors. To have recurred to other means save those of persuasion, would have been injustice to her own people: to their painful sacrifices, in a protracted struggle, the British government owed peace, leaving the odium to remain with others, if peace brought not freedom to all.

The statements of Bourrienne, too, though his political predilections exhibit an opposite bias, will convince every impartial reader of the necessity of those precautions which have been misrepresented as a conspiracy of sovereigns against the liberties of subjects. The meteor which had long shed a portentous glare, had been indeed arrested, and shivered in its flight; but blazing fragments were scattered far and wide, with inflammable materials every where at hand. "A band of landless resolutes," and a state of society in France, such as described in these volumes, demanded a strong manifestation among the powers of Europe, decidedly to put an end to the hope of disturbing social order.

The most daring and the ablest spirits in France, perfectly regardless of Bonaparte, were not therefore reconciled to the Restoration, save as an alternative measure. Though, with the mass of the nation, they preferred the Bourbons

in a choice of masters, they would much rather have been all masters and legislators according to their own notions. But these volumes afford melancholy evidence how miserably incapable the French had shewn themselves to establish and conduct a republican government; how injurious to the nation and to others its renewal and its principles were likely to prove. Without reverting to the horrors of the Revolution, the manner in which the republic was overturned exhibits a deplorable instance of the instability which a succession of sudden and violent changes produces in the characters of men. The low intrigues, so minutely described by Bourrienne, the insignificant and unworthy artifices, the ludicrously disproportionate means, which, on the 18th and 19th Brumaire, placed in the hands of a foreign adventurer, a fugitive from his post, the mastery over the lives and fortunes of thirty millions of the human race, would excite our laughter, if ridicule on such a subject were not as hideous, as idiot mirth in the chamber of death. Is, then, the character of the French adverse to the genius of republicanism? or are the principles then acted upon erroneous? The former cause may have operated in this sad failure; but the destructive tendency of the latter is certain, and reads the lesson to our experience. The principles of equality and universal suffrage are, from their very nature, incompatible with a useful, respectable, or steady legislature. Thirty millions

of Frenchmen were then not so fully represented, even numerically, as twenty-two millions now are in our own country. But will any one say, that the representative government of Great Britain could be overturned as was that of France? Yet the principle of *representation* is the same; the principle of *election* only differs. Hence the melancholy insecurity of the republican administration, and the steady dignity of the British legislature.

The influence of religion in France during the period properly belonging to these volumes, is another consideration full of moment, as exhibiting the most powerful of all principles of legislation and of human action fearfully misunderstood or misapplied. Bonaparte could estimate the external usefulness of religion; and the re-edification of the altar is rightly placed among the number of his great actions; but the establishment of its rites was by all regarded as a measure merely political, and the reader will find that our author and France appreciated this sufficiently, or perhaps even too much. What were the consequences? Revolutionary France, which discarded religion, based in crime, had fallen contemptibly: Imperial France existed without religious principle, and terminated with the reign of force. In these volumes appears the most striking evidence on record of the nullity of every other guarantee of moral action, in comparison with that religion which constrains

the heart. Bonaparte was surrounded by those who, among their fellows, were admired for lofty character, heroic bravery, love of country, and esteem of honour. Yet these men beheld him stained with the most atrocious of all crimes,—cool, contrived, deliberate, and wanton murder —murder committed on a helpless and unsuspecting victim, the descendant of their own kings, (for the horrible recital in these pages leaves not a doubt on the manner of the Duke d'Enghien's death.) And how acted these pretenders to magnanimity, to republican honesty, to the soldier's honour? Was one voice lifted up—one finger pointed—one single source of gain resigned? No. All quailed, or, meaner still, cringed before the tyrant and murderer, because from his polluted hands were to be dispensed the rewards of their base servility. Happily, to prove the immeasurable superiority of religion over all human substitutes, there still remained in France one practical Christian—the well known author of the *Genius of Christianity*, whose conduct as a man illustrated his principles as an author. He was in full favour; a most brilliant career opened to his honourable ambition; he had been named to a high mission, and had just retired from an audience of leave: two hours after, he learned the murder of the prince; and in two hours—to the certain loss of worldly honours, at the probable peril of life or

liberty—his resignation was in the hands of government!

The preceding reflections are inferences forced upon the mind by the perusal of the following work. They are offered here, not more as pointing out the slight predilections of Bourrienne, than as shewing, that even his volumes afford the best refutation of certain opinions or prepossessions, which may be entertained by readers in this country. Illusions still hang round the name and actions of Napoleon. The publications which have appeared hitherto, wanted the authority, or were supposed to be deficient in the impartiality necessary to the removal of such illusions. It is in this light that the Translator views his present undertaking as calculated to be of general utility. The authenticity, the candour, the authority, and the friendly dispositions even, of the original author, cannot be questioned. We have thus a portraiture of times, of men, and especially of principles, which, while it commands unreserved confidence, if examined candidly, can hardly fail to reconcile the inquirer to the wholesome restraints and attendant blessings of established order, true religion, regular government, and real freedom.

As respects the translation, it will be found to be faithful to the original,—a quality of which the Translator has been desirous of giving the fullest assurance by the sanction of his name.

This seemed proper, not only in accordance with the principle of avoiding anonymous publication, adopted in the truly valuable work in which these volumes appear, but also, because, by the rejection of numerous repetitions, and a variety of less interesting or more common documents, in order to bring the work within general reach, some change has been made on the bulk, though, it will be found, none on the value of the original. On this subject, the reader will bear in mind, that the original, which is in ten volumes, is widely printed, and with large type; while the author's anxiety to establish facts has frequently induced him to recur to them nearly in the same words. In the translation, on the other hand, a small type has been used; while the author's individual reflections and opinions, but not his narrative, have occasionally been condensed, not by omission, but by a brevity of expression, of which, as is well known, the English, as compared with the French language, is peculiarly susceptible. In all important respects, however, the translation is a full and complete version. Especial attention has been paid to the rendering, word for word, of every conversation or document emanating directly from Bonaparte. Some value, too, may perhaps be attached to the circumstance, that the Translator, from former studies and researches, begun with views long since laid aside, has enjoyed means of verifying many of the statements in the original. An Appendix

has been added, which, it is believed, will prove useful. And, on the whole, it is hoped, that, even in a translation, no careless appearance has been made before the public, on a subject of such deep and general interest.

J. S. M.

July, 1830.

MEMOIR

OF

M. DE BOURRIENNE.

The varied and momentous interests of his immediate subject have, in the following *Memoirs*, most properly engrossed the thoughts of the author, to the almost entire exclusion of merely personal details. Perhaps no biographer has less paraded himself on the same stage with the great actors of his history, while few have enjoyed so many opportunities of self-display as Bourrienne. Among all the motives, then, which may be assumed to have actuated him in the composition of his work, vanity can hardly be allowed a place. He even apologizes for "sometimes introducing himself in the foreground of the picture;" but it will be found, that, on these occasions, he either appears as a witness to the truth of facts previously known, or is obliged to point attention to his own figure among the personages of the principal group, as voucher for what may be at variance with the representations of others, or altogether new. While the reader cannot but approve of this modesty, he may not the less desire to see, collected apart, the

leading particulars in the life of one who has contributed so largely to the authentic history of one of the most stupendous eras in the annals of the world. A brief memoir, too, will afford an opportunity of refuting certain absurd calumnies, which, after having been exposed, laughed at, and exploded in France, have, we observe, been imported into this country.

Louis-Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne is descended of wealthy and honourable parentage, in the departement of the Yonne, province of Burgundy. His native place, Sens, with its venerable cathedral, and Napoleon's own "beautiful valley" in the background, the writer recalls with pleasure, as one of the most magnificent landscapes of which even "sunny France" can boast. In this city was born the future historian of "the man of thousand thrones," only a few weeks before his hero, on the 9th July, 1769, the younger son, and by a second marriage, of M. de Bourrienne, *rentier*, who died in September of the same year.

The respectability of the family sufficiently appears from the station the surviving members held within the period of these *Memoirs*, as also from its ancestral honours. In the house of Madame de Bourrienne, *senior*, we find Bonaparte passing the brief stay which he permitted himself on his rapid journeys, and this at a time when, at all seasons exceedingly punctilious in the observances of etiquette, he was more than usually solicitous to maintain the conventional appearances of greatness, because real rank and power were but ill assured, or recently acquired. As victorious Chief of the Army of Italy, however, and afterwards as First Consul, he condescended to visit Bourrienne's mother; and, from information communicated to the

writer of this account, by those personally acquainted with the circumstances of the parties, the First Consul of France could not, in Sens, have found society more suitable, or better entitled to receive such marked honour. The reader will also recollect that while young Napoleon was receiving an eleemosynary education, his youthful companion drew his necessary income as a gentleman from his paternal inheritance.

The ancient nobility of Bourrienne's family, also, is proved by letters patent, still extant, and which, in 1777, were remitted to Paris, and placed in the hands of a legal adviser, M. d'Ogny, for the purpose related in the *Memoirs*. These letters, granted by Louis XIII, were dated 1640, and in them that monarch makes reference to the "good service," and consequent titles, of Sieur Fauvelet de Villemont, an ancestor of our author by the father's side. The Sieur Fauvelet, during the wars of the League, in 1586, had maintained, at the peril of life and property, various provinces in the Duchy of Burgundy in their fidelity to Henry III. The patent continues to state, that, from the fourteenth century, the representatives of the name had discharged the highest dignities of the magistracy in their native province. Subsequently, the families of Fauvelet and De Bourrienne intermarrying, the name now borne by him descended to the writer of the following *Memoirs*.

When little more than seven years of age, our author commenced his studies at Brienne. In the course of ten years, during which he remained at this seminary, young Bourrienne was greatly distinguished, both for talents and application. Of this one instance may suffice: At the close of the session

of 1783, the last which Bonaparte passed at Brienne, and in which he carried off the mathematical prize, Bourrienne received no less than *seven* premiums, for the languages and mathematics. A very pleasing anecdote, of one of the most accomplished ladies of regal and imperial France, is connected with this event. In the *Memoirs* it is mentioned, that the Duke of Orleans, (father of the reigning king,) and Madame de Montesson, being on a visit to the Count de Brienne, attended the public examinations of the Royal Military School. Madame de Montesson had been requested, by the good fathers, to present the prizes, and to crown the youthful aspirants for academical honours. To this request she acceded; and, when young Fauvelet de Bourrienne's name had been called for the seventh time, turning to his mother, who had come from Sens to be present at the ceremony, Madame de Montesson, with feeling and good taste, said to her, "Madam, my hands are wearied; do you yourself, this time, crown your son."

This incident is associated, also, with a very interesting and romantic fact in the history of Bonaparte, which singularly displays the well known trait in his character, that seemed to lead him eagerly to seek out opportunities of requiting favours conferred upon his youth, when the acknowledgement did not interfere with his riper glory. Madame de Montesson was privately married to the Duke of Orleans, grandfather of the *late* Duke, who is now King of France. To this union Louis XVI. had consented, on condition that it should be kept secret till the birth of a child. Madame de Montesson was, therefore, received at court by Louis, who publicly addressed her by the title of "Cousin."

From this period, the Hôtel de Montesson became the resort of all the most elegant and noble in the most polished society of Europe. How heavily the sadness of the Revolution came over the happiness of France, the reader is well aware; and if, in the higher circles, it sometimes fell upon hollow refinement merely, or worthless imbecility, it struck, in Madame de Montesson, a victim whose talents, demeanour, and amenity of character, had such qualities been more common, would have saved the kingdom, and the race of Bourbon, from crime, contempt, and misfortune. It is pleasing to know, that, in such a case, the individual evils were not of long duration. Shortly after Bonaparte attained to the Consulate, he sent, requesting to see Madame de Montesson. The moment she arrived, he addressed her—"Madam, ask of me whatever I can grant, capable of affording you pleasure."—"But, General, I have no claim on the services you would now render."—"Have you then forgotten, madam, that from you I received my earliest honours? At Brienne, you placed upon my head the first laurel,—precursor of some others. 'May this,' said you, 'young man, be a happy omen of success, and an encouragement to perseverance.' I am, it is said, a fatalist; thus, madam, nothing can be more simple, than that I should not have forgotten what has escaped your recollection: I long to requite the service. The tone of good society is almost lost in France; with you we shall yet recover it. I have need of some traditions; do you give them to my wife. When a distinguished stranger arrives in Paris, by an invitation to your fêtes, send him away with the impression, that in no other capital can he find more gracefulness and refinement." The Consul

immediately restored the pension of 160,000 francs, (£6666, 13s. 4d.) which the duke, her husband, had settled upon her, previous to the Revolution; and, both under the Consulate and Empire, Madame de Montesson enjoyed great influence.

On leaving the academy at Brienne, nearly four years after the events above related, Bourrienne, now in his eighteenth year, passed some months in the neighbourhood of Châtillon, at the residence of the Marquis d'Argenteuil, who had conceived a regard for the young student. The remainder of the same year, 1787, he spent at Mentz, occupied in practical preparation for the artillery service. On the disappointment of these hopes,—a temporary obstacle, which neither the sufferer, nor especially the reader, has cause to regret; for Bourrienne, both by acquirements and disposition, appears, evidently, to have been better fitted for a civil than for a military career,—he returned to Sens. With the anxiety natural to an enterprizing mind, Bourrienne longed to be employed, and applied to his protector, the Marquis d'Argenteuil, who recommended diplomacy, and presented him with strong recommendations to M. de Montmorin, then minister for foreign affairs.

With these credentials, our youthful diplomatist repaired to the French capital early in 1789, received a letter from the minister to the Duke de Noailles, ambassador at the Austrian court, and soon after departed for Vienna. Here he remained two months, in the capacity of *attaché* to the embassy, and had the honour of being twice introduced to the Emperor Joseph, by the nobleness of whose manners and amiable dispositions he appears to have been deeply and lastingly impressed. After receiving some general

instructions on diplomacy, Bourrienne, by advice of the ambassador, entered the University of Leipsic. Here he remained nearly two years, and left, in that celebrated seminary, a name not yet forgotten. Many years afterwards, we find La Sahla making confession of his mysterious attempt on the life of Napoleon to our author alone, whom he had selected for this confidence, on account of his still remembered fame at Leipsic, and reputation throughout Germany. While the writer of the present memoir was surveying the battle field of Leipsic from the tower of the college observatory, the attendant remarked, "that one of their cleverest lads," for such is the nearest version of his words, "long ago, had lived with Napoleon, and was to write his life, and, he supposed, would particularly describe the battle of Leipsic." This excited farther inquiries; and a member of the university afterwards said to the narrator,—"Our Sacristan is so far correct, that he refers to M. de Bourrienne, who, though considerably before my time, was one of our most distinguished students; and, partly as such, partly from matrimonial connections, and, especially, on account of his excellent conduct as imperial minister in Hamburg, is still known amongst us." It will be remarked, too, that, in the best German works on the subject of Napoleon, Bourrienne is named with respect, and the greatest importance attached to his expected revelations.

Having finished his studies, Bourrienne prepared to leave Leipsic. Of these studies, the chief objects had been international law, and a practical acquaintance with the German and English languages,—acquirements wherein his superiority is admitted and praised by friend and foe,—by Fouché, Savary, Bona-

parte himself, — by every one, in short, who has written minutely on the men and times. The aspect of things in France, however, uniting with a laudable desire of seeing a little more of the world, induced him, instead of hastening home, when he left the university, to make a tour through Prussia and Poland. In the capital of the latter country he passed a portion of the winter of 1791–2. His residence at Warsaw was rendered equally agreeable and advantageous to him as a young man entering the world, through the friendship of the Princess Tyszicwiez, niece of Stanislaus Augustus, and sister of the brave Poniatowski. The Princess, highly accomplished herself, and attached to the literature and language of France, condescended to receive, with peculiar favour, a young Frenchman, recommended by honourable introductions, and, more effectively, to one of her tastes, by his own highly cultivated mind. Through the same kind patroness, our author became known to her royal uncle, in a circle whose limited numbers permitted an approach to intimacy. The King delighted to hear the *Moniteur* read by Bourrienne, who has left on record that the manly loyalty breathed in the speeches of the Girondist deputies, was especially pleasing to Stanislaus.

At Warsaw, Bourrienne first appeared in the character of an author. He had translated, for his private amusement or improvement, Kotzebue's play of *Menschen-hass und Reüe*, or *Misanthropy and Repentance*, to which he had given the title of *The Unknown*. This is the same piece so popular on the English stage under the name of *The Stranger*. With this drama the princess was so pleased, that she requested to have it printed at Warsaw, at her own

expense. The work was published in Paris by *Dessay*, and is noticed by the *Journal de France* in one of the July numbers for 1792. This translation Bourrienne afterwards gave to Bonaparte to read, while they were together in Italy. The Commander-in-chief was much pleased with his secretary's version. About the commencement of the Consulate, another translation was brought out at one of the theatres. The first night of the representation, Bonaparte, on entering the cabinet, said, "Bourrienne, they have robbed you." —"Me, General! how?"—"You are robbed, I tell you; your piece is played at the theatre—you must interdict the representation." Every night the First Consul went to see the performance, and every night returned with the same advice; being with difficulty convinced, that foreign works were the property of any one who translated them. Bonaparte afterwards prevailed on Bourrienne to undertake a translation of *Werthers Leiden*, or "The Sorrows of Werther," of which trashy production, with its wretched affectation, false sentiment, and worse morality, he was passionately fond—another proof how little good taste had fallen to Napoleon's lot. This translation, however, never advanced beyond one letter, real business preventing all indulgence in fiction. These translations, with numerous official and political papers, bound the literary exertions of our author, till the appearance of his long expected *Memoirs*.

Departing from Warsaw early in the spring, Bourrienne reached Vienna on the 26th of March, the day before the death of the Emperor Leopold II,—whose corpse he twice saw, and thence positively contradicts his having died by poison. Traversing Austria and Germany, he returned to Paris in April, 1792, and

there found his friend of the Military College as affectionate, but still poorer than himself. After five months spent idly in the capital, as described in the *Memoirs*, the youthful companions were again separated, by Bourrienne's appointment to the embassy at Stuttgard. This situation he owed to his former interest, but retained it little more than seven months, the revolutionary excesses of 1792-3 having put the finishing stroke to all the respectability and security that yet remained in the social system of France. Dreading the effects of a storm which had fallen upon, or removed, his former supporters, Bourrienne, instead of throwing himself within its influence, resolved to watch the progress of events from a distance, though he thus incurred the penalties of contumacy, or, in the language of the period, of emigration. Thus passed rather more than two years, from March, 1793, when he was recalled by the mandate of the Convention, which he disobeyed, to May, 1795, when the comparatively mild government of the *representatives* encouraged his return to France, though he knew his name to be inscribed among the emigrants. During this interval, he married the lady to whom the reader of her husband's *Memoirs* is indebted for the graphic description of Bonaparte's early character and habits.

Madame de Bourrienne belonged to a family which resided near Leipsic. Her father is understood to have been formerly professor of law in that university; and, probably, an attachment, commenced while at college, not a little contributed to Bourrienne's resolution of expatriation, which, however, prudence also would have dictated. Be this as it may, intimacy with Josephine is a certain proof of elegance of manners, while the literary accomplishments of Madame

de Bourrienne are too generally known to admit of question. Our author mentions a shawl sent by him from Egypt: it may not be inappropriate to quote here on this subject, from the work of a lady, who is not without claims to relationship with the blood of the Bourbons, though a favourite member of the consular and imperial court, the postscript of a letter from Josephine to Eugene, then absent on the Egyptian expedition:—"I have received the shawls. They may be very fine and very dear, but they appear to me most ugly. Their great recommendation is their lightness. I doubt whether the fashion takes. No matter; say they gratify me much, for they are extraordinary and warm." "Madame Bonaparte," continues our authority, "had received two cachemeres sent by her husband. Mesdames Bourrienne, Hamelin, and Visconti, had also shawls. These ladies at first wore them only because the dress was strange, for we all thought it frightful, and not to be adopted. However, from that time they became the universal rage; and truly unfortunate was the *élégante* who could not procure one of these *ugly* shawls." This quotation shews sufficiently the position occupied by Madame de Bourrienne in Parisian society, and that, too, long before the situation of her husband, as confidential secretary of the First Consul, had bestowed an adventitious but powerful influence over its opinions.

After a short residence in Paris, during which, as we find from original documents, the most perfect confidence and friendship were renewed between Bonaparte and Bourrienne, the latter retired to Sens, where he became a father—his wife having been urged by his mother to increase the mutual joy,

and secure affectionate attendance on that occasion, by quitting Paris. In the bosom of his family, residing on his own property, our author passed the summer in probably as much happiness as a suspicious and insecure government permitted. This state of tranquillity, indeed, appears to have excited the longing desire of his friend, to whom a little property in the Vale of the Yonne then bounded an ambition, more rational by far, but apparently less easy of attainment, than kingdoms afterwards became. Meanwhile, the first step in the march of aggrandizement had at last been effected by the result of the famous 5th October, 1795, the day of the Sections. In November following, Bourrienne returned to Paris, where he remained during the winter, till arrested in the month of February, and placed in peril of his life, as a returned emigrant.

Known for a man of some property, and as having been employed under the system which had been overturned, Bourrienne presented a fair mark to the satellites of a government, suspicious from consciousness of insecurity, and grasping from its necessities. His arrest, therefore, placed his life in danger, and the precautions against evasion were long and vexatiously continued. From the worst consequences of such a situation, the interference of General Bonaparte unquestionably saved him; though Madame seems little disposed to give credit to the latter for efficient interposition. Escaping thus with banishment from the capital, and subsequently occupied in literary avocations, our author had begun to recover comparative tranquillity, when the friendly summons of his old companion invited him to share in the cares and triumphs so ably described in the following

volumes. From the spring of 1796, when he joined the youthful chief of the Army of Italy, till 1803, the historian of the commander of the army of invasion, of the leader in Egypt and Syria, of the agitator on the 18th Brumaire, and, finally, of the First Consul, necessarily becomes also his own biographer. Thenceforward, for many years, the incidents of his own life merge in the grand and surprising events of his narrative. Of this period, the most wonderful, and, on the whole, the most interesting and praiseworthy in the career of his hero, he has put forth a relation whose authority cannot be questioned, and its merits hardly equalled.

The separation which ensued towards the close of 1802 constitutes an important era in the life of Bourrienne, and supplies a proper pause, not to refute —for, when explained, they carry their own refutation along with them—but to make the reader acquainted with certain calumnies attaching to the portion of his life just referred to, invented originally for temporary purposes of political or personal malice, and which have been revived, in the evident intention of shaking confidence in the impartiality, if not trustworthiness, of his history.

The misrepresentation which affects Bourrienne's earliest years, is comparatively of recent manufacture —to wit, that he has no right to his own name! This, it is alleged, was really some obscure appellation, (*Charbonelle* is fixed upon,) which, on the outbreaking of the Revolution, he had sense enough to exchange for one already known to his countrymen, as a preliminary step to obtaining notoriety. This absurdity is at once answered by the preceding statements in this memoir. These, again, are supported by reference

to the records of the municipality of Sens, or the register of the college of Brienne,—a document still extant, though the seminary is destroyed, and in the possession of one both able and willing to use it against an impartial historian of Bonaparte. This invention, however, involves so many contradictions, that it need hardly be seriously combated: it cannot be denied that he was employed by the king as Bourrienne before the Revolution occurred,—consequently, had the change been made, it must have taken place prior to any operation of the alleged motive. But neither could this alleged motive exist; for, to every one conversant with the history of the French Revolution, it is well known, that an illustrious name exposed the bearer only to insult, and danger, and loss,—even to death itself,—but never could promote its owner to a share in the criminal advantages of that dark catastrophe. But lastly, it is not denied, that, as Bourrienne, he witnessed or partook in the events which he has described, or that he was the early friend and confidential secretary of Bonaparte. Even were the assertion that he changed his name true, therefore—as it is false—this could not affect the *Memoirs of Napoleon*.

Coming later down, we find an attempt made to establish an understanding between him and the worst actors in the Revolution and Convention. The whole accusation, however, falls to the ground, when we discover it to be based upon nothing but the *presumption*, that Bourrienne entered France by procuring his erasure from the list of emigrants, through correspondence with those by whom that list had been inscribed in blood. Now, the reverse of this is the truth; like many others, he returned at his own peril,

on the first appearance of something like settled government. Not only was he not erased, in 1795, by the men of the Convention, but in consequence of his name remaining in the fatal list, he had nearly suffered death under their successors in the Directory. Finally, the erasure was not obtained till 1797, and then not easily, even with all the influence, and at the repeated instances, of Bonaparte.

An imputation growing out of the preceding, rather than a distinct charge, is, that Bourrienne, after resigning the secretariat to the Legation at Stuttgard, was arrested at Leipsic, by order of the Elector of Saxony, and detained in confinement for ten weeks, as a *terrorist*. This imprisonment is ascribed to his intimacy with an agent of the French Republic, which excited the suspicions of the emigrant royalists and alarmed the local authorities. To this, the translator merely replies, that, though not improbable, considering the disturbed state of Germany, and the aversion with which Frenchmen were viewed throughout the Continent, he finds the assertion supported by no credible authority. This, and the preceding accusation, are obviously inconsistent with each other, and, in truth, highly honourable to Bourrienne; for how could the same individual be treated abroad as an agent of the revolutionists, and at home imprisoned, and his life endangered, as a returned emigrant, save that he was actually connected with neither party?

Bourrienne has been farther accused of having intruded himself as an adventurer upon the Commander-in-chief of the Italian army, and of shewing himself subsequently ungrateful to the memory of the man who rescued him from persecution, and placed him in a confidential situation near his own

person. This is true in neither respect. From the first letter in the correspondence, 1796, inviting the future secretary to join the army, it certainly appears that Bourrienne had previously written to Bonaparte, —a circumstance by no means singular, since they had so long corresponded,—but that document by no means implies prior solicitation for employment. On the contrary, we remark that a delay took place on the part of Bourrienne, and that Marmont's letters, by order of his general, became more and more urgent, as the army approached the Austrian territories; that is, in proportion as its leader experienced greater necessity of having a confidential functionary skilled in the German language. As to gratitude, Bourrienne speaks with deep feeling of the services rendered, by the Consul, in rescuing him from the effects of imputed emigration; but if the word imply sacrifice of fidelity in public history to a sense of private obligation, the accusation of having failed to make that sacrifice is an honour.

At a still more interesting period of his life, we come to the heaviest of all the charges against our author. The dismissal of Bourrienne from the service of the First Consul is to be attributed, say the enemies of the former, not to the causes which he has assigned, but to certain fraudulent transactions of his own; and this it is, which has tinged with jaundiced colouring all the representations in the *Memoirs*. Some refer the cause of the rupture to a clandestine speculation in corn, in which Lucien also was implicated; others, to tampering in the funds, the secretary making nefarious use of the secret information obtained through his official situation.

The former of these imputations amounts to this;

Lucien, minister of the interior, and Bourrienne, confidential secretary, united their *information* and *influence*, clandestinely and unlawfully, to introduce from France, by way of Hamburg, into Great Britain, vast quantities of grain, greatly to the detriment of the public service, and no less to their own particular profit. The First Consul coming to the knowledge of this fact, would certainly have capitally convicted the secretary, had it not been for the minister; he therefore banished the latter on an embassy to Spain, and dismissed the former from his presence and cabinet. Such is the statement, the truth of which is to be examined. In 1802, a traffic of the sort, to say the least, is most improbable; and, farther, the combination of the alleged agents is impossible. During that year, indeed, and the preceding, a scarcity prevailed in England. The consequent distress, however, fell with equal severity upon France, Spain, and Italy. Germany and Poland suffered less; but the supplies brought from these countries by the English ministry, required no intermediate agency — especially no French agency; for Hamburg, a free port, and the ports on the Baltic, were much more accessible to us than to France. Besides, Lucien Bonaparte ceased to be minister of the interior in 1800, and, almost immediately after, set out on his Spanish embassy, which, though a most lucrative mission, was certainly a banishment disguised. The real cause of that disgrace has, for the first time, been fully explained in the graphic history of the famous *Parallel*, contained in these volumes. That pamphlet made its appearance about the 20th of the preceding December, and, in January, 1801, Lucien was on the road to Madrid. Bourrienne, on the other hand, remained in office,

and on a perfectly good understanding with Napoleon, till the end of October, 1802, and was not finally discharged till three weeks later. Between these two dismissals, at the interval of nearly two years, could there possibly be any connection, or could the same cause produce both? Unquestionably not. But this is not all: Some versions of the story add, that Bourrienne was then also sent off. And whither? To Hamburg—the scene of his alleged crime! He was not in that city before 1805. Yet to such absurdities have even respectable publications lent themselves in this country, either from careless inquiry, or because "scandal is sweet." To be dangerous, however, or even amusing, a story like this should be made consistent.

The charge of speculating in the funds, Bourrienne has himself taken up; and, to every candid mind, satisfactorily refuted. At the same time that he avows his connection with the house of Coulon, army contractors, whose bankruptcy produced a great sensation at Paris in the end of 1802—and which has also been turned to his disadvantage—it is proved that he himself was among the sufferers; and that advancing money to such houses, for an adequate share of the profits, was not only considered not culpable, but an ordinary method of investing capital.

Thus there exists not the shadow of a reason for doubting the truth of the account of the separation, and its causes, given in these volumes. Our author's statement is farther corroborated by reference to the testimony of Prince Talleyrand, a living witness; by the letter of the excellent Marbois; by Bonaparte's hesitation in rendering the dismissal definite; and the intention, more than once manifested, of

recalling his former secretary. This last fact is rendered still more certain by a confidential servant of the Emperor having recently mentioned, accidentally, that the apartments in the Tuileries, occupied by Bourrienne, were kept shut up for a length of time, as if waiting his return, and were never afterwards inhabited, Napoleon retaining them for private receptions.*

Having thus, we trust successfully, combated the malicious and ignorant assertions by which it has been attempted to cast suspicion on the veracity of M. de Bourrienne as an historian, we proceed to the remaining incidents of his life.

During the interval of about two years and a half, from what he terms his disgrace to his appointment, on the 22d March, 1805, to be minister plenipotentiary to the circle of Lower Saxony, Bourrienne, though not officially employed, enjoyed excellent opportunities of observation, in his occasional interviews with Napoleon,—in the confidence with which he was honoured by Josephine,—and his intimacy with old friends who continued in power. His own previous experience, also, contributed to give him

* The same authority, speaking of the consular establishment, observes,—"M. de Bourrienne superintended all these agents, and regulated the expenditure. Though very sharp, he knew how to conciliate universal esteem and affection: he was kind, obliging, and, above all, strictly impartial and just. No wonder, then, that, upon his disgrace, the whole household were in affliction. As for myself, I have ever retained a sincere and respectful remembrance of him, and hope, that if among the great he had the misfortune to find enemies, he witnessed among his inferiors only grateful hearts, by whom he was most deeply regretted."

a perfect understanding of those occurrences which preceded and accompanied the creation of the empire. Accordingly, his notes on the leading events of this era,—the trial of Moreau, Pichegru, Cadoudal, and the secret springs of their pretended conspiracy; on the death of the Duke d'Enghien; the intrigues which conducted to the imperial throne; the sentiments of the French people; the collecting of their votes; and the first acts of the new Emperor,—will be read with universal interest. From his arrival in Hamburg, in May, 1805, to his recall, December 8, 1810, Bourrienne constantly resided there, or at his country house in the neighbourhood, overwhelmed, to use his own words, with responsibility and labour. He appears to have fulfilled the arduous duties of his station with fidelity to the Emperor, and with all possible lenity to others. Of the former, his continuance in office, of the latter, numerous autograph letters from the princes of Germany, must be admitted as sufficient proof. To the letters introduced in the body of the work, the following, from the amiable and accomplished Duke of Weimar, the Mecænas of Germany, may be added as peculiarly honourable to our author:—

"Be pleased to accept, with kindness, the assurance of my earnest gratitude for all the instances of friendship which I received from you during my stay in Hamburg, and for the attentions which I experienced in your house. Sir, your personal merit has made a deep impression upon me, and I consider that as one of the happiest days of my life, in which I enjoyed the advantage of conciliating your acquaintance. Permit me to present to Madame de Bourrienne the

homage of my respect; and, as I exceedingly desire that the remembrance of me may be preserved in your amiable family, I enclose a diamond, which I beg you to accept, on my part, and to retain, as a pledge of my sincere gratitude, and of my solicitude to retain a place in your regards. It is ever with a sentiment of profound esteem that I have the honour to be, &c.

" The Duke of WEIMAR.

" To M. de Bourrienne," &c.

During his six years' residence in Germany,—in direct correspondence with the Emperor, daily receiving or transmitting despatches for the army when in the field, corresponding confidentially, and occasionally conversing, with some of its most distinguished commanders,—Bourrienne's position for forming a true estimate of the polity of the empire, was more favourable than even a residence at court. Accordingly, his accounts of the campaigns of that period are stamped with intrinsic value: but what he has written in his *Memoirs* on the principles and effects of the imperial policy, is extremely important to the general history of Europe. In truth, the publication of his work has thrown new light upon the taxation, trade, resources, finance, and jurisprudence of Imperial France, as well as upon the nature and effects of the Continental System, that " gigantic folly,"—subjects before imperfectly known, and, in their consequences, often greatly miscalculated. The result is, that in many of the grand principles of the political economy of governing, Napoleon is shewn to have been deficient. We do not except his jurisprudence. As a manual of law and equity, in the abstract, his *Code* is admirable; but the enforcement

of it universally, without the slightest adaptation to the peculiar feelings of nations among whom we find so great a diversity as between the Gascons and Westphalians, the Belgians and Piedmontese, was a measure unwise and hazardous in the extreme. The science of legislating depends rather upon the application, than the invention, of systems. Here Bourrienne's practical experience in Germany proves Bonaparte's failure.

From the commencement of 1811 till the occupation of Paris by the Russians, Bourrienne held no office: traduced by his enemies, though supported by a few friends, he was kept at a distance, and never gained even admission to Napoleon's presence, although finally the Emperor was forced to do him justice. Davoust first endeavoured, by means of the Black Office, to implicate him in a transaction somewhat similar to the corn affair already disposed of. This failing, Bourrienne was next accused of peculation at Hamburg. Upon this he wrote to the Emperor, demanding an inquiry. Of this letter, no notice was taken to the writer; but it seems that the Emperor referred the matter to the minister of police, the Duke of Rovigo (Savary.) His report, published in the appendix of Bourrienne's ninth volume, but too long, and otherwise too unimportant for translation, is not only exculpatory, but highly commendatory of our author's conduct, and most severe against Davoust. It appears to have completely established our author's integrity to the Emperor. To this report, even against the statements in the *Memoirs of Rovigo*, we refer all those, who still ignorantly or maliciously traduce the writer of these volumes. Bourrienne seems to think, however, that the abiding cause of

the Emperor's displeasure was a belief that he had corresponded with the English. This opinion he founds upon the following note, subsequently discovered among the imperial archives:—

"Monsieur Duke de Bassano, (Maret,) I send you some papers very important, and which concern the Sieur Bourrienne. I request you to draw up for me a *confidential* report touching this affair: keep these papers for yourself alone. The matter demands the utmost secrecy; every thing induces me to believe, that the above individual has entertained intrigues with London. Bring me the report by Tuesday next. On this, I beseech God to have you in his holy keeping. NAPOLEON.

"*At Paris, 25th December*, 1811."

Escape, after such an inquiry and report, is the strongest proof that Bourrienne's own solemn denial of the charge is true; and that Bonaparte was convinced of his innocence appears from the subsequent offer of a dukedom, made to our author on the 29th of December, 1813, as an inducement to undertake a mission to the allies, then on the point of passing the French frontier. The honour was declined, or rather refused; and so terminated all relation between Bourrienne and his ancient friend, and, certainly, benefactor. The mission, though but in gratitude, ought to have been undertaken, hopeless as it might appear.

Upon occasion of the siege of Paris, 30th March, 1814, Bourrienne advocated the surrender of the capital; in April, he was appointed by the Emperor Alexander—not by Talleyrand, as has been reported

—postmaster-general, and member of the provisional government. Of this post he was some time after deprived in the comical fashion related by himself, and remained without employment, though not unobservant, till March, 1815, when, on hearing of Bonaparte's landing, Louis XVIII, in his strait, called Bourrienne to the ministry of police. This office he accepted, in circumstances apparently more desperate than those under which he had refused a dukedom. His foresight, however, was just, though it never was rewarded. During the Hundred Days, he first fled to Lille, where he met the king, and, by his majesty's command, afterwards resided as his agent at Hamburg. Returning instantly to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo, he was graciously received; had subsequently some courtesy extended towards him; but, excepting his honourable inscription among the ministers of state, and privy councillors, with which his *Memoirs* close, on the 19th September, 1815, he has never held office.

The remaining portion of our author's public life is chiefly occupied with his legislative duties. Elected representative to the Chamber of Deputies, by his native departement of the Yonne, in 1815, he has sat in two septennial parliaments. During the former of these, terminating in 1821, he took no very active part in the debates, but regularly voted with the ministry. Though a royalist in principle, he regarded loyalty as existing in a respect of mutual rights, not in abstract sentiment, and had hailed the return of a lawful king as the best and only secure pledge of national freedom. In the disappointment of these hopes, through the measures of the restored government, he deeply sympathized with millions of his

countrymen. It is equally evident, that, from an early period, he apprehended some catastrophe, similar to the crisis which has lately produced civil bloodshed, on principles at best but doubtful,—whose present results are but ill assured, and whose distant consequences are yet to be evolved. Indeed, his own volumes, by disclosing the latent sources of the commotion, and the rivalry of party in its remote origin, give ground to suspect, that, as it was not produced altogether by the national sentiment, as has been represented, so the change may not prove permanent, while the example is certainly a dangerous one. These principles and these fears may serve to explain why, though in the first parliament voting with government, he was not publicly active in its support, and why, in the second, commencing in 1821, he evinced more decided zeal. His report on the budget for that year attracted considerable attention, and drew upon him no little obloquy. By combating innovation, proposing certain retrenchments, and an increase of some grants for religious purposes, he called forth a bitter attack upon this document, as if it advocated priestcraft, despotism, and the overthrow of liberal institutions. He proceeded, however, though more quietly, in the same course, for constitutionally strengthening the hands of government. That his conduct satisfied his constituents, appears from his third election, in 1827. In these parliamentary duties, however, he had attracted, and wished to attract, little notoriety; and, on the breaking up of the Villele ministry, with whom he had generally voted, he vacated his seat in 1828, or obtained leave of absence, in order to devote himself wholly and in earnest to the work of his *Memoirs*.

The whole of the preceding period may be looked upon as in some degree devoted to the composing, or, at least, preparation of these *Memoirs*. Bourrienne, amid his official duties as deputy, kept a steady attention on every work of importance, on the subject of Napoleon, which issued from the Parisian or foreign press. He read all his predecessors, not, as is sufficiently evident, for the purpose of borrowing their information, but of correcting their errors and supplying their deficiencies. Meanwhile, during this silent preparation, repeated attempts were made, by initials and allusions, to palm upon the world, as proceeding from him, publications of no authority. These, and all such like forgeries, our author found himself called upon to disown so early as 1815, and from time to time subsequently he renewed the disavowal. In these attestations, inserted in the French and other journals, while he disclaimed the mass of absurdity, folly, and falsehood attributed to him, he gave it clearly to be understood, that his pen should one day be wielded in the cause of truth, but that he never had published, nor ever would publish, any work on the acts of Napoleon, till he could do it under more favourable times and circumstances. When that period should arrive, he promised to establish his authorship so as not to be doubted. The pledge then given he has since redeemed. The actual preparation of the manuscripts for the press commenced in the spring of 1828, when the writer left France for the seat of the Duchess du Brancas, in the Netherlands. Here, in a retreat embellished at once by nature and by taste, he continued to enjoy the leisure and security requisite for his important task. The first volume appeared on the 15th March, 1829; and,

notwithstanding the delay of transmitting proofs and returning the corrected sheets to Fontaine-Leveque, the whole was completed within the year. This feat of putting through the press ten volumes in ten months, is viewed by the publishers, to judge by a note, with no little self complacency. On announcing the successive volumes, their doors are reported to have been beset by applicants for copies, as in the instances of Fielding's and the Scotch novels. From the first, the work assumed a station among the most valuable historical annals of France.

The labour of the author, which was merely that of arranging materials long before collected, and in the language of which frequently not a word was to be altered, might seem no very arduous one. The singular fortune, however, of these materials, and their very value, occasioned no inconsiderable difficulty. We are informed in the work itself of the precaution taken by Bourrienne of burying his papers under ground. In this concealment they remained so long, that all of them acquired a brownish tinge, and many, by the fading of the ink, had become nearly illegible. Autographs, too, were to be deciphered, which a considerable interval had rendered less familiar; and it was not without difficulty that the eye of the writer traced even his own notes, committed to paper at the period of the transactions referred to, and not examined till after a lapse of thirty years.

For some time following the publication of his *Memoirs*, Bourrienne continued to reside in the Netherlands. But civil strife forced him to leave the asylum opened by friendship for studious ease; and he escaped from the savage excesses of those ignoble madmen, who have run a muck at humanity,

and desecrated even the venerable name of freedom. Returning to France, he has since resided chiefly near Sens, only occasionally visiting Paris; and, though some share in hastening the late crisis in that capital is assigned to the disclosures in his last volumes, he has never been mentioned as in the slightest degree personally concerned.

Some time has now been given for supplying the explanations which have been required of statements in the work. The small number, however, and general insignificancy of these reclamations, furnish in every instance proof of the value, and, in most cases, of the candid spirit, pervading the original. In fact, only one has made any noise — a brochure of Baron de Stein, relative to a confession of the too famous La Sahla, wherein he accused the Baron of having tampered with him for the destruction of Napoleon in 1815. The letter is unnecessarily angry in its tone, since at most the blame of reporting, not of fabricating, is laid to the charge of Bourrienne, who has replied, that he doubted the truth of the confession, as in fact he states, but shall expunge it entirely in next edition. This we think rather too much, than too little concession. What is infinitely more important, with every disposition to cavil, Baron de Stein is constrained to conclude in the following terms: — "*Although I have reason to complain respecting the manner in which I am mentioned in the Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne, I am not the less bound to admit that these contain materials most important and precious to history, especially touching those events which he has witnessed.*" The Baron having likewise applied to Prince Metternich, that statesman, one of the most accomplished in Europe, and who

here speaks from personal knowledge, while he denies the statements of La Sahla, continues his letter thus: —"*These are accusations which, while they affect honour, are received by readers, generally credulous, with eagerness as truths. Against such it is ever proper to lodge a protest: and this necessity becomes urgent, when the error is consigned to a work such as that of M. de Bourrienne—a work which bears a character essentially different from the wretched productions of the day.*" Were they required, many other extrinsic testimonials to the value of the work now presented to the English reader, might be adduced. But that work speaks for itself.

To conclude: "In these *Memoirs*," says their author, "truth, at least, will be found. I entertain no ambition to be taken as a rule, but I insist upon being consulted." No estimate can be more just—no demand more reasonable, than this pronounced and urged by Bourrienne himself. Nor does the public seem inclined to dispute the claim, save, perhaps, in those instances where it has been said that personal feelings have led him to depreciate the character of Napoleon. The preceding statements and remarks have, it is hoped, in a great measure met this objection. But still, if bias be discovered, it exists only in their reflections; the facts of the volumes are honest. Let the latter be consulted, without taking the former as a rule. In urging this supposed defect, it seems to have been altogether overlooked, that Bourrienne has laboured more authoritatively, and more successfully, than any other writer has done, or perhaps can now do, to remove imputed blemishes, and to give forth that extraordinary character in its fair proportions of good and evil. Truth, indeed, has constrained

him to fix indelibly upon Napoleon's memory some sad and fearful deeds—often to tear from him and his followers the illusions of generous bearing or exalted heroism—to shew him not infallible in political wisdom; but he has also put away many atrocities, whence had been falsely argued the possession of a mind gratuitously and naturally depraved. On the whole, though the portraiture of Bourrienne exhibits a dark and troubled image, it wears a perfectly human resemblance; if little of the demigod, it shews nothing of the fiend. Moreover, all this is established on the evidence of living and reputable witnesses, official documents, or autograph manuscripts.

J. S. M.

REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

The following remarks may be useful to the reader. The era of the French Republic corresponds to September 22, 1792. The autumnal equinox at midnight formed the commencement of the year, divided into twelve months, of thirty days. Each month was subdivided into three *decades* of ten days, whose names implied their order in the decade, *primidi*, *duodi*, &c. to *decadi*, the tenth; no Sunday of course. The day was also divided into ten parts, or hours, reckoning from midnight to midnight. These divisions giving only 360 days to the year, the number was completed by making the last five intercalary days in every year. The last of every Franciade, or period of four, was a sextile, or leap year, a sixth complementary day being added, as in the ordinary method, for the difference between solar and sideral time, so as to preserve the due succession of the seasons. The following table shews the order, meaning of the names, and first day of the revolutionary months:—

Autumn.	Vendemiaire,	Vintage month,	22d September.
	Brumaire,	Foggy month,	23d October.
	Frimaire,	Sleety month,	22d November.
Winter.	Nivose,	Snowy month,	23d December.
	Pluviose,	Rainy month,	21st January.
	Ventose,	Windy month,	20th February.
Spring.	Germinal,	Budding month,	22d March.
	Floreal,	Flower month,	21st April.
	Prairial,	Meadow month,	21st May.
Summer.	Messidor,	Harvest month,	20th June.
	Thermidor,	Hot month,	20th July.
	Fructidor,	Fruit month,	19th August.

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION — OPPORTUNITIES AND PRINCIPLES OF THE AUTHOR — BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF NAPOLEON — LETTER OF HIS FATHER — STUDIES AT BRIENNE — ANECDOTES OF HIS EARLY CHARACTER.

The desire of speculating, with an illustrious name as the subject, could alone have given birth to the torrent of publications, which have appeared about Napoleon. While perusing these works — whether they assume the guise of historical narratives, or secret memoirs; take unto themselves the title of public acts, or private lives — one knows not which more to admire, — the audacity of some compilers, or the easy faith of certain readers. These gross and undigested collections of ridiculous anecdotes, and absurd disquisitions — of fictitious crimes and imaginary virtues, heaped together in daring disregard of date or order, instead of being consigned to merited contempt, or speedy oblivion, find, in these our days, speculators ready to turn them to account, and, more wonderful

still, obtain zealous partizans—enthusiastic apologists. Once, for a moment, I entertained the thought of exposing the numerous errors which thus abound on my present subject. But the idea was quickly renounced. The task would have proved too laborious in my case, and its results far too tedious for the reader.

Concerning that extraordinary man, whose name alone constituted a power to which we can with difficulty find a parallel, I am about to state all I know—all that I am confident I know well, and, in my own belief, more perfectly than any one else—that which I have seen and heard, and on which I have retained copious notes. The intimate relations I enjoyed at all hours, and for so long a period, with the General, the Consul, the Emperor, placed me in a situation to observe and to appreciate whatever was transacted—whatever was even projected—during that space. Not only was I admitted to unreserved confidence, while so many important events were planned, and their issues decided; but every day, notwithstanding the indispensable labour of almost continual occupation in those very affairs I now narrate, I found means to employ the brief leisure left me, in amassing the important documents exclusively in my possession; in taking notes; in registering for history the truth of facts so difficult to ascertain; and, above all, in preserving those profound, brilliant, pointed, and almost always remarkable sayings which burst from the ardent mind of Bonaparte, during the unrestrained flow of unstudied converse.

If, then, it be asked, why should we repose more confidence in you than in others who have written before you? my answer is a plain one. I enter upon my task now, at the eleventh hour; I have read ALL that my predecessors have published; I have an inward consciousness that all I state is true; I have no interest in deceiving—no disgrace to fear—no reward to expect; I have no desire either to obscure

or to embellish the glory of Napoleon. I speak of him, such as I have seen, known, often admired, sometimes blamed him: in every circumstance, I relate what I have witnessed, heard, written, thought. I allow myself to be swayed by no illusions of imagination—neither by love nor by hatred. I shall not insert even a reflection which did not arise on the occurrence of the event that called it forth. Alas! how much awaits me to disclose, alien to my character, feelings, and principles, over which I can but grieve!

The assurance, also, that my intention always was to write and publish these Memoirs, ought to conciliate confidence; since, at the same time, I ever adhered to an unalterable resolution not to give them to the world, until it should be possible for me to speak the truth—the whole truth. For this reason, while Napoleon reigned in the plenitude of power, I withstood his pressing commands, and the entreaties of the greatest personages of the times. Truth would then sometimes have seemed flattery, and not unfrequently, too, there would have been danger in its avowal. When, at a later period, the progress of events had relegated Bonaparte to a distant isle of the ocean, other considerations imposed upon me silence,—considerations of propriety and of feeling. When death had removed these, other causes retarded the accomplishment of my design. The tranquillity of a retreat was requisite, to enable me to collect, compare, and arrange, the voluminous materials at my disposal. I had need, also, of a long course of reading, in order to rectify important errors, accredited by some writers, through deficiency of authentic documents. The wished for repose I have now found.

Finally, it is not the entire life of Napoleon that I write. The reader, therefore, ought not to expect to find in these Memoirs, the uninterrupted series of his battles and his sixty victories. I shall speak but seldom of those events which I have not witnessed,

of what I have not heard, or of any fact unsupported by official documents. Let every one do as much. To proceed:—

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769. The name had formerly been written *Buonaparte;* but, during his first campaign in Italy, he dropped the *u*. In this change, he had no other motives than to assimilate the orthography to the pronunciation, and to abbreviate his signature. Some pretend that he gave himself out for a year younger than his real age, having been born in 1768. For this assertion there is no ground. To me, he always represented the 15th August, 1769, as his birth-day; and, as I first saw the light on the 9th July of the same year, we loved to find, while at the Military School of Brienne, in this fortuitous concurrence of dates, an additional reason for our union and our friendship. The following extract from the register of M. Berton, sub-principal of the college, supports my reply to the above causeless supposition:—

"Napoleon Buonaparte entered the Royal Military School of Brienne-le-Chateau, at the age of nine years, eight months, and four days. He remained there five years, five months, twenty-seven days, and removed, at the age of fifteen years, two months, two days, to enter the Military Academy of Paris, as appears from the register of the King's scholars, thus:—'17th October, 1784, Passed from the Royal Military School of Brienne, M. Napoleon de Buonaparte, *Gentleman*, born in the city of Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, 15th August, 1769, son of Charles-Marie de Buonaparte, *Noble*, Deputy of the Nobles of Corsica, inhabitant of the city of Ajaccio, and of Dame Lætitia Ramolyno, his wife, according to the certificate transcribed into the register of matriculation here, folio 31. He was received into this establishment 23d April, 1779.'"

This document, while it removes all doubts regarding Bonaparte's true age, also discredits those false aspersions which have been disseminated, touching the lowness of his extraction. His family certainly possessed no fortune: so far remarks on this subject have been just. Not only was Bonaparte educated at the expense of the state, (a royal benevolence extended to many youths of honourable parentage,) but we likewise perceive, from the following petition, presented by his father to M. de Segur, then minister at war, what circumstances obliged him again to solicit the same bounty in favour of one of Napoleon's brothers:—

"My Lord,—Charles Buonaparte, of Ajaccio, in Corsica, reduced to indigence by an attempt to drain the salt marshes, and by the injustice of the Jesuits, who deprived him of the estate of Odonne, which had devolved to him, and which is now attached to the fund for public instruction, has the honour to inform you, that his younger son has attended, during six years, at the Royal Military School at Brienne, and has always comported himself in a distinguished manner, as you may easily know, my lord, by referring to his certificates: that, according to the advice of M. le Comte Marbœuf, he has directed his studies to the naval service. His success has been such, that he was destined, by M. de Keralio, for the school at Paris, and afterwards for the department of Toulon. The resignation of the former inspector, my lord, has changed the prospects of my son, who has now no longer any classes at college, except the mathematical, and is at the head of his division, with the suffrage of all his masters. The petitioner has boarded his third son at the same college of Brienne, in order that he may succeed to his brother's place. He has the honour to enclose the professor's certificate, and the extract of baptism, supplicating you, my lord, on giving a commission to his second son, to admit, as

King's scholar, his third son, now nine years old, and supported at the expense of the petitioner, who has no longer the means of paying his salary and board. You cannot, my lord, perform an act of greater charity, than by thus assisting a family who find themselves without means, who have always faithfully served the King, and who will redouble their efforts for the good of the service.

" And the petitioner, &c. &c. BUONAPARTE."

The minister has written on the top of this letter, " Return the usual answer, if a vacancy." On the margin is to be read, " This gentleman has been informed, that his request cannot be granted while his second son shall be at the Military School of Brienne; two brothers not being admitted King's scholars at the same time, in the military colleges."

At this era, the young Napoleon had not yet completed his fourteenth year. His father petitioned that he might be placed, as probably were all the youthful pensioners of from fourteen to sixteen years of age, who could command a slight degree of interest and favour, — that is to say, as sub-lieutenant in a regiment. When Napoleon had attained the age of fifteen, he was sent to Paris till the proper period for entering the army. It appears that Lucien was not immediately named King's scholar; at least that he did not receive his appointment before Napoleon had quitted the Military School of Paris.

I shall quote hereafter another document, likewise proving the unfortunate situation, and the honourable connections of this family in Corsica. Bonaparte, then, claimed to be what is termed *well born*. I have seen his genealogy, which he caused to be sent from Tuscany to Milan, and which is quite authentic. In several works mention is made of certain civil dissensions which had forced his family to leave Italy and seek refuge in Sicily. Of these transactions I know nothing.

Much, and in a very opposite spirit, has been said of Napoleon's boyhood. Enthusiasm and ridiculous exaggeration, have been alike at work. Writers have painted the boy in the blackest colours, in order to have the pleasure afterwards of making a monster of the man. It will ever be thus with those whom their own genius or circumstances elevate above their compeers. Why constantly endeavour to discover in the first acts of infancy, the germ of great crimes or of shining virtues? This is to view too abstractedly those circumstances—sports of fortune, and trains of events—which often, as if in spite of himself, urge on the individual to the highest renown. Men absolutely will, that he who has distinguished his manhood, should likewise have exhibited an extraordinary infancy; yet, does not experience shew, that in truth one child can differ little from the ordinary run? and how often do we find precocious talent, promising the most brilliant future, pass through life in a manner truly insignificant? Bonaparte himself laughed heartily at all such fables, and at all those fooleries with which writings, dictated by admiration or hatred, have embellished or blackened his early years. I may here recall a simple anecdote, which will be immediately recognized as the original of numberless inventions and misrepresentations.

During the winter of 1783–84, so memorable for heavy falls of snow, which every where lay to the depth of six or eight feet, young Napoleon shewed himself singularly annoyed. No more little gardens—none of those delightful seclusions he so much courted. During his play hours, he was constrained to mingle with the crowd of his companions, and to walk with them backwards and forwards in a large hall. In order to escape from this tiresome exercise, Napoleon contrived to stir up the whole school, by the proposal of a different amusement. This was to clear various passages through the snow in the great court, and with shovels to erect horn-works,

dig trenches, raise parapets, construct platforms, &c. "The first labour finished," said he, "we can divide into parties, and form a kind of siege; and, as inventor of this new sport, I undertake to direct the attacks." Our joyous troop entered into this project with enthusiasm: it was executed, and the mimic combat maintained for the space of fifteen days. Indeed, our warfare ceased not, till, by gravel and small stones mixing with the snow, of which we made our balls, many of the students, besiegers as well as besieged, had been pretty seriously wounded. I remember well, that, of all the scholars, none was more severely pelted than myself with these missiles.

It would be useless here to disprove various unfounded incidents of early life, such as the fool-hardy adventure of Blanchard's balloon, falsely attributed to young Bonaparte.* His thoughts were, in fact, soon directed to far other objects: he was occupied with the political sciences. A letter from the principal of the school of Brienne, since communicated to me, states, that, of his vacations, one was passed there, while the preceding had been devoted to the society of the famous Abbé Raynal, who condescended to receive and converse with the young student upon government, legislation, commerce, and other similar subjects.

At our holiday fêtes, to which all the inhabitants of the place received invitations, guards were established for the maintenance of order, no one being permitted to pass to the inner hall without a ticket signed by the principal or sub-principal. The dignities of officer and subaltern were conferred only on the most distinguished; and, as ranking among these, there happened to Bonaparte, who commanded a station, a little adventure, which I cannot pass over in silence, because it afforded an opportunity of dis-

* Dudon de Cambon, one of our fellow-students, was the real hero of that absurdity.

playing his firmness of character. Upon one of the fêtes of St Louis, the janitor's wife, who was, of course, perfectly well known, presented herself for admittance to the representation of the "Death of Cæsar," *corrected*, in which I played the part of Brutus. As she had no ticket, and insisted, raising a clamour, in the hope of passing, the sergeant of the post reported to his officer, Napoleon: he, learning the circumstances of the case, with an imperative tone exclaimed,—"Let that woman be removed, who brings into this place the licence of a camp." This occurred in 1782.*

Bonaparte and myself were little more than eight years old, when our intercourse commenced. We soon became most attached. There appeared to exist between us one of those natural sympathies which quickly ripen. This intimacy and friendship I enjoyed without interruption, till 1784, when he quitted the seminary at Brienne, for that of Paris. Of all our school-fellows, I best understood how to accommodate myself to his character, melancholy as it was, and severe. His seclusion, his reflections on the conquest of his country, and the impressions graven on his young spirit, of evils suffered by Corsica and by his own family, made him seek solitude, and rendered his address, though in appearance only, very forbidding. Age placed us together, in the classes of languages and mathematics. From his first entrance to school, he manifested an eager desire of acquiring knowledge. At this period, as he spoke only the Corsican dialect, and, on that account, already excited a very lively interest, the Sieur Dupuis, then subprincipal,—a young man, no less amiable, than distinguished as a grammarian,—undertook to give him

* This woman, and her husband, named Hautè, were, at a later period, transferred to Malmaison, where they died, the husband holding the office of porter. This proves Bonaparte's memory to have been good.

private lessons in French.* His pupil so well repaid this care, that in a very short space of time, it was judged proper to commence the study of Latin. The youthful aspirant applied to this language with such unconquerable aversion, that in his fifteenth year he was still low in the fourth form. I had here speedily left him behind, but remained throughout in the same mathematical class, where, unquestionably, he was the ablest of the whole school. I sometimes exchanged with him the solution of the problems given out—and which he demonstrated off hand, with a readiness that always astonished me—for themes and versions, of which he detested the very mention.

I have read the veriest nonsense about his being the hermit of the school, with no equals, and his school-fellows all friends or flatterers. How sadly is the illusion of descriptions and pictures destroyed by a near view of objects! For, during nearly seven years of companionship, I can recollect nothing to justify such pitiful play of words. At Brienne, Bonaparte was remarkable for the colour of his complexion, afterwards so much changed by the climate of France; a quick and searching look; and for the tone of his conversation, with both masters and companions. There appeared always something of bitterness in his remarks; and he certainly seemed little inclined to cultivate the softer moods. He was, in fact, averse to forming particular attachments. This I have already attributed to the misfortunes of his early years: and the following is an instance how deeply he felt the subjection of his country. The students received invitations in turn to dine with Father Berton, principal of the seminary. Bonaparte's day having arrived, some of the professors, who knew his admiration of Paoli, affected to speak slightingly of that patriot. "Paoli," warmly replied

* Afterwards made librarian to the Emperor.

Bonaparte, "was a great man,—he loved his country; and I cannot forgive my father, formerly his adjutant, for having consented to the union of Corsica with France. He ought never to have forsaken the fortunes of such a leader, but to have fallen with him."

Generally speaking, Bonaparte was no favourite with his comrades, who, truly, were far from being his flatterers. He associated very little with them, and rarely joined in their sports. The painful remembrances already noticed weighed upon his young heart, and held him aloof from the boisterous enjoyments of others. But I was almost constantly in his company. On the arrival of our play hour, he flew to the library, where he devoured books on history, especially Polybius and Plutarch. He liked Arrian also very much, but had little regard for Quintus Curtius. Often did I leave him thus quite alone, to mingle in the exercises of our companions.*

The temper of the youthful Corsican was yet farther soured, by the railleries of the students, who often made game of his country and his name Napoleon.† Repeatedly did he say to me, in the bitterness of the moment,—"I will do these Frenchmen of thine, all the mischief in my power;" and, upon my endeavouring to sooth his irritation, he would add,—"But you, Bourrienne, you never insult me—you love me."

Our principal was named Louis. On one occasion, we had made some crackers, in order to celebrate his birth-day; and having ranged them on a bench in the court, they were somehow fired accidentally. Bonaparte standing hard by, sustained no injury; but

* I have heard a different reason assigned for Bonaparte's seclusion, by one of his old school-fellows; but the imputation requires additional proof.—*Translator.*

† In the *patois* of the lower classes in France, Nicolas and Nicole, are used for Napoleon, upon which the students seem to have made other and more offensive changes.—*Translator.*

a young scholar, who happened to be at his side, remained quite black from the effects of the explosion.

Father Patrauld, our professor of mathematics, though a very ordinary man, was much attached to Bonaparte, made a boast of his young friend's acquirements, and cherished a pride in having been his instructor. He had reason. The other professors, in whose classes he did not shine, troubled themselves very little about him. He had no taste for polite literature, the study of languages, or any of the lighter accomplishments. As nothing announced that he should ever figure in the capacity of a learned Theban, the pedants of the establishment would charitably have put him down for a dunce. Yet across his pensive and reserved character, were to be perceived indications of brightest intelligence. If the monks, good easy men, to whom was confided the instruction of our youth, had possessed tact to appreciate his temperament—had their professors of mathematics been more able, and could they efficiently have turned our attention to chemistry, natural philosophy, and astronomy, I am convinced Bonaparte would have carried into studies of this nature those powers of research and of genius which shone forth in a career far more brilliant, indeed, but much less useful to mankind. Unfortunately for us, these monks knew nothing, while they were too poor to procure good masters elsewhere. Nevertheless, they were obliged, after Bonaparte's departure, to bring two professors from Paris, under whom I studied, and without whose aid the school must have gone to ruin. The assertion, therefore, so often repeated, that Napoleon received at Brienne an accomplished education, is false; our good minims were incapable of conferring such a gift; and I avow, for my part, the instruction of the present age recalls very disagreeably that which I received among these blockheads in cowls. It is difficult to conceive, how even one man of talent could have been sent forth from their institution.

Though Bonaparte had little cause to praise his fellow-students, as respected their conduct towards himself, he disdained to prefer complaints against them; and even when, in turn, it became his duty to see that the rules were not transgressed, he chose rather to go into confinement, than denounce the young culprits. Once I found myself an accomplice in this non-performance of monitorship: he persuaded me to follow him to prison, where we remained three days. This had oftener than once happened to him before; but punishment had been inflicted with less severity.

In 1783, the Duke of Orleans,* and Madame de Montesson, came to Brienne. The magnificent residence of the count, for upwards of a month, resembled a little Versailles, where variety of delightful amusements permitted not the illustrious travellers to regret the palace and the capital. During this period, the prince and his fair companion expressed a desire to preside at the distribution of honours in the royal college. Upon this occasion, Bonaparte and I carried off the prizes for mathematics, a department to which he had chiefly directed his studies, and wherein he excelled.

Napoleon, in the course of his life, performed a sufficiency of great actions, to render unnecessary here farther explanation of the pretended marvels of his boyhood. I should be unjust were I to describe him as an ordinary boy: I never thought him so; but must on the contrary declare, that, under a variety of aspects, he was a most distinguished scholar in the seminary whence he was now to remove.

* Afterwards surnamed *Egalitè*, father of the present King of France.—*Translator.*

CHAPTER II.

BONAPARTE TRANSFERRED TO THE MILITARY COLLEGE AT PARIS — MEMORIAL ON THE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION — FIRST COMMISSION — VALENCE — RETURN TO PARIS — POVERTY — REVOLUTION.

Over all the military schools an inspector presided, whose duty it was to transmit an annual report on the progress of each pupil, whether pensioned by the state, or educated at the charge of his family. I copied the certificate that follows from the report for 1784. I intended also to purchase the original manuscript, which had probably been stolen from the war-office, but Louis Bonaparte obtained this document. I did not transcribe the note concerning myself, because modesty would always have prevented my using it. It would have served, however, to shew how great a distance chance and circumstances, in the course of life, may interpose between those whose situations on the forms of a school were very different. I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that not upon little Bonaparte, would he, who should then have read the certificates of the students at Brienne, in 1784, have rested his predictions of grandeur and renown, but upon several others, much more favourably noticed, who, notwithstanding, were left infinitely behind.

" 1784.—Report presented to the King, by M. de Keralio, (inspector of the college at Brienne.)

" M. de Buonaparte, (Napoleon,) born 15th August, 1769, height 4 feet, 10 inches, 10 lines, has finished

his fourth course; of good constitution, excellent health, of submissive disposition, upright, grateful, and strictly regular in conduct; has always been distinguished for application to the mathematics. He is tolerably well acquainted with history and geography. He is rather deficient in the ornamental branches, and in Latin, in which he has barely completed the fourth course. He will make an excellent seaman. He is fit to pass to the Military School at Paris."

Notwithstanding this, Father Berton opposed the removal of Bonaparte, because he had not finished the studies of the fourth division, whereas, by the rules, he ought to have been in the third. I have been positively informed by the sub-principal, that a note touching Napoleon, despatched from the school of Brienne to Paris, designated him—"Character domineering, imperious, obstinate." I knew Bonaparte well, and, on the whole, approve the certificate of the inspector. I believe, however, it ought to have run thus:—"He is *very well* acquainted with history, and especially geography. He is *very* deficient in the ornamental branches, and in Latin." There could be no grounds for saying, that he would prove an excellent seaman: he never once entertained a thought of the naval service.

In consequence of the report of M. de Keralio, Bonaparte, with four others, passed to the Military Academy at Paris. His companions were also King's scholars, with certificates at least equally good; indeed, cadets of this class only had the privilege of nomination to the Military College; there was no competition; age, and the certificates of the monks, determined the choice of the inspector in the twelve provincial seminaries.* What then has induced

* The names of the four removed with Bonaparte were, Montarby de Dampierre, De Castres, De Comminges, and Langier de Bellecourt.

writers to attribute this promotion to Napoleon's previous superiority at Brienne? The facts stated above, and the report of the inspector, attest his slender progress in most of the ordinary branches, except mathematics. Neither in these, as has been advanced, was great eminence the cause of any premature removal to Paris. He had attained the proper age, could produce certificates sufficiently favourable, and was quite naturally one of the five selected in 1784, according to ordinary custom.

I have read in some biography,—"Bonaparte was fourteen years old, when, one day, a person eulogized Turenne. A lady present, having added, 'Certainly, he was a great man; but I should have liked him better, had he not burned the Palatinate.'—'What signifies that,' retorted the future conqueror, 'if its destruction seemed necessary to his designs?'" This may be very pretty, but it is a clumsy invention. At fourteen, in 1783, Bonaparte was still at Brienne, where, most assuredly, we never received company, especially ladies.

Bonaparte was fifteen years and two months old on his promotion to the Military College at Paris. I accompanied him in a gig to the stage at *Nogent-sur-Seine*. We separated with unfeigned regret, not to meet again till 1792. During these eight years, both maintained an active correspondence; but, so little did I foresee those high destinies announced by the pretended miracles of his boyhood, (discovered, by the way, *after* his elevation,) that I have preserved not a single letter of this period. I tore the precious autographs as soon as they were answered. I remember the substance of only one of these epistles, written about a year after his first arrival in Paris, urging me to fulfil the promise I had made at Brienne, and enter with him upon the career he was about to embrace. I had studied as well as he, and in the same class, the branches required in the artillery service. I had even passed three months at Metz, in

order to unite practice with theory; but a strange regulation, issued, I believe, in 1778, by M. de Segur, minister at war, declared it to be quite out of all rule for a person to possess the requisite talents for serving his king and country in the profession of arms, unless he had also four quarters of nobility on his scutcheon! Upon this discovery, my mother went to Paris, where she presented letters patent from Louis XIII, in favour of her husband, who died six weeks after my birth. Things were in train when, unluckily, it appeared that the said patent of nobility had not been registered by the parliament. To repair this slight omission, twelve thousand francs (£500) were demanded, and refused. While others thus enjoyed the privilege of being officers and no soldiers, I rejected the alternative of being a soldier, but no officer; and so the affair rested.

Upon entering the Military College, Napoleon found himself on a footing so brilliant and expensive, considering the professional and mental education there received, that he deemed it incumbent to draw up a memoir, addressed directly to the sub-principal Berton.* The youthful reformer here insisted, that the plan of education was really hurtful, and could never accomplish the end proposed by every wise government. He dwelt forcibly upon the effects of such a system, affirming, "that the royal pensioners, being all gentlemen in reduced circumstances, instead of having their minds improved, could derive nothing therefrom, save a love of ostentation, and sentiments of conceit and vanity; so that, on rejoining the domestic circle, far from relishing the frugal gentility of their home, they will feel inclined to blush for the very authors of their being, and to despise their modest mansion. In place," continued the memorialist, "of retaining a numerous crowd of domestics about these youths, setting before them meals of two courses

* A relative of the superior at Brienne.

daily, making a parade with a very expensive establishment of horses and grooms, would it not be better, without in the least interrupting the course of their studies, to oblige them to do every thing for themselves, that is to say, with the exception of a little cooking, which should be done for them; to set before them ammunition bread, or of a quality approaching to it; accustom them to the business of the field; make them brush their own clothes, clean their boots and shoes, &c. Since they are far from rich, and since all are destined for the military service, is not the duty of that service the only and true education which they should receive? Habituated to a life of sobriety, to maintain with steadiness the bearing of a soldier, they would at the same time grow up more robust; would be able to brave the inclemencies of seasons; to support with courage the fatigues of war; and inspire the men under their command with respect, and devoted attachment."* Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen; time and his subsequent institutions evince that he never departed from these early views of military education.

But, thus stirring, a keen observer, and speaking freely what he thought with energy, Napoleon remained not long at college. His superiors, tired of so decided a character, hastened the period of his examination, that he might be provided for elsewhere, as second lieutenant, on the first vacancy in a regiment of artillery. This regiment was then at Valence, (1785,) where he remained several years, in the usual obscurity of country quarters.

The state of society which then obtained in the provinces, shewed a much more primitive aspect than in these our times. Each manor-house, surmounted by its turrets and couple of pennons, stood

* In this singular document, there is great terseness in the original expressions; but several of the idioms are foreign, and one word is pure Corsican. — *Translator.*

forth the cynosure of a circle of some two leagues. The inmates of the chateau, male and female, were looked up to by all within this space, as the oracles of political wisdom, and the models of elegance. Above all places, these abodes were remarkable for Utopian ideas on public affairs, and theories on the acts of government. While the country gentlemen thus occupied themselves in the innocent controversies which such discussions, and the modicum of news *permitted* to the journals, originated, a confidential letter, occasionally, from Paris supplied to other members of the family aliment for the conversation of more than one week. Yet has Bonaparte frequently talked to me of such a life, in easy circumstances, and exempt from ambition, as the happiest possible. At the period in question, he enjoyed full opportunity of founding this opinion on experience. During his long residence in Valence, he passed much of his time at a chateau in the neighbourhood, belonging to a family named Boulat du Colombier. Often did he repeat, long afterwards, when at the height of power, that, of his whole existence, he looked back upon these days with the most unmingled satisfaction. Hence, too, while master of France, he attached great importance to conciliating for his administration the good opinion of the provincial proprietors, from having witnessed the moral influence exercised by the landed interest over the population of the surrounding district.*

As for myself, having left Brienne in 1787, and been denied, as already stated, a commission in the same service, I repaired the following year to Vienna, in the hope of being attached to the French embassy at that court. But, after two months' stay, our minister, M. de Noailles, giving me some general instructions on diplomacy, recommended a course of national law,

* The translator has transferred this paragraph to this its proper place, from volume sixth of the original.

and of foreign languages, in one of the German universities. I entered at Leipsic.

Here I had scarcely settled, when the Revolution broke out. Mighty was the interval between those reasonable meliorations, which time had rendered necessary, which men also of the most staid characters desired, and that total oversetting of all things — that destruction of the state, condemnation of the best of kings, and lengthened series of crime, with which France has sullied the pages of her history! In these remodellings of institutions, which time necessarily brings round, we may remark, that all the evil originates in a blind and presumptuous opposition on the one side, and in mad precipitation on the other. Time would have given to France, what terror and slaughter only gave. Nothing proves that one generation ought to suffer for the happiness of its successors.

Having finished my diplomatic studies, and acquired the German and English languages, traversing Prussia and Poland, and passing through Vienna, I arrived in Paris, April, 1792. Here I found Bonaparte. Our friendship of boyhood, and of college, yet remained undiminished. I had not been very prosperous: upon him adversity pressed heavily. He was often in absolute want of resources. We passed our time, as may be imagined of two young men of twenty-three, with no occupation, and hardly more money. His finances were yet at a lower ebb than mine. Every day we projected some new scheme; having all eyes about us for some profitable speculation. At one time he proposed our jointly renting several houses then building in Montholon Street, in order to subset them afterwards. We found the terms would not suit. Every thing failed us. Meanwhile, he was soliciting employment from the war-office, and I from the secretariat for foreign affairs. For the moment, as will appear, I proved the luckier of the two.

While we were thus leading a somewhat vagabond life, the 20th June arrived, — unhappy prelude to

darker scenes. We had met on that morning as usual, preparatory to our daily lounge, in a coffee-room, Rue Saint Honoré, near the Palais Royal. On going out, we saw a mob approaching, which Bonaparte computed at five or six thousand men, all in rags, and armed with every sort of weapon, clamouring, vociferating the grossest abuse, and proceeding with rapid pace towards the Tuileries. This route assuredly consisted of the vilest and most abject populace of the suburbs. "Let us follow that rabble," said Bonaparte to me. We got the start, and went to walk in the gardens, on the terrace overlooking the water. From this station, he beheld the disgraceful occurrences that ensued. I should fail in attempting to depict the surprise and resentment which these scandalous scenes aroused within him. He could not comprehend such weakness and forbearance. But, when the King shewed himself at one of the windows fronting the garden, with the red cap which one of the crowd had just placed upon his head, Bonaparte's indignation burst forth uncontrolled. "What madness!" exclaimed he aloud, and in his *patois*, "how could they allow these scoundrels to enter! They ought to have blown four or five hundred of them into the air with cannon; the rest would then have taken to their heels."

While at dinner together—for which, by the way, I paid, as was pretty generally the case, happening to be in better condition—he spoke incessantly of the scene we had witnessed, discussing with great good sense the causes and the effects of this unsuppressed insurrection. He predicted and developed with sagacity all its consequences. Nor was he mistaken: the 10th August speedily brought on the crisis. I had then left Paris; but Bonaparte himself has said,—"At the report of the assault of the Tuileries, August 10th, I ran to the house of Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, who kept a furniture wareroom in the Carrousal." This is partly true. My brother, with several

others, had entered into a speculation of a national auction. They received every thing which those who desired to quit France wished to sell, and funds were always advanced upon the articles lodged previous to sale. Here, at the period in question, Bonaparte's watch had been for some space in pawn!

CHAPTER III.

BONAPARTE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN — AFFAIRS OF GENOA — ARREST — SPIRITED DEFENCE — CONSEQUENCES — MYSTERY — DUROC.

Bonaparte, after the fatal 10th of August, retired to Corsica; whence he did not return till the following year, 1793. For my part, having been appointed Secretary of Legation at Stuttgardt some days after the 20th of June, I set out on the 2d of August, and saw not again my young and ardent friend till 1794. "Your departure," said he, "will hasten mine;" and we took leave of each other, with feeble hope, as then seemed, of ever meeting more.

A decree of the 28th March, 1793, directed all French agents abroad to return to France within three months under pain of being treated as emigrants. What I had previously witnessed, and the exasperated state of all minds at home, made me shrink from being possibly forced either to take part in these afflicting scenes, or to become their victim. My disobedience inscribed me on the emigration list, from which my name was not erazed till November, 1797.

During our separation, Bonaparte, as chief of battalion, made his first campaign, in which he contributed so powerfully to the recapture of Toulon. With this period of his life I am unacquainted — at least I do not speak of it as an eye-witness; I only mention some particulars, and cite documents which filled up the time from 1793 to 1795, the date when he placed them in my hands. Of this number, one was the tract, entitled, *The Supper of Beaucaire*, which, on

arriving at the consulship, he caused carefully to be sought out, and bought up at a dear rate, in order to destroy all the copies. This little work contained opinions very different from those which he wished should predominate in 1800, an era when such ideas were no longer in vogue, and when he entered upon a system altogether opposed to those republican principles which men might have recalled to mind, with his own pamphlet in their hands.* That composition, and other pieces proceeding from him previous to his great elevation, I consider far more valuable as history than those notes subsequently dictated at St Helena, rather in personal feeling, than from regard to truth. In all his writings, posterity will perhaps discover the profound politician, rather than the enthusiastic revolutionist.

The documents concerning the resumption of Bonaparte's command, and his arrest by the representatives Albitte and Salicetti, will rectify these important facts, till now always misrepresented. If I enter into some details respecting this epoch of his youth, it is because events have either been disfigured, or left in vagueness and uncertainty. Some have ascribed his disgrace to a military discussion on war; others, to his being an accomplice with the younger Robespierre; while a third party, in the spirit of flattery, say, that Albitte and Salicetti exposed to the Committee of Public Safety the *impossibility*, in which they found themselves, of *getting on* without the talents of General Bonaparte in the recommencement of military operations. All this is exaggeration. Let us come to facts:—

On the 13th July, 1794, (25 Messidor, year II,) the representatives of the people attached to the army of Italy, passed the following resolution:—"General Buonaparte will repair to Genoa, in order, conjointly with the ambassador of the French republic, to confer

* See Appendix, A.

with the government of Genoa, as his instructions bear. The ambassador of the French republic will acknowledge him, and cause him to be acknowledged by the government of Genoa." To these public credentials, were added secret instructions, "That he should observe the state of the works and military stores of the fortresses of Genoa and Savona, and the condition of the surrounding country in both places." He was directed, also, "as far as possible, to unravel the conduct of the French minister, Tilly, and the intentions of the Genoese respecting the coalition."

This mission, and the secret instructions, evince the confidence with which Bonaparte, not yet twenty-five, had inspired men interested in not being deceived as to the choice of their agents. Thus accredited, Bonaparte repaired to Genoa, and there fulfilled his commission. The 9th Thermidor arrived: the terrorist deputies were replaced by Albitte and Salicetti. Whether the latter functionaries, in the confusion then existing, were not informed of the orders given to General Bonaparte; or whether some, jealous of the rising fame of the young general of artillery, had prejudiced Salicetti and his colleague against him, certain it is, that these representatives caused Bonaparte to be arrested, and his papers sealed; directing both him and them to be delivered up to the Committee of Public Safety at Paris. Their resolution, dated 19th Thermidor, (6th August,) singular as it may appear, purports to be principally grounded on the late journey made by General Bonaparte to Genoa —a mission which, as we have just seen, he had undertaken by the express orders of the representatives of the people.

Napoleon, at St Helena, states, that he was put under arrest for some *minutes* by the representative Laporte: the resolution, however, is signed by three persons, of whom Laporte was probably the least influential, since he is not even addressed in Bona-

parte's appeal. He continued under arrest fifteen days.

If a similar decree had been passed three weeks sooner, if Bonaparte had been denounced to the Committee of Public Safety *before* the 9th Thermidor, his fate, in all likelihood, would have been sealed; and we should have beheld perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty-five, the man who, for the next quarter of a century, was to astonish the world by his vast conceptions, his gigantic designs, his grand military genius, his prodigious fortune, his errors, his reverses, and his final sorrows!

It is to be remarked, that, in this *post-thermidorian* decree, issued "after the death of the tyrant," not the slightest mention is made of any connection between Bonaparte and the younger Robespierre. The severity of the decree, too, will surprise the more, now that the mission to Genoa is explained. Did there, then, exist any thing against him? or had calumny been able to efface the services he had just rendered to his country? Often have I conversed with him on this adventure; he constantly assured me he had nothing wherewith to reproach himself, and that his defence expressed his real sentiments, and the exact truth.

Bonaparte was not yet inclined to view his situation as desperate. He addressed the following vindication to Albitte and Salicetti: Laporte he does not mention. My copy is in the writing of Junot, but there are corrections in the General's own hand. Every one will here recognize his abrupt phrases, his rapid rather than concise style; sometimes his elevated ideas, always his good sense.

To the Representatives, Albitte and Salicetti.

"You have suspended me from my functions, arrested, and declared me suspected. I am thus disgraced, without having been judged, or, if judged, without having been heard. In a revolutionary

state, there are two classes, — the suspected and the patriots. When the former are accused, they are dealt with, for security's sake, on general measures. The oppression of the second class is the overthrow of public liberty. The magistrate here has not the power to condemn, even on the most trust-worthy informations, save on a succession of acts, — such as leave no choice. To denounce a patriot as suspected, is a judgment which tears from him all he holds most precious, — confidence and esteem. In which class am I to be placed? From the first movements of the Revolution, have not I ever been attached to its principles? have not I ever been found in the struggle either against domestic foes, or, as a soldier, opposing foreign invaders? I forsook my home — I sacrificed my means — I gave up all for the republic. I served afterwards under the walls of Toulon, with some distinction; and, with the army of Italy, merited a share of the laurels which it acquired in the capture of Saorgio, Oneille, and Tanaro. Since the discovery of the conspiracy of Robespierre, my conduct has been that of a man accustomed to respect principles alone. Thus, my right to the title of patriot cannot be disputed. Wherefore, then, am I declared suspected without being heard — have I been arrested, eight days after you had received intelligence of the tyrant's death? You declare me suspected, and you seal my papers. You ought to have done the reverse. You ought to have placed the seals upon my papers, heard me, demanded my explanations, and afterwards declared me suspected, if grounds of suspicion had then existed. You order that I be removed to Paris, with a resolution which declares me under suspicion. Every one will believe that you, the representatives, have acted thus, only in consequence of an information, and I shall be judged, not without the prejudice which a man of that stamp draws down upon himself. Innocent — a patriot — calumniated, — whatever measures the Committee may take, I cannot complain

of them. If three men thus denounce me as having committed a crime, I cannot complain of the jury which should condemn me. Salicetti, thou knowest me: hast thou, during five years, seen in my conduct any thing suspicious as regards the Revolution? Albitte, thou knowest me not: no one has proved a single fact to thee; thou hast not heard me; yet thou knowest with what address calumny may sometimes slander. Ought I then to be confounded with the enemies of the country? Are you patriots, and will you inconsiderately give up to ruin a general who has not been unserviceable to the republic? Are you representatives? ought you to reduce the government to the cruel necessity of being unjust, no less than impolitic? Hear me; destroy the oppression which surrounds me; and restore me to the esteem of patriots. The next hour, if the wicked desire it, take that life I little value—which I have often despised! Yes, the hope alone that it may again be useful to our country, nerves me with courage to sustain its load!"

This defence, so remarkable for energetic simplicity, appears to have made an impression upon the representatives. Informations more precise were probably also more favourable to the General; for, on 3d Fructidor, (20th August,) 1794, a resolution was passed, setting him provisionally at liberty, but directing that he should remain at head quarters. Salicetti subsequently became the friend and even confidant of young Bonaparte,—a connection which did not survive his elevation. We have thus seen that there was no question about the impossibility in which the representatives found themselves of dispensing with the General's talents. But what are we to think both of the motives for the arrest, and of the setting at liberty *provisionally*, when they knew fully the error they had committed, and the innocence of Bonaparte?

Another circumstance which has been connected with this period, is the friendship of Duroc. It is

printed, that this intimacy commenced at the siege of Toulon, when the General took Duroc as his aide-de-camp from the ranks of the artillery. It was much later, while in Italy, that Bonaparte attached to himself this dependant. On hearing his praises, he requested the transference of his services from General L'Espinasse, commandant of the artillery, under whom Duroc had already made partly one campaign, as captain of artillery. His character, cold and contracted, suited Napoleon, whose confidence, from the expedition to Egypt, during the consulate, and to his death, he continued to enjoy. Appointments were bestowed upon him, perhaps, somewhat beyond his abilities. Bonaparte often said at St Helena, that he loved him much. I believe it; but have proof that Duroc did not return the sentiment. There are so many princes void of generosity, why should we not sometimes find courtiers ungrateful?

CHAPTER IV.

BONAPARTE DISMISSED THE SERVICE—LIFE IN PARIS —PROPOSED EXPEDITION TO TURKEY—SCHEMES —ANECDOTES—ATTACK OF THE SECTIONS—ITS CONSEQUENCES.

General Bonaparte returned to Paris, where soon after I also arrived from Germany. Our intimacy resumed its ancient footing. He gave me all the details of his campaign of the south. He then reckoned much upon his *Supper of Beaucaire*, which he was by no means desirous of denying, as at a subsequent period. He conversed with me often on the persecutions in which he had been entangled; and, confiding to my possession the preceding defence, desired the paper might be communicated to my friends and acquaintance; deeming it very important, he said, that all should know him to be incapable of betraying his country, under pretence of a mission to Genoa—a mission endeavoured to be represented as if converted by him into a political manœuvre against the interests of France. He liked to repeat and dwell upon his warlike achievements at Toulon, and in the Italian army; speaking of his first successes, with the feeling of pleasure and satisfaction they had inspired.

At this period the government desired to send him to La Vendée as brigadier-general of infantry. Two motives determined the youthful general of artillery in his refusal to accede to the proposition. He looked upon this as by no means a field worthy of his talents; and the change of his arm as a species of injustice. The second was the stronger, and the only reason

officially assigned for his refusal,—the change of service. On this was declared the following resolution, of the 15th September, 1794:—"The Committee of Public Safety decrees, that General of Brigade Bonaparte shall be erased from the list of general officers employed, in consequence of his refusing to repair to the station to which he had been appointed." Napoleon has told us from St Helena, that he sent in his resignation: this resolution proves the contrary. He was unwilling to acknowledge a dismissal.

Upon this unexpected blow, Bonaparte retired into private life; constrained to an inaction most irksome to his ardent character, heightened yet more by youth. He then lodged, Rue de Mail, in a house near the Place des Victoires. We began again the course of life we had led before his departure for Corsica in 1792. He had no little difficulty in forming the resolution to abide the termination of the prejudices against him which those in power entertained. In the perpetual mutations of this same power, he hoped that it might pass to others more favourably disposed. He very frequently came to dine and pass the evening with myself and my elder brother; never failing to render these hours agreeable, by his engaging manners, and the charms of his conversation. I went to visit him almost every morning. There were several individuals who called at stated times; among others, Salicetti, with whom he held very animated conversations, and who often shewed a desire of remaining alone with him. At one time, this representative remitted three thousand francs, (£125,) as the price of the General's carriage, his necessities having obliged him to dispose of it.

I soon saw that our young friend was engaged, or, at least, endeavouring to be engaged, in some political intrigue. I thought I could even perceive that Salicetti had bound him by an oath not to divulge what passed between them. He was now always thoughtful, often melancholy and disturbed. He awaited

with marked impatience the daily visit of Salicetti, who was subsequently implicated in the insurrection of the 20th May, 1795, and, upon that account, forced to seek refuge in Venice.

At other times, the ex-general, returning to more humble ideas, seemed to envy the good fortune of Joseph, who had just married Mademoiselle Clary, daughter of a rich merchant, and of good repute in Marseilles. "How lucky that knave Joseph is!" was the usual ebullition in which this petty feeling often broke forth. Time was passing, yet nothing was accomplished; none of his projects in train; none of his representations attended to. Injustice imbittered his spirit. He was tormented with the desire of doing something. To remain in the crowd, became to him insupportable. He resolved to quit France; and the favourite idea, ever afterwards pursued, that the East opens a fine field of glory, excited the wish to visit Constantinople, and offer his services to the Grand Signior. What dreams he did entertain! what gigantic projects were conceived in his heated fancy! He invited me to follow; I replied in the negative, regarding him as a young enthusiast, driven to extravagant enterprizes, to desperate resolutions, by irritation of mind, by unmerited injury, by an irresistible necessity of action, and, if all must be told, by the want of money. He did not blame me; but said, he would take Junot and some other young officers, whom he had known at Toulon, and who had attached themselves to his fortunes. Marmont was also named. This episode has always been lightly and incorrectly treated till now. Let our hero speak for himself.

Strongly engrossed with the idea of bidding adieu to his country; above all, tired of living obscurely in Paris, he drew out a paper, commencing,—"Note for ——." There was no name; it was simply a proposal. Some days afterwards, he drew up a second, differing but slightly from the first, and

addressed to Aubert and Coni. I transcribed it for him, and may remark, once for all, that, in Bonaparte's writings given in these volumes, I have corrected the orthography, which, in general, is so miserably curtailed, that it would be ridiculous if exactly copied; also, in his manner of writing, there were numerous abbreviations and ellipses, which he counted upon secretaries supplying. I never change a single iota of the style or spirit of any document.

"NOTE.

Aubert, } 2500 artillerymen.
Coni, }

"At a period when the Empress of Russia has drawn closer the relations which unite her with the Emperor, it is the interest of France to augment, by all means, the military resources of Turkey. That power has a numerous and brave militia; but is far behind in the scientific part of war. The formation and service of the artillery, so influential an arm in our modern tactics for gaining battles, and almost exclusively for the capture and defence of cities, forms especially that department wherein France excels, and in which the Turks are most deficient. General Bonaparte, who from his youth served in the artillery, who commanded it at the siege of Toulon, and during two campaigns in Italy, proposes to the government to pass into Turkey with an official mission. He will carry with him six or seven officers, of different talents, and who may together unite the several parts of the military art. If in this new career he shall be able to render more formidable the power of the Turks, perfect the defence of their principal fortresses, and construct others, he will have rendered good service to France."

We see from this note how false is the assertion, so often repeated, that he demanded permission to combat in the Turkish ranks against Austria. He offered his service not to the Sultan, but to France, for her

own interest. The note was not answered; Turkey remained without succour, and Bonaparte without occupation. I was not sorry—I should have witnessed his departure with regret. The pain was already sufficient, to see a young man of good hopes, and to whom I felt attached, thus pursuing a futurity so uncertain. If a commissioner-at-war had engrossed this note "Granted," that word might have changed the face of Europe. Who can divine what would have been the issue to Napoleon? Never did any man effect less towards creating events propitious to his views; and never did any one yield more subserviently to circumstances, yet turned them so ably to account. Bonaparte thus remained at Paris, constantly on the rack, seeking by all means to gratify his ambition of rising in the world, yet every where encountering obstacles.

Women appreciate, more justly than men, the characters of young people on their entering the world. I shall, therefore, here transcribe, without changing a single syllable, the notes of Madame de Bourrienne, respecting this period in the life of my young companion, whom, from his intimacy with me, she had closely studied. All the facts are yet present to my recollection. I confirm to the minutest particulars, though perhaps then viewing them with a different eye. Friendship probably blinded me to faults.

"The day after our second return from Germany, in May, 1795, we met Bonaparte in the Palais Royal. He embraced Bourrienne, as one would a comrade one loves and sees again with pleasure. We went to the Theâtre-Français, where a tragedy was performed; but the afterpiece convulsed the house. The actor was often forced to stop till the bursts of laughter had subsided.* Bonaparte alone—a circumstance which struck me very forcibly—maintained an icy silence.

* The piece was, "The Deaf Man, or the Full Inn," in which the famous *Batiste* played the principal character.

I remarked at this period of life, that his disposition exhibited coldness, and frequently gloom; his smile was false, and often exceedingly misplaced. As an illustration of this, I recollect, a few days after our meeting, he had one of his fits of ferocious hilarity, which shocked my feelings, and little disposed me to like him. He recounted to us, with the greatest gaiety, an adventure before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery. An officer in this service, and under the General's own orders, had received a visit from his wife, to whom he had been recently united, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after her arrival, directions were issued for a fresh attack upon the town, and the officer got orders to be on duty. His wife went to General Bonaparte, entreating him, with tears, to dispense with the presence of her husband for that day only. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a gaiety which amused, while it made one shudder. The moment of attack arrived; and this officer, who had always displayed extraordinary bravery, felt a presentiment of his approaching end: he became pale, and trembled. His station was by the General's side; and, at the moment of the hottest fire from the ramparts, Bonaparte cried out to him,—'Beware! a shell! The officer,' added he, 'instead of throwing himself on the ground, only stooped, and was cut in two!' Bonaparte broke into shouts of laughter, while describing to us what part of the body was carried off!

"At this time, during a stay in Paris of six weeks, we saw him almost every day. He often dined with us; and, as there was a scarcity of bread—two ounces being the daily allowance in each section—it was the practice to ask the guests to bring their own bread, since it could not be procured for money. On these occasions, he and his brother Louis, then his aide-de-camp, an amiable and engaging youth, brought their rations, black and full of bran. It is with regret I speak it, the aide-de-camp alone made use of this;

and we procured for the General the finest white bread, of flour brought secretly from Sens, where my husband had farms, and baked in a case, at a pastry-cook's. Had we been discovered, there was quite enough to have sent us to the scaffold. We very often went in company with Bonaparte to the opera and Garat's charming concerts, the first brilliant assemblies since the death of Robespierre. There was always something singular in the habits of our friend; for he would often disappear from beside us, without a single word; and, while under the impression that he had left the theatre, we would discover him in a box of the second or third tier, all alone, and looking quite gruff, like one in a pet. We had come to town preparatory to my first confinement, and, wishing to exchange our lodging for one larger and more cheerful, Bonaparte accompanied us in our search. We engaged a first floor, Rue des Marais, No. 19, in a handsome new house. He wished to live in Paris, and went to look at a dwelling opposite ours, which he proposed renting with his uncle Fesch, afterwards cardinal, and a person named Patrauld, one of his old masters at the Military Academy. 'That residence,' said he to us one day, 'you, my friends, over the way—a cabriolet—and I shall be the happiest of mortals!' We departed for Sens, some days after. The house remained unoccupied for him—other and more important business was forthcoming. On our return in November of the same year, all was changed."

Madame de Bourrienne here alludes to the 13th Vendemiaire, (5th October, 1795,) now fast approaching. The National Convention had been painfully delivered of a new marvel,—namely, the Constitution, so named, of the year III, the era of its birth. It was adopted on the 22d August, 1795. These provident legislators did not forget their own interests. They stipulated, that two-thirds of their body should compose a proportion of the new administration. The

party opposed to the Convention, on the contrary, looked forward, in a total renewal and by general elections, to the introduction of a majority of their own opinion,—that power ought not to remain in the hands of men, by whom it had been so grossly abused. To this sentiment inclined the greater part of the sections of Paris, possessing the most influence, in respect of wealth and intelligence. These sections declared, that, accepting the new constitution, they rejected the decree of the 30th August, touching the obligatory re-election of the two-thirds. The Convention thus saw itself menaced in its most cherished possession—power. The members took measures for their own security, declaring, that, if attacked, they would retire to Châlons, on the Marne; and, as a preparatory step, issued orders to the representatives commanding the armed force to stand to their defence.

From the 25th September, disturbance began to manifest itself: the thunder commenced its distant growl. This agitation continued till the 5th October, when the storm burst. From that memorable day, on which the Sections of Paris attacked the Convention, is to be dated the rise of the incomprehensible destinies of Bonaparte. The events of that day became the unforeseen causes of great changes throughout Europe. The blood which then flowed, fed the germs of his young ambition; and the history of past times affords few eras, embracing events so wonderful as those which crowd the years between 1795 and 1815. The recital of that day, which I now give, is entirely his own, with all his peculiarities of style. The letter, written with his own hand, and now printed from the autograph, he despatched to me at Sens, where I had remained since parting with him in July.

"On the 13th, at five in the morning, the representative of the people Barras was nominated commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and

General Bonaparte second in command. The field artillery was still in the camp at Sablons, guarded by one hundred and fifty men only: the remainder was at Marly, with two hundred men. The depôt at Meudon was without any guard. They had at Feuillans only some four pounders, without gunners, and not more than eighty thousand cartridges. The magazines of provisions were in various places throughout Paris. In several sections, drums were beating the generale. That of the Theatre-Français had pushed forwards advanced posts to the Pont Neuf, which they had barricadoed.

" General Barras ordered the artillery to be moved instantly from the camp of Sablons to the Tuileries; caused gunners to be sought out from the battalions of the 89th, and among the gendarmerie, and stationed them at the palace. He sent to Meudon two hundred men of the legion of police, whom he drew from Versailles, fifty horsemen, and two companies of veterans. He ordered the transport of the stores at Marly to Meudon; sent for cartridges, and established a manufactory of them at Meudon. He assured the subsistence of the Army of the Convention for several days, independently of the magazines which were in the sections.

" General Verdier, who commanded at the national palace, manœuvred with great coolness. He had orders not to fire till the last extremity. In the meantime, reports arrived from all quarters, that the sections were assembling in arms, and forming their columns. He disposed the troops for the defence of the Convention, and prepared his artillery to repulse the rebels. He placed the cannon at Feuillans, so as to batter the Rue St Honoré. Two eight pounders were planted at each opening, and, in case of mischance, two pieces were so stationed in reserve, as to fire upon the flank of any column that might have forced a passage. He left in the square of the Car-

rousel three eight pounder howitzers, to play upon the houses whence the rebels might fire upon the Convention.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon, the columns of the rebels issued from all the streets, in order to form. This critical moment would have been seized, by even the most inexperienced troops, to overwhelm them. But the blood about to flow was that of Frenchmen. It was proper to suffer these wretched beings, steeped already in the crime of revolt, to sully themselves still more by that of fraternicide, and with having to answer for the horrors of the first bloodshed. At three quarters past four the rebels had formed. They commenced the attack on all sides. Every where they were thrown into confusion. French blood flowed. The crime, as the infamy, fell that day all upon the sectionaries. Among the dead were recognized everywhere, emigrants, landholders, and nobles. Among those who were made prisoners, it was found that the great portion were the Chouans of Charette.* Nevertheless, the sections did not hold themselves beaten. They betook themselves to the church of St Roche, the Theatre of the Republic, and the Palace of Equality; and, on all hands, were heard in their fury exciting the inhabitants to arms. To spare the blood which would have flowed on the morrow, it required to allow them no time to recover themselves, but actively to pursue them, without, however, engaging ourselves in difficult passes.

"The general gave orders to General Montchoisy, who was at the Place de la Revolution with a reserve, to form column, and, taking two twelve pounders, to march by the Boulevard, turn the Place Vendôme, effect a junction with the piquet at headquarters, and return thence in column. General

* Marquis de la Charette, leader of the Vendeans, who were termed Chouans. The reader will ascribe any strange phrases to the peculiarities of the original.—*Translator.*

Brune, with two howitzers, advanced by the Rues St Nicaise and St Honoré. General Cartaux sent two hundred men, with one four pounder, of his division, by the Rue St Thomas du Louvre. General Bonaparte, who had had two horses killed under him, hurried to Feuillans. These columns moved forward. St Roche and the Theatre of the Republic were forced, and abandoned. The rebels then retired to the head of the Rue de la Loi, and barricadoed themselves on all sides. Patrols were sent out, and during the night, several cannon-shot were fired to oppose them. This completely succeeded.

"At day-break, the general was informed, that the students from the quarter of St Genevieve, with two cannons, were in march to succour the rebels, and despatched a detachment of dragoons, who captured the artillery, and brought both pieces to the Tuileries. Notwithstanding all this, the expiring sections still made head: they barricadoed the streets in the section of Grenelle, and planted cannon in the principal streets. At nine o'clock, attacks were preparing by Generals Beruyer, Vachet, Brune, and Duvigier, from different quarters; but the courage of the sectionaries failed with the dread of seeing their retreat cut off. They evacuated the post, and forgot, at the sight of our soldiers, the honour of French chevaliers, which they had to support. The section of Brutus still caused some uneasiness. The wife of a representative had been arrested there. Orders were given to General Duvigier to advance along the Boulevard; and to General Beruyer to draw up in the Place de Victoire. General Bonaparte occupied the Bridge of the Exchange. The section was surrounded; a charge was made upon the Place de Greve, filled with a multitude from the Ile St Louis, the Theatre-Français, and the Equality Palace. Everywhere the patriots had recovered courage; everywhere the poniards of the emigrants, armed against us, had disappeared; everywhere the people had discovered

their folly and their error. On the morrow, the two sections of Le Pelletier and the Theatre-Français were disarmed."

In this account, one circumstance is very remarkable,—the solicitude shewn by Bonaparte to throw upon those whom he calls rebels, (the sections, inhabitants of Paris,) the first effusion of blood. He holds it important to represent his adversaries as the aggressors. One thing is certain, he ever lamented his share in the events of that day. Often has he said to me,—"I would give years of my life, to erase that page from my history." He doubted not that the Parisians were exceedingly exasperated against him. He would much rather that Barras had not said the words, which at the time gave him so much pleasure, —"It is to his (Bonaparte's) prompt and skilful dispositions, that we owe the security of this palace, (the Tuileries,) around which he had distributed the stations with great ability." This was quite true; but the whole truth should not always be told.

The issue of this miniature civil war, in which the artillery of the Convention has been ridiculously exaggerated to two hundred pieces, placed Bonaparte on an eminence apart from the crowd, and elevated him to the command of that army, which ever after he led on to victory. The discomfited party, however, never forgave the past; those for whom he had conquered, soon began to look upon him with apprehension for the future; and five years afterwards, we shall find him reviving the very principles he had now combated. On the 10th October, on the motion of Barras, he was confirmed in his post of general second in command of the Army of the Interior; and established his head-quarters at the hotel where the archives of the foreign office are now lodged. The statement, though considered as proceeding from himself in St Helena, is therefore altogether erroneous, that he remained without employment at Paris. Far otherwise. He was unceasingly engaged in the

business of the state, and in advancing his own fortune. In close relation with those in power, he knew how to profit by all he saw or heard, and, in his turn, began to be courted.*

* Bourrienne here introduces a severe and just censure on the "Manuscript from St Helena," which Bonaparte himself subsequently disavowed, and which, at the time of its appearance, created so great a sensation, that Bourrienne was consulted on the subject by the ministers of Louis XVIII, and, from internal evidence, declared it spurious.—*Translator.*

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE WITH JOSEPHINE — ANECDOTES — CORRESPONDENCE OF MARMONT AND BOURRIENNE — BOURRIENNE JOINS THE ARMY OF ITALY.

After the 13th Vendemiaire, I returned from Sens to Paris. During the period of my short stay in the capital, I saw Bonaparte less frequently than at former seasons. I have no reason to ascribe this restricted intercourse to any other cause, except the extensive duties of his new appointment. Madame de Bourrienne's notes, however, are continued thus:—"In the interval, (of our residence in the country,) many letters were exchanged between my husband and Bonaparte: those of the latter were most pleasing and affectionate. He shewed, however, very little solicitude about old friends. On returning to town, we found all was altered. The college friend had become a great personage; he commanded Paris, as a recompense for the day of Vendemiaire. The small house in the Marais, was exchanged for a magnificent residence in the most fashionable quarter; the modest cabriolet had given place to a superb equipage; and he himself was no longer the same. The friends of youth, indeed, were still received at the morning's sumptuous entertainments, where ladies sometimes appeared,—among others, the beautiful Madame Tallien, and the graceful De Beauharnois, to whom he had already begun to pay attentions. But he seemed to care very little about his friends; and no longer *thee* and *thou*-ed them, as in times past. I shall

mention one only, M. de Rey, son of a knight of St Louis, whose father had perished at the siege of Lyons, and he himself had escaped almost by a miracle. Being an agreeable and amiable young man, and a devoted royalist, we became intimate. He, too, went to visit his old class-fellow of the Military College; but, being unable to bring himself to frame his speech in the all-important plural, Bonaparte turned his back upon him, and took no notice of a second visit. He never did any thing for this youthful associate, beyond giving him a miserable appointment of inspector of provisions, which M. de Rey could not accept. Three years after, the young man died of consumption, regretted by many friends."

I now most frequently met Napoleon at breakfast or dinner. One day he pointed out to my observation a lady seated nearly opposite to him, asking what I thought of her: my answer seemed to be highly agreeable. His conversation afterwards turned chiefly upon this topic, touching her family and amiable qualities. He gave me to understand, that his probable marriage with the young widow, would contribute much to his happiness. I easily perceived, from the tenor of the discourse, that this connection would effectually second his ambition. His constantly increasing intimacy with her whom he loved, brought him also into contact with those most influential at that period; thus facilitating the means of realizing his pretensions. He remained in Paris only twelve days after the nuptials, which took place on the 9th March, 1796.*

Such was the union, in which, with the exception of some light clouds, I have beheld uninterrupted harmony reign. Bonaparte, to my knowledge, never gave cause of real sorrow to his wife; and Madame Bonaparte, with many fascinating, possessed also many good, qualities. I am persuaded, that all who enjoyed

* See Appendix, B.

intercourse with her, have matter only of praise, certainly few persons have had cause of complaint. In her greatness, she never lost a real friend; for she forgot no one. She was somewhat thoughtless, but an obliging and amiable patroness. Benevolence was with her a necessity of the heart; but she did not always use discrimination: hence, her favour often extended to those who little merited such protection. She indulged to excess her taste for splendour and expense. This love of luxury had become a habit; and almost always unconnected with real wants. To how many scenes have I been witness, when the time for paying her trades-people arrived! She never gave in more than half the amount of their bills. This caused a renewal of remonstrances. How many tears did she shed, which she might so easily have spared herself! Elevated by fortune to a crown, she declared to all who would listen, that this extraordinary event had been predicted. Certain it is, she put faith in the absurdities of fortune-telling. Often have I expressed to herself my astonishment at this. She willingly joined in the laugh, yet still adhered to her belief. The event confirmed the prediction—it is the prophecy itself we must doubt.

Bonaparte left Paris, 21st March, 1796. I remained still with my keepers. Madame de Bourrienne's notes will explain this latter expression:—"Though frequently visiting the General, after the 13th Vendemiaire, my husband was arrested as a returned emigrant, at seven o'clock in the morning, February, 1796. A band of men, armed with muskets, tore him from his wife and child, then only six months old, hardly allowing him to dress. I followed; they turned him over from the guard of one section to that of another,—I know not whither at last. Every where he was treated with the greatest brutality; finally, thrown into the prison of the police, where, confounded with all that was worst in Paris, even with malefactors, he remained two nights and a day. His wife and

friends ran every where, seeking protectors, and, among others, to Bonaparte. It was with difficulty they saw him. Madame de Bourrienne, accompanied by a friend of her husband, waited for the *commandant of Paris* till midnight. He did not come home. She returned very early next morning. On learning the situation of his friend, whose life was now at stake, he shewed *very little* concern. However, he did decide upon writing to the minister of justice, Merlin. Madame de Bourrienne carried this letter as addressed. She met the great man on the stair, going to a meeting of the Directory. He was in grand costume, bedizzened with I know not how many plumes, and wearing a hat *à la Henri IV*, an original ornament, truly, on one of his bearing. He opened the letter; and whether the General pleased him as little as the cause of my husband's arrest, I know not: he returned for answer, that the affair did not belong to him, but to the public functionary. The minister got into his carriage, and the lady was conducted into various offices in the same building. There her heart was almost broken; for she found none but unfeeling men, who told her the accused deserved death. On the morrow, he was carried before the judge of the division, that the accusation might be examined. This person had nothing harsh or ferocious in his manners, like the agents of those times. He examined the affair long, oftener than once shaking his head. The moment of giving an opinion arrived, and every thing announced that the accusation was to be declared competent. The accused sent for his wife at seven o'clock. She flew to him, and beheld a sight the most heart-rending. Her husband lay covered with blood; he had burst a vein, which had put a stop to the proceedings. The judge, with a melancholy air, was supporting the invalid's head with both hands. She threw herself at his feet, beseeching his clemency. His wife and two daughters, attracted by this scene of suffering, joined their entreaties. He was a man of probity,

humane, honourable, and the kind father of a family: his feelings were evidently at variance with his sense of duty. He set to turning over all the laws: at length, after long search, he said to me,—'To-morrow, madam, is no court day. Find me, in the meantime, two respectable men, who will answer for your husband, and I will send him home with you in the charge of my officers.' We found on the morrow two friends, who became bound for Bourrienne, but still the officers were retained for six weeks longer, till the decree passed, obliging all those described in the fatal list, to remove thirty miles from Paris. One of the officers was nobody; he remained always in the lobby; but the other was a knight of St Louis. Him we had every evening for our partner in a hand at cards."*

In the course of these transactions, the police robbed me of the *affectionate* letters already mentioned, as having been written by Bonaparte to me at Sens, before the famous 5th October. These agents thought to please, and in fact did gratify him by the recovery of documents, which recalled his wishes so lately humble, his depressed position, his limited hopes, his pretended dislike of public affairs; in short, his intimacy with those for whom, marked as emigrants, confiscation and death were planning. Would it have been wise, in such times, to have complained of this theft? To be silent, and to flee, offered the only prudent course. One of these letters, I remember, written a short time before that day which opened to him so mighty a career, proceeded thus:—"Look out for me some small possession in thy beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will buy it as soon as I have money. I wish to retire thither;

* "How liked you the French ladies?" was a question put in my hearing, to one of some note. "As I like an April day,—sunshine and showers. I was never quite certain when it was tragedy and when comedy they played."—*Translator.*

but recollect, I will have nothing to do with national property." Not many days saw the writer Commandant of Paris, and General of the Interior. A few months later, he was on his way as Commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy!

I shall say nothing of the military details of that brilliant campaign, in the course of which he bore the standard of France from the shores of the Gulf of Genoa, beyond the Rhœtian Alps. I limit myself to citing a few documents, and to the relation of some facts which may prove serviceable to the historian.

Scarcely had he arrived at the army, when Colli, the Austrian general, wrote to him, requiring the liberation of one Moulin, an emigrant, who had been arrested, though acting in the capacity of an Austrian envoy, and threatening, otherwise, reprisal on the person of a French officer. The Commander-in-chief of the French army replied,—"Sir, an emigrant is a parricide, whom no character can protect. There was a want of respect towards the French people, in sending Moulin as envoy. You know the laws of war; and I cannot understand the reprisal with which you threaten my chief-of-brigade Barthelemy. If, contrary to all the laws of war, you permit an act of such barbarity, every one of your prisoners in future shall answer for the consequences, with the most unsparing vengeance. As to the rest, I hold the officers of your nation in the esteem due to brave soldiers."

The executive directory, to whom these letters were transmitted, approved the arrest, but forbade any punishment beyond safe custody, from respect to the character of an envoy. On a project of joining Kellermann as his second in command, Bonaparte wrote to Carnot, 24th May, 1796.—"Whether I carry on the war here or elsewhere, is to me a matter of indifference. To serve my country—to merit with posterity a page in our history—this is my whole ambition. To unite Kellermann and me in Italy, is

to ruin all. General Kellermann has more experience, and will better conduct the war than I; but together, we shall mar the affair. I cannot willingly serve with one who conceives himself the first commander in Europe."

There have been published a great number of letters from Bonaparte to his wife. Of these, I have neither the inclination nor means of contesting the authenticity. I simply give one here, which, in my judgment, differs not a little from the others. We shall find in it fewer of those exaggerated expressions of affection, and less of that style, so strangely affected, and full of pretension, remarkable throughout the whole of that correspondence,—the authenticity of which, I repeat, I do not mean to deny. He announces to Josephine the victory of Arcola:—

"*Verona, 29th, mid-day.*—At length, mine adorable Josephine, I breathe again. Death is no longer before mine eyes, and glory and honour are once more in my heart. The enemy has been beaten at Arcola. To-morrow we repair the blunder of Vaubois, in abandoning Rivoli. In eight days, Mantua will be ours; and soon in thine arms, I shall be able to give thee a thousand proofs of the ardent love of thy husband. On the earliest opportunity I will hasten to Milan. At present, I am somewhat fatigued. I have received a letter from Eugene and Hortense. They are delightful creatures. As my whole family is a little dispersed, the moment all have rejoined me, I will send them to thee. We have made five thousand prisoners, and have slain at least six thousand of the enemy. Adieu, mine adorable Josephine! Think often of me. If thou dost cease to love thine Achilles, or if thy heart should ever grow cold towards him, thou wilt be very frightful and very unjust; but I feel assured, thou wilt always love me, as I shall ever remain thy most attached friend. Death alone shall dissolve a union, which sympathy,

affection, and sentiment have formed. Send me news of thy health. A thousand and a thousand tenderest adieus!"

I was soon to be an attendant on these triumphs; and, setting out to join the Army of Italy, never quitted its youthful commander for an instant, till 1802. But I hold it of some moment to prove, (in opposition to certain very ungenerous assertions already given to the public,) that in this I threw myself neither as an intruder, nor as an obscure intriguer, into the path of fortune. I obeyed the dictate of friendship, rather than the impulse of ambition; and the following correspondence will shew with what confidence I was then honoured. The same letters, however, written in the spirit of friendship, and not for history, tell also of our military achievements; and whatever recalls that heroic period, will probably be read not without interest.

"*Head-quarters, Milan, 8th June*, 1796.—My dear Bourrienne,—I am desired by the Commander-in-chief, to express to you all the pleasure he had in hearing from you; and that he ardently desires you should join us. Set out, then, my dear B. and come quickly. Be assured of that affection with which you inspire all who know you. We shall have only one cause of regret,—your not having shared our success. The campaign just concluded, will be celebrated in the annals of history. Is it not glorious, in less than two months, and with less than thirty thousand men, in want of every thing, to have completely beaten, and in eight separate actions, an army of from sixty-five to seventy thousand; dictated a humiliating peace to the King of Sardinia; and chased the Austrians from Italy? The last victory, of which you are doubtless apprised—that of the passage of the Mincio—has ended our toils. There yet remain the siege of Mantua, and the reduction of the citadel

of Milan; but these obstacles cannot detain us long. Adieu. I repeat, in the name of General Bonaparte, his invitation, and the assurance of his desire to see you. Receive from, &c. MARMONT, Colonel of Artillery, and Aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-chief."

I was obliged to remain at Sens, waiting my erasure from the list of emigrants, which, however, I did not obtain till 1797, after repeated instances on the part of Bonaparte. My hours, also, were devoted to study; and I preferred repose to the agitation of a camp. This double motive prevented my acceptance, at the time, of this friendly invitation. Six months after, I received a second letter from Chief-of-brigade Marmont, dated, "*Head-quarters, Gorizia, 22d March*, 1796.— The Commander-in-chief, my dear Bourrienne, charges me to express his desire, that you should speedily come to him. I unite with the General, in urging you, my dear B. to join the army without loss of time. You will increase an attached family, which longs to receive you into its bosom. I send enclosed the General's order, which will serve as your passport. Take post and come. We are on the point of penetrating into Germany. The language already begins to change, and before four days, the Italian will no more be heard. Prince Charles has been beaten: we are in pursuit. Should the campaign continue successful but a little longer, we shall be in Vienna, to sign a peace so necessary to Europe. Adieu! Esteem as something the wishes of one who is yours sincerely attached."

Enclosed, was the following order. "Bonaparte, Commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy. Citizen Bourrienne will repair to my head-quarters, on receipt of the present order. BONAPARTE."

The wretched shufflings of the government respecting my certificate of residence, rendered my stay in France any thing but agreeable. Every day brought

fresh inquietudes. I was even threatened with being delivered up to the tribunal, on pretence that a false certificate had been given in, though it was signed by nine individuals, all of whom, much to my sorrow, were detained several days. I therefore resolved this time to depart, and without regret. The order of General Bonaparte, placed upon the registers of the municipality at Sens, obtained my passport, which would probably otherwise have been refused. I retain a most grateful sense of his conduct on this occasion. But with whatever haste I urged my departure, these formalities occupied some days; and, at the moment of setting out, I received another letter, of the 8th April, with a more peremptory order. "We are in the midst of our triumphs," said Marmont, "and of our success. The German campaign commences in a way more brilliant than that of Italy: think, then, what it promises. Come to us instantly, my dear B.; yield to our entreaties; partake our pains and our pleasures, and you will add to our enjoyments. The courier has my directions to pass through Sens, to deliver this, and bring back your answer."

Order enclosed,—"Citizen Fauvelet de Bourrienne has orders to leave Sens, and to repair instantly, by post, to the head-quarters of the Army of Italy.

"Bonaparte."

This correspondence, while it puts to shame all the ungenerous insinuations that have appeared against the motives of my journey, by attesting the friendship which Bonaparte entertained for me, ought to conciliate yet greater confidence for these Memoirs.

I took my departure on the 11th April, and arrived in the Venetian States at the very moment when the insurrection against the French broke out: I passed through Verona on Easter Sunday, April 16: the ministers of peace were preaching, that it was permitted, and even meritorious, to murder the Jacobins, —so the French were designated. "Death to the

French!" "Death to the Jacobins!" were the war-cry and watch-word. I remained only two hours, not apprehending the massacre that followed. On Monday, four hundred French were butchered in the hospitals and streets, to the ringing of bells. The forts held out against the Venetians, who besieged them with the most determined fury. On the same day, the French were assassinated in Vicenza, through which I had passed the evening before; and in Padua I learned the massacre had begun ere I was well beyond the gates. Once on the Sunday, indeed, I was stopped by a body of insurgents, amounting to about two thousand men. They, however, only imposed the condition of crying, "Long live Saint Mark." I shouted loud enough in all conscience, and passed! What would have been the consequence had I traversed these districts one day later? But the last hour of Venice had struck! While these scenes were enacting, Bonaparte had written to the Directory: "I know but of one part you can take—to destroy this sanguinary and ferocious government—to erase the Venetian name from the face of the earth." Twenty days after Venice disappeared from among the nations, without convulsion, and in silence. Woe to those petty states which lie in the path of colossal warfare!

CHAPTER VI.

LEOBEN — BOURRIENNE JOINS BONAPARTE AS PRIVATE SECRETARY — AFFAIRS OF VENICE — ANECDOTES — DECEPTIONS PRACTISED BY THE DIRECTORY — RETURN TO ITALY — ESPIONAGE.

On the 19th April, 1796, I reached the head-quarters of the Army of Italy, at Leoben, the morning after the preliminaries of peace had been signed. Here ceases my intercourse with Bonaparte, as equal with equal, companion with companion, and now commence those relations which respect him as great, powerful, surrounded with homage and with glory. I no longer accosted him as formerly; I appreciated too justly his personal importance; his position had interposed too vast a distance in the social scale for me to remain insensible to the necessity of comporting my bearing accordingly. I made with pleasure, and without regret, a sacrifice of familiarity, intrinsically of small moment, of *thee-thou*-ing, and of other little intimacies. When I first entered the apartment, where he was surrounded by the officers of a most brilliant staff, he called out, "So, thou art come at last?" But when we were alone, he gave me to understand that my reserve pleased him. I was immediately placed at the head of his cabinet.

The same evening I entertained him with a recital of the insurrection in the Venetian states, and the perils to which the French were exposed. "Set thyself* at ease," was his reply; "these knaves

* Thou and thee were still used till after his return from Milan.

shall pay well for this. Their republic has been!" That republic yet stood rich and powerful; and the words recalled an expression of Naude, a writer of the age of Louis XIII. "Seest thou Constantinople, counting on its being the seat of a double empire; and Venice, that boasts the maturity of a thousand years? Their day will come!"

From the first, I easily perceived that Bonaparte was not extremely satisfied with the preliminaries of Leoben.* It had been his wish to march upon Vienna. This he did not conceal from me. Previously to the proposal of peace with the Archduke Charles, he had written to the Directory, stating the design to follow up his success; but that, for this, the co-operation of the armies on the Sambre and Meuse, and on the Rhine, was necessary. The Directory pronounced a diversion from that quarter impossible, and that these armies were not in condition to pass the rivers in their front. This declaration, so unexpected, and so contrary to all his demands, forced him to set bounds to his triumphs, and to renounce the favourite idea of planting the standards of the republic on the ramparts of Vienna.

The very first paper I signed was the occasion of a little outbreaking. A law of 23d August, 1794, prohibited the bearing of any names save those in the register of baptism. I wished to conform to this regulation, so stupidly opposed to inveterate habits. My elder brother was still alive; I signed "Fauvelet, junior." This made the General angry. "There is not even common sense," said he, "in this change of designations; for twenty years I have known thee as Bourrienne: sign as thou art named, and send the long-robes with their laws to the right-about."

* A sketch of the beautiful and romantic situation of Leoben, forms the Vignette to this volume. The large square building on the left was Bonaparte's head-quarters when Bourrienne joined him. Many anecdotes are here still preserved of Bonaparte.
Translator.

On the 20th April, returning to Italy, we were detained on an island by a sudden swelling of the Tagliamento. A courier appeared on the right bank, and made good the passage to our station. Bonaparte read in the despatches of the Directory, that the armies on the German frontier, having arranged their dispositions for crossing the Rhine, had actually commenced hostilities on the very day of signing the preliminaries at Leoben. This news reached his head-quarters seven days after that assembly had warned him not to reckon upon the co-operation of the armies of Germany. It is impossible to describe the General's emotion on the perusal of these despatches. He had signed the preliminaries only in consequence of the representations of his government, that for the present a diversion by the armies on the Rhine was impracticable: now he learned that their co-operation with the army he commanded was on the point of being effected. So great was his agitation of mind, that, for the moment, he determined on repassing to the left bank of the Tagliamento, and of breaking with the Austrians on any pretext. He even persisted, till Berthier and other generals successfully combated this resolution. "How different," exclaimed he, "would have been the preliminaries!—if, indeed, they had ever existed." But his vexation and regret—I might almost say despair—rose to its height, when, a few days subsequently, he received from Moreau a communication, dated 23d April, announcing that he had passed the Rhine on the 20th, most successfully, having taken four thousand prisoners, and would lose no time in marching to his support. Who can say, indeed, what might have been the consequences, but for this vacillating and suspicious policy of the Directory, fomented by the basest intrigues, and jealousy of the young conqueror's fame? for, considering the circumstances of the case, there cannot be a doubt, that the Directory, fearing his ambition, sacrificed the renown of our arms, and the honour

of our country. Had the movement on the Rhine, urgently demanded by Bonaparte, taken place a few days earlier, he would have been enabled, without risk of defeat, to have dictated the conditions of peace, or to have advanced upon Vienna. Strongly impressed with a sense of this injustice, he wrote to the Directory, on the 8th May,—"Since apprised of the passage of the Rhine by Hoche and Moreau, how deeply have I regretted that the movement had not been effected fifteen days sooner! or at least that Moreau had informed me of his being in a condition to accomplish it." Information to the contrary had, in fact, been transmitted! What becomes, after this, of the unjust accusation, that Bonaparte, through jealousy of Moreau, deprived France of the future advantages of a protracted campaign?

While traversing the Venetian states, on our return to Milan, he discoursed often about the affairs of the republic of Venice. He constantly asserted, that in their origin he had been entirely a stranger to the insurrections which had agitated the country. Good sense merely would have shewn, that, since his object was to carry the war to the banks of the Danube, he could have no possible interest in seeing his rear harassed by revolts, and his communications interrupted or cut off. "Such a combination," to continue in his own words, "would have been absurd, and could never have entered the head of one, to whom his very enemies cannot deny a peculiar nicety of management." He acknowledged, however, that he did not now regret the turn things had taken, because he had already extracted advantage for the preliminaries, and hoped to profit still more in concluding a definitive treaty. "On arriving at Milan," said he, "I will give orders to occupy Venice." It is, then, quite demonstrated to my judgment, that, in their commencement, the Commander-in-chief had no hand in these insurrections, which finally terminated the existence of Venice as an independent state; that,

subsequently, he by no means regretted them; and, later still, turned them to good account.

The army reached Milan on the 5th May. Soon after Bonaparte established his head-quarters at Montebello, a very beautiful seat, three leagues from the capital, and overlooking a magnificent view of Lombardy. Here negotiations commenced, the Marquis St Gallo, Austrian plenipotentiary, taking up his residence within half a league; but the treaty was finally concluded at Passeriano. After making an excursion to the lakes of Como, Maggiore, and the Borromean isles, the General devoted his attention to the organization of Venice, Genoa, and the cities of the Milanese. He sought for mind, and found it not. "Good God," exclaimed he, "how rarely do we meet with men! There are in Italy eighteen millions of inhabitants, and I have with difficulty discovered two, —Dandolo and Melzi." He had appreciated them justly. Dandolo is one of those who, during the revolutionary era, reflected the highest credit on Italy: Member of the Grand Council of the Cisalpine Republic, his subsequent administration in Dalmatia was great, equitable, and firm. The services of Melzi, Duke of Lodi, as Chancellor and Great Seal of the kingdom of Italy, are known to all. But to those who have seen a little of the world, Napoleon's reproach is only a truism, forcibly expressed; and is more especially applicable, not to the upper, but to the highest rank of society.*

At this period, when the preliminaries of Leoben had suspended military operations, immediate replies to all letters pressed not so urgently. It occurred to General Bonaparte, not, indeed, to act as Cardinal Dubois was accustomed to do, who threw the letters he received into the fire, saying, "Now my correspondence is closed;" but he was convinced that too

* "Go, my son," said Oxenstiern, "to the congress, (at Munster,) and behold by what sort of men the world is governed!"

much was written, and precious time lost in trifling and useless answerings. He desired me, therefore, to open such despatches only as were received by extraordinary couriers, and to leave other letters in the basket for the space of three weeks. I give my word that we found four-fifths of the communications which must otherwise have been written, settled to our hand. Observe in what manner: Some were themselves answers, acknowledgments of reception; others contained requests already granted, which had not reached the parties; many were filled with complaints about provisions, pay, clothing, &c. already redressed; generals demanded reinforcements, money, advances, or made other requests,—to all of which the pain of a refusal had thus been spared. When the commander-in-chief compared the small number of letters requiring answers, with the mass to which time had replied, he laughed heartily at his amusing plan. But, in truth, was not this mode preferable to placing the letters before an ordinary secretary, and causing him to fill up the usual printed circular, with the proper date?

It was now the month of July, and the negotiations were still protracted. This embarrassment and delay, unceasingly renewed, could be attributed only to the astutious policy of Austria. Other affairs occupied Bonaparte. The news from Paris fixed his undivided attention. He contemplated with extreme displeasure, and even violent anger, the mode in which the leading agitators of the councils, and pamphlets written in a similar spirit, pronounced upon him, his army, his victories, the affairs of Venice, and the national glory. He regarded with indignation the suspicions attempted to be thrown upon his conduct, and his ulterior views. The nature of lesser grievances, too, may be gathered from the following extract of a private letter from M. Sabatier de Castres, and delivered by an emigrant gentleman, M. de Roville, who, though obliged to engage in trade, to support a wife and two daughters,

declared, that, "such was his admiration of Bonaparte, that he should consider himself amply rewarded for the fatigues and expense of a journey from Leipsic, by the pleasure of seeing, and doing service, to so great a man." "I have just discovered," says Sabatier, "through a person of my acquaintance, arrived from Basle, that Citizen Delacroix, minister for foreign affairs, for the last three months, has retained at your head-quarters an individual charged to observe all your movements, and to insinuate himself into the confidence of your people, so as, if possible, to gain access to your own. He is a man of much address, speaks several languages, and is not in the service. I am also informed, that, by orders of the same minister, some weeks ago, the Baron de Nertia has been despatched to play the same part near Madame de Bonaparte. This I know from one to whom Nertia confided his mission; he has a monthly allowance of twenty thousand livres (£833, 6s. 8d.) from the foreign office, and, though married, his wife is now living with one of Delacroix's secretaries," &c.

The newspapers and pamphlets were continual sources of great annoyance. Bonaparte could not endure that any should pretend to divine his plans. Struck with astonishment on seeing his campaigns depreciated, his own, and the glory of his companions in arms tarnished, intrigues formed against him by the cabal of Clichy, he addressed to the Directory the following note, now printed from the autograph:—

"*To the President of the Executive Directory.* I have this instant received, citizen-directors, the motion of order of Dumolard, (23d June, 1797.) It contains the following clause:—'That several of the Assembly of the Ancients having since raised doubts on the causes and aggravation of these criminal violations of the rights of nations, (in reference to Venice,) no impartial man will make it a subject of reproach to the legislative body, that its members gave credence

to declarations so precise, so solemn, and supported so warmly by the executive power.' The motion has been printed by order of the Assembly; it is then apparent that this clause is against me. I had a right, after having concluded five treaties of peace, and given the final blow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live in tranquillity, and under the protection of the first magistrates of the republic. Now, I behold myself injured, persecuted, traduced by every shameful means which political craft lends to persecution. I might have remained indifferent to all, except that species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the republic seek to cover me. After having, by my late conduct, deserved well of my country, had I reason to find myself accused in a manner as absurd as it is atrocious? Had I reason to expect, that a manifesto, signed by emigrants and pensioners of England, would acquire, with the Council of Five Hundred, greater faith than the testimony of 80,000 warriors—than my own word? What! have we been assassinated by traitors? have more than four hundred individuals perished? and do the first magistrates of the republic impute it as a crime to have thought of this for one moment? More than four hundred Frenchmen were murdered before the eyes of a governor of a citadel; they fell pierced by innumerable blows of such daggers as the one I now send for your inspection; and the representatives of the French people cause it to be put on record, that, if they have deliberated on these things for an instant, they were excusable! I am well aware there exist societies, in which it is said, 'Was this blood, then, so pure!' Had men, infamous, or dead to the sentiments of country and of national glory, spoken thus, my complaints should not have been heard;—they would have been beneath my notice: but I have cause to complain of that debasement into which the first magistrates of the state would plunge those who have aggrandized and elevated so high the glory of

the French name. I repeat, citizen-directors, the demand before presented to you, of my dismissal. I require a life of tranquillity, if, indeed, the daggers of Clichy will permit me to live. You have charged me with negotiations; for these I am little qualified."

About the same time, he drew up a note upon the affairs of Venice, detailing his proceedings, with a manifesto sent to the Doge, containing fifteen counts, or causes of complaint, and ending with an order for the French minister to quit Venice, and the Lion of St Mark to be thrown down in all the cities of the continental territories. These documents he caused to be printed without name, and to be circulated throughout the whole army.* From the spirit of these notes, it was not difficult to perceive, that the Commander-in-chief had taken the resolution of deciding as conqueror, and of marching to Paris. This disposition, well known to the army, was not long in being communicated to the court of Vienna. In fact, an intercepted letter of the Emperor Francis to his brother the Archduke of Tuscany, of which I instantly made a translation for the General, proved his intention to be well known. Thus writes the emperor:—

"My dear brother,—I punctually received your third letter, containing the sketch of your distressing and delicate situation. Rest assured I perceive your condition no less clearly than yourself, and pity you the more, that, in truth, I know not how to advise. Like myself, you are the victim of the preceding inactivity of the Italian princes, who ought at once to have acted with their united forces, while I still held possession of Mantua. If the intentions of Bonaparte, as stated, be to establish republics in Italy, republicanism is then likely to extend over the whole of that country. I have commenced negotiations for peace, and the preliminaries are ratified. If the French, on

* See Appendix, C.

their part, observe these as strictly as I shall certainly do, and cause to be done, your position will be improved; but already the former begin to disregard them. The principal problems which remain to be solved, are, whether the Directory and the French nation approve of Bonaparte's proceedings; and whether the General, as appears from certain proclamations distributed among his army, be not already disposed to rise against his country. If so, that may create anew innumerable obstacles. Thus, I can advise you in nothing at present; for, as to myself, time, and the circumstances of the moment, only can determine me how to act," &c.—20th July, 1797.

In the meantime, Bonaparte, always deeply moved by the manner in which the reputation of the Army of Italy, and his own conduct in the campaign, were attacked by the press of Paris, dictated to me various tracts, circulated without name, in answer to these strictures, and in defence of himself and army. One of these notes I insert, the more readily, that it will afford pleasure both to the soldiers who survive these glorious campaigns, and to those who love to contrast Bonaparte in 1797 with Napoleon in 1817.

" It is pretended, then, that the Italian army has not done enough: it ought to have passed beyond the carpet-field of Italy. S'blood! it would appear the gentry who talk thus, must consult maps on a very small scale! We ought, forsooth, to have left behind us Milan besieged, Mantua blockaded; left in the rear the King of Naples, the Pope, that immense country which we had just conquered, and to have advanced with a stride like a pair of compasses, into Germany! Bonaparte has been blamed for concentrating his whole army, in order to invest Mantua. This is an error in fact. Not a man more was employed at Mantua than sufficed for the blockade. The siege was carried on with the artillery taken in the towns

of the Modenese, around Mantua. The army of observation took up the best position for covering the investment. Some strong columns were detached to Bologna, Ferrara, Leghorn: these overawed, and caused the respective powers to make peace, chased the English from Leghorn, and, consequently, from the Mediterranean. Returning with that promptitude which characterized the Army of Italy, these columns presented themselves on the Adige, in time to receive Wurmser and his grand army. What could be desired more? Will it still be maintained, that we ought to have entered Germany? in other words, to have abandoned Italy, and to have exposed that beautiful country to an insurrection; to a successful sortie from Mantua; and to the enemy's armies in Friuli? But might not a diversion, it is asked, have been made through the Tyrol, though only to return? Indeed! The Tyrol, which, on the querist's map, is, probably, some three or four inches, is an extremely mountainous country, inhabited by a warlike people, and with forty leagues of impracticable defiles, traversed by the grand chain of Alps, which truly separates Italy from Germany. Moreau, too, was still on the Rhine, and Jourdan on the Sieg. But I am a child, in thus seeking to convince or to understand you. M. Dunan, [the assumed name* of his principal adversary in this paper war,] you do not understand yourself: you speak of matters beyond your comprehension. This is not surprising. The pedant — I have forgotten in what town — conceived he could read a lecture on war to Alexander; and you think that, if Cæsar, Turenne, Montécuculli, and the Great Frederic, were now to arise from the tomb, they would become your scholars! The perfection, or system, of modern warfare consists, according to you, in throwing one corps of the army to the right,

* The real name of this personage appears to have been Duverne de Presle. — *Translator.*

and the other to the left, leaving the enemy in the centre, and, at the same time, placing one's self behind a line of fortified places. Were these principles taught to our youth, they would throw military science back four centuries; and each time they were put in practice against an active adversary, with the least knowledge of the manœuvres of war, he would beat one of your corps, and cut off the other's retreat. But to return: In its campaigns, the Army of Italy has overthrown the army of Sardinia, though formed of veterans in four years of combats;—the army of Beaulieu, so strong, that the court of Vienna had no doubt of re-capturing the province of Nice;—the army of Wurmser, whose march from the Rhine with twenty thousand of the elite of the Austrian forces alone permitted Moreau and Hoche to pass that river. Wurmser, indeed, reached no reinforcements in Italy, for, by a march as bold as skilful, which of itself would render the brave warriors of the Italian Army immortal, he found himself closely blockaded in Mantua. Alvinzi, reinforced by all the divisions of Poland, Silesia, Hungary, as also by a detachment from the Rhine, presented himself anew. After several days of manœuvring, he, too, fell at Arcola. The retreat of our army on the Rhine allowed the enemy to send fresh reinforcements by way of the Tyrol. Hungary and Vienna, stirred up by the nobles, the priests, and their partizans, voluntarily sent their recruits, doubling the forces of our enemies. Yet the fields of battle at Rivoli and La Favorità, and, some days after, the capture of Mantua, of Bergamo, and of Treviso, served only to augment the laurels of the brave soldiers of the Army of Italy.

"But, when this army had entered Germany, it is said, all would have been lost; that Bonaparte himself would have been marched to increase the prisoners at Olmütz, had he not, by good luck, concluded a treaty of peace! Bonaparte penetrated into Germany by three routes at once; by the Tyrol, Carinthia, and

Carniola. In thus dividing his forces, he had no apprehension of becoming too feeble on the whole, because such was also the position of the enemy. He was, besides, under the necessity of making his attack in this manner, in order to secure a retreat, and to cover, with certainty, his magazines and reserves. But when the enemy, every where in flight, had given up to him his magazines, twenty-four thousand prisoners, and sixty pieces of cannon; when he had obtained possession of Trieste, Gorizia, Clagenfurth, Brixen, he perceived he might, in turn, be attacked; that the enemy, rallying beyond their mountains, might concert their movements, fall upon, and beat in detail, his several corps. Upon this, he concentrated his three divisions in Carinthia, fortified Clagenfurth, (the capital,) and there stationed his depôts. Thus, instead of three communications, and in place of the Army of Italy being obliged to occupy a line of eighty leagues, it was collected on a single point, whence it menaced at once Vienna, Hungary, and Bavaria. On the other hand, General Kerpen was at Innspruck; Quasdanowich was watching Carniola; and the army of Prince Charles was thus scattered over a line from Salzburg to Vienna, and farther weakened by the two former detachments. In these circumstances, the Austrians sought an armistice: It was granted. Some days after, the preliminaries of peace were signed. These saved Vienna, and, perhaps, the existence of the house of Austria. It may just be added, that Prince Charles has constantly fallen into all the snares as constantly laid for him by Bonaparte. The art of war consists in having, with an inferior army, a force always greater than the enemy's on the point to be attacked, or on the point which is attacked. But this art is learned, neither from books nor by practice. It is a tact of conduct which properly constitutes genius in war."

Another matter which occupied his mind during

this lengthened diplomacy, had been devolved upon him by the Directory, namely, obtaining the liberation of La Fayette and his companions, detained at Olmütz, as prisoners of state, since 1792. This commission the Commander-in-chief fulfilled with equal pleasure and zeal; but he often encountered difficulties, seemingly insurmountable. It has been published very erroneously, that these gentlemen were set at liberty in consequence of an article in the preliminaries at Leoben. I wrote a great deal in this affair to the dictation of Bonaparte, and my arrival at head-quarters took place on the morrow after these preliminaries had been signed. It was not before the end of May, 1797, that the demand for their liberation was even made; and it constituted no part of the treaty. They were ill treated as prisoners; they accepted liberty nobly, and without compromise, maintaining to the end those sentiments of independence and of dignity, which a long and rigid captivity had been unable to subdue. *

While Bonaparte was thus variously engaged at a distance, efforts were making at home to deprive him of the honour of conceiving those campaigns, the excellence of which could not be concealed. It was an opinion generally admitted, that Carnot, from his office in the Luxembourg, drew up, or dictated for him, the plans of these campaigns; that Berthier was his right hand, whom he was fortunate above measure in having near his person; without whom he would have felt much embarrassed, even with the plans of Carnot, which were often mere romances. This two-fold absurdity has survived for a moment even against the evidence of facts. Many persons still entertain this belief, which, in foreign countries especially, finds numerous partizans. Every where have I been assailed with questions on the subject. Now, not one word of all this is true. We must render unto Cæsar what is

* See Appendix, D.

Cæsar's. Bonaparte was an inventor, not an imitator, in the art of war. That no man has here surpassed him, is indisputable. At the commencement of this skilful campaign, the Directory, as a matter of course, sent him certain instructions; but he invariably followed his own judgment, constantly asserting in his despatches, that all would be lost, if movements, planned at a distance from the scene of action, were to be implicitly or blindly followed. Then he offered his resignation. The Directory gave in, by acknowledging the difficulty of determining military operations at Paris: all things were arranged on this concession. On entering his service, I saw a despatch from the Directory, dated in May, 1796, authorizing him to conduct the rest of the Italian campaign according to his own views and estimates. And, most certainly, there was not a movement—not a single operation, which did not emanate from himself. Carnot had been obliged to yield to his firmness.

When the Directory desired to treat of peace, towards the close of the year 1796, General Clarke, appointed to conclude the armistice, had powers, authorizing him, in case Mantua did not fall during the arrangements, to include the blockade as it should then stand. In this case, the Emperor of Austria would have stipulated that the place and garrison should be provisioned day by day. Bonaparte, convinced that an armistice, *without Mantua*, would never be a step towards peace, vehemently opposed this condition, to which, indeed, he refused all assent. He carried his point—the place capitulated—the consequences are known: the splendid campaign finished by an advantageous peace. Nevertheless, he had looked forward to the chances of war, and was preparing, during the blockade, to gain possession by storm; and wrote the Directory to that effect, remarking, "A stroke of this nature depends absolutely upon luck—upon a dog barking, or a goose cackling."

General Clarke had also again been appointed second plenipotentiary in the negotiations now carrying on. Bonaparte more than once told me, as a fact not to be doubted, that this officer had a secret mission, to watch, and even to arrest him, should an occasion offer of doing so without danger. That such suspicion was entertained, I cannot deny; but I must add, that all my efforts failed to establish its grounds. In daily intercourse with Clarke, he never put a question to me; and I never heard a single expression which could have induced the belief of his being a spy: if one, he played his part skilfully. Even in his *intercepted* correspondence, nothing transpired to confirm these suspicions. Bonaparte, however, could not endure him; and, by his influence, rendered ineffective the diplomatic mission of Clarke, who was recalled. But I must say, though estimating his talents as not above par, he cherished no resentment in consequence of the conduct suspected to have been pursued in Italy; "having alone," observed he, "the right to be offended, I pardon." He had even the generosity to demand, in Clarke's favour, a diplomatic mission of the second class. Such traits were not uncommon with him.

Bonaparte, excessively alive to whatever reached him of the reports concerning Carnot and Berthier, said to me one day, "This is so gross an absurdity! It is very easy to say to a general, 'Depart for Italy, gain battles, and advance till you sign peace in Vienna.' But the execution—there's the rub!—that is not quite so easy a matter. I never set the least account upon the orders received from the Directory. There are upon the spot too many circumstances to modify such instructions. The movement of a single corps of the enemy's army will completely overturn an entire plan arranged thus by the chimney-corner. None but old women would put faith in such gossip. As to Berthier, since you have been with me, you see what he is: he is a blockhead. What! So he has

done all! It is he who appropriates a great part of the glory of the Army of Italy!" In reply, I endeavoured to shew such ideas must in the end yield to the truth; that each would then enjoy his own; or at least, that posterity would do justice. This pleased him.

For my own part, I loved Berthier. I found him an excellent person throughout our very intimate and long intercourse. Our numerous avocations in common had occasioned his contracting a custom of thou and thee-ing me, in conversation, but never in writing: in return, I used to banter him, but very unsuccessfully, for murdering his vowels, a habit which, in speaking, gave a coarseness to his enunciation. He abounded in courage, honour, and probity, with great regularity in business. Berthier, however, could neither condescend with affability, nor refuse without harshness. His blunt character, at once egotistical and regardless, if it did not create many enemies, conciliated also but few friends. He knew perfectly the station of all the corps, the names of their commanders, and their force: he was always ready, day and night. He dictated with precision and clearness the orders derived from the General's instructions, and was, besides, sincerely devoted to his leader. In fine, it must be allowed, that he formed an excellent chief of staff. Here let his admirers stop. He himself wished no higher praise. His talents were very limited, confined to a particular department, and united with a character of extreme weakness. Such, too, was his entire dependence upon Bonaparte, and so great his admiration of him, that he never would have presumed to oppose his plans or give advice: on the other hand, Bonaparte's friendship, the frequent occurrence of his name in bulletins and official despatches, had increased Berthier's reputation beyond its just extent. The former, speaking of the latter to the Directory, who had desired his opinion of the generals employed under him, said, "Talents, activity, courage, character, every thing, is in favour of Ber-

thier." This was in 1796, when he made an *eagle* of him; at St Helena he has described him as a *goose*. The truth lies between: he was neither the one nor the other. Yet, to Berthier, Bonaparte was more attached by habit than by inclination; but Bonaparte was greatly a being of habit. He counted much upon his whereabouts, and disliked new arrangements, or, in his own words, "new faces." Berthier loved him, expedited his orders well; and this made up for want of genius.

As to Carnot, when his reputation shall have ceased to depend upon temporary influences, and when his character will be tried by the touchstone of distant history, there will remain to him nothing of his pretended portion in the triumphs of the Army of Italy, or in the glory, most unquestionably *exclusive*, of its immortal leader.

In the course of this period of comparative inaction, Bonaparte had given orders for engraving his principal battles. The plates had been paid for in advance, but the work was not proceeding to his satisfaction. Meeting one day the geographer, Bacler d'Albe, whom he esteemed, "Well," said he, "how get you on? Make haste now; recollect, all these are but affairs of the moment; if you lose more time, you will sell nothing; all will be quickly forgotten:" as if he had intended to predict, that, if possible, he himself would efface the memory of the past, by yet more brilliant exploits.

During the same summer, the young Beauharnois arrived at Milan from Paris, being then in his seventeenth year, and immediately entered the service as aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-chief, who entertained for him a tender affection, justified by his own good qualities. Eugene had an excellent heart, a fine courage, strict honour, great generosity and frankness, with an obliging and amiable temper. It is well known, his subsequent life did not belie these happy dispositions of youth: already he displayed the courage

of a warrior; at a later period he exhibited the talents of a statesman. For my own part, after years of daily and intimate intercourse in Italy and Egypt, I can recall nothing to induce me to erase a single word of this praise.

Among other officers who, profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, came to Italy, was General Desaix, to visit the Commander-in-chief, and the fields of battle rendered illustrious by the victories of such an army and such a leader. Here commenced that friendship, terminated only by the premature death of Desaix, which, without doubt, would have exercised no small influence on the future political and military career of Bonaparte. Desaix's information on the real state of the armies of the Rhine, was far from re-assuring the latter with respect to his own position in Italy, and inspired him with little confidence in their support, in the event of hostilities recommencing beyond the Alps.

These, and other considerations, conspired to render Bonaparte desirous of terminating the protracted negotiations with Austria—not that he wished peace, which he always looked forward to signing at Vienna. In the Directory, again, the minority urged a final arrangement on the basis of the preliminaries; the majority declared for conditions more honourable and advantageous. Neither was Austria in earnest, nor in haste. She reckoned on troubles in France, whose political state announced an approaching explosion. Each, in truth, attempting to overreach the other, protested a desire of peace, and both remained resting on their arms. In the meanwhile, the seeds of new revolutions were rapidly maturing in France.

CHAPTER VII.

STATE OF PARTIES IN FRANCE — VIEWS OF BONAPARTE — ANECDOTES — DIRECTORY — CORRESPONDENCE — AUGEREAU — BERNADOTTE — TALLEYRAND, &c.

BONAPARTE had long foreseen an impending struggle between the supporters of monarchy and the republicans. The contest was now on the eve of decision. The partizans of royalty were reported to abound in all quarters. Every officer returning from Paris to the army, deprecated vehemently the spirit of reaction which agitated the interior. The private correspondence of the General, urged him unceasingly to declare his party, or pressed him to act for himself. At the same time, there existed in the majority of both assemblies of the legislature, an evident dislike of Bonaparte. The leaders of the royalists and the orators of Clichy, incessantly wounded his self-love, by their discourses and writings. They overwhelmed him with abuse; they vilified his own, and the reputation of his army; and censured, with asperity, the plan of his campaigns and conduct in Italy, especially with respect to Venice. His services thus obtained for recompense only hatred and ingratitude. Comparisons with other generals were instituted, and he was considered merely as a fiery and impetuous leader. He had become absolutely tired of the epithet learned, as repeated to satiety, in speaking of Moreau's tactics.

But a circumstance which gave him still more lively affliction, was to see Frenchmen, members of the national councils, yet enemies and slanderers of

the national glory. He represented to the Directory the necessity of arresting the emigrants; of destroying foreign influence; of putting down the journals named as sold to England and Austria, and which, in advocating their principles, he accused of being more sanguinary than Marat had ever been.* He urged the recall of the armies, and shutting the club, society, or cabal, of Clichy, all the members of which were secret or declared enemies of revolutionary principles. The remembrance of his destitute situation in 1795, occasioned chiefly by Aubry, one of its warmest partizans, doubtless now sharpened the General's resentment against this assembly. The cause of the Revolution, embraced at this epoch by Bonaparte, was also supported by the victorious Army of Italy, which he took care to represent as indignant at the occurrences passing in France, persuaded even his soldiers to think that they were so, and to declare themselves exclusively animated with a desire of marching to the succour of liberty, and of the constitution of the year III.

His resolution to pass the Alps with twenty-five thousand men, and advance by way of Lyons upon Paris, was well known in the capital, and all were occupied in discussing the consequences of this passage of a new Rubicon. Carnot, who has always appeared to me to have been sincere in his intentions, but whom, because in the minority of the Directory, Bonaparte deceived, wrote to the General, August 17, 1797:— "Here the good people fabricate a thousand projects for you, each more absurd than the other. They cannot believe, that one capable of so great things, will condescend to live as a private citizen." This has reference to the General's reiterated application for leave to retire from affairs, founded on the state of his health. This he represented to be so precarious,

* The *Quotidienne*, *Memorial*, and *Thé*, were mentioned expressly as in the pay of England.

as to require two years of repose for its re-establishment, and as not permitting him any longer to mount on horseback. Bonaparte despised the Directory, accusing the members of imbecility—of wavering and pusillanimous conduct—of numberless faults—of embezzling the resources of the state—and of persisting in a system vicious in itself, and debasing to the national glory. He knew that the royalist party demanded his dismissal, and even arrest. But before declaring for either of the two factions, he first thought of his own interests. He did not consider that enough had yet been done, to bear him out in a daring attempt to seize the supreme power, which, as respected the mere act of seizure, had certainly been an easy achievement in his circumstances. He rested content for the present, to support that party which was backed by the opinion of the moment, and by the sentiment he had himself inspired into the troops. I have mentioned his determination to march to Paris, should things appear to take a turn unfavourable to republicanism, which he preferred to royalty, hoping better to attain his own ends in the ascendency of the former. At this time, he was even seriously arranging his plan of campaign. To defend this so much despised Directory, appeared identical with defending his own proper windfall; that is to say, an institution seemingly of no farther use, beyond keeping the place for him, until he should find it quite convenient to take it himself.

With the approach of peace, Bonaparte had beheld arrive the period of his military achievements. Repose was to him a punishment. He assayed to have a hand in civil affairs, persuaded, and with reason, that if elected one of the five Directors, he would, ere long, be sole head of the republic. The success of this attempt would have prevented the expedition to Egypt, and would have placed much sooner the imperial crown upon his head. Intrigues were carried on at Paris in his name, in order to obtain dispensation of the law regarding age. He hoped, in spite of

his twenty-eight years, to replace one of the two Directors about to be unseated. His brothers and their friends took great pains to effect this design; but it appeared so entirely opposed to the opinions of the times, and viewed as so great, so speedy a violation of the youthful constitution of the year III—destined, however, to suffer a much more grievous outrage some months later—that the proposition was not even ventured officially. Besides, the Directory did not always conceal the jealousy inspired by Bonaparte: its members were far from desiring him as a colleague. They dissembled, nevertheless, as did also Bonaparte: the parties lavished reciprocal assurances of friendship; each hated the other most cordially. The Directory always affected to claim the support of the General; the General to concede the request. Each played a game; but Bonaparte's after-conduct clearly proves, that the maintenance of the constitution of the year III, and of public liberty, was but a pretext; he became their defender for a season, because, had the opposite party triumphed, he could not have hoped to preserve his ascendency, and the power over the Directory which he then held. I always observed him decided upon marching to Paris when the *Clichian*, or royalist, party prevailed. To this latter, which now began to grow formidable, he would doubtless have listened, had a prospect of power been thus offered. The fact, that he resolved to support the majority of the Directory, sufficiently appears from the following confidential letter. It had not the usual form of ordinary letters, which always bore "Executive Directory."

"*6th Messidor, Year V.* (*24th June*, 1797.)—Citizen-general,—We have remarked with extreme satisfaction the evidences of attachment which you cease not to give to the cause of liberty and the constitution of the year III. You may rely upon the most perfect reciprocity on our part. We accept

with pleasure all the offers which you make to us of coming to the support of the republic. These are fresh proofs of your sincere respect for the commonwealth. You cannot doubt that we will employ the means thus placed in our hand, for the tranquillity, happiness, and glory of the state."

This letter was signed by Barras, Rewbell, and La Reveillère. Carnot and Barthelemy, the remaining Directors, had no knowledge of the communication.

Towards the end of July, in order to be informed of every transaction, Bonaparte despatched to Paris his aide-de-camp La Valette, who possessed and merited his unreserved confidence. La Valette united to an excellent education, solidity of acquirement, an amiable disposition, a pliant temper, and moderate opinions. His devotion, too, was absolute. He received instructions, and a particular cipher for his correspondence with the General-in-chief.* A few days after, Augereau set out, on 27th July. Bonaparte, on this occasion, wrote *officially* to the Directory, that "this officer had demanded leave of absence to go to Paris on his own private affairs." Bearer of the addresses of the Italian Army, and named, on the 9th August, commander of the seventeenth military division, "he came to cut the throats of the royalists." This we shall see presently. These were also his own vaunts. Such were his private affairs! Let us declare the truth: Augereau was sent expressly for the purpose of seconding the revolution preparing against the royal party, and the minority of the Directory. So

* The secret of the cipher for the *Fructidorian* correspondence was the invention of Bourrienne, and consisted of three contrivances, all referring to proper names. I. Representing these by capital letters; thus, Talleyrand A, Merlin D, &c. II. Expressing names by figures; thus, Bonaparte 45, Paris 100, Legislative Body 17, Members of Directory 1—5, Moreau 27, Army of Italy 13, &c. III. Conventional symbols; thus, Council of Five Hundred ○, of the Ancients ⊖, &c. — *Translator.*

decidedly, too, had Bonaparte taken his resolution, that, ten days before, wishing to instruct Augereau in the part to be played, a courier extraordinary was despatched to Vicenza, where he commanded, with an order for him to repair upon the instant to Milan; and, to ensure greater secrecy, the private order bore, "You will recollect, my own apartment below is unoccupied, and ready for your reception." Augereau was selected for this service, because Bonaparte knew the extravagance of his republican principles, his daring spirit, and small political capacity. He believed him quite capable of aiding a movement of which his own presence with the army did not permit a personal superintendence: while, as an agent, the former could be a rival, neither in glory nor ambition, capable of converting that movement to his own profit. Napoleon has said at St Helena, that he sent the addresses of the Army of Italy by Augereau, because he had shewn himself a warm partizan of the ideas of the times. The motive just explained was the true one. But he has deviated still farther from truth when he says, in the same recital, "If there could be a doubt," speaking of the 18th Fructidor, "that the triumph of the majority of the councils was his (Napoleon's) desire and hope, we should be led to that belief by the following facts; namely, that in the very moment of the crisis between the two factions, a secret resolution of three members of the Directory, and who composed its party, demanded of him three millions of francs, to enable them to sustain the attack of the councils. This sum Napoleon, under various pretences, did not forward, although he could easily have done so." There was no mention, as we have just seen, of three millions (£125,000) in the confidential letter of the three Directors: they made no demand; they only replied to his *previous* assurances of support. Now, it was he who made offer of the money, which afterwards, when accepted, was *not forthcoming;* it was he who

sent off Augereau; it was he who contrived the success of the directoral majority. His memory must have served him very imperfectly at St Helena; or, in thus disfiguring the truth, Napoleon could have no other intention than to proclaim his attachment to those principles which he adopted, and finally maintained from 1800, the period of the Consulate, but against which he had combated with equal energy, until that era.

Not satisfied with two agents, Bonaparte, somewhat later, sent Bernadotte to Paris, for a similar purpose. The pretext assumed this time was to present to the Directory four standards taken at the battle of Rivoli, which, through mistake, had been left at Peschiera. Bernadotte played no conspicuous part in this affair. He has always been prudent.

By these means Bonaparte was made aware of every event, even before it was made public at Paris. A constant correspondence was kept up through La Valette, Augereau, Barras, Carnot, Bernadotte, and Talleyrand, which I have preserved, and which will be found to differ in several respects from the recital of the same transaction by Napoleon at St Helena to his noble companions in misfortune. One of La Valette's early letters shews the state of parties. "The minority of the Directory always hope the possibility of an accommodation with the Chambers. The majority will perish rather than yield more; they see the abyss dug before them. But such is the infatuation of Carnot, or the feebleness of his character, that he hesitates whether to become a supporter of monarchy, as he acted in the case of the Terrorists. He advises temporizing. Barras, on the contrary, says, 'I only wait the decree of accusation to march against the conspirators in the councils, and soon shall their heads roll in the kennels!'" The transactions of the 18th Fructidor, (September 3, 1797,)—which brought this crisis to an issue, gave the triumph to the republican party, and deferred for

three years the demise of the pentarchy — offers one of the most remarkable events in its brief and pitiable existence. Once the resolution was formed, but the execution delayed, according to the aide-de-camp's statement, "because of disagreement respecting the proper means of carrying into effect an arrest of the obnoxious members of council; and the apprehension of ulterior results where the first success was not doubtful." A few days after, Augereau writes thus, — "The determination of the Directory is the same to-day, — that is to say, the project always advances, and its execution will preserve the republic, notwithstanding the apathy of the indolent, and the opposition of the demagogues. Send me then the money." Four days before the final consummation, La Valette reports, — "At length the movement, so often announced, is about to take place. The Directory will cause to be arrested to-morrow night, or the following one, fifteen or twenty deputies. It is not expected there will be any resistance." And, on the eventful day itself, Augereau wrote announcing its results. "18th Fructidor. At length, my dear General, — (success had rendered him familiar,) — my mission is fulfilled, and the promises of the Army of Italy, were this night redeemed. The Directory had resolved on a vigorous stroke: the moment was yet uncertain — the preparations incomplete: fear of being anticipated hastened measures. At midnight I despatched an order for all the troops to put themselves in motion, and to march upon the points indicated: before day all the bridges and principal squares were occupied with cannon: at day-break the halls of the councils were surrounded. The council guards cordially fraternized with our troops, and the members, whose names are subjoined, have been arrested and committed to the Temple.* The pursuit of a still

* The letter enclosed *forty* names of members of the Council of Five Hundred, and *thirty-four* of the Ancients, arrested or condemned, and afterwards banished. — *Translator.*

greater number continues. Carnot has disappeared. Paris is tranquil, and in astonishment that a crisis, announced so terribly, has passed over in holiday guise. The robust patriot of the suburbs proclaims the safety of the republic, and the black necks (the priests) are under. It now remains for the wise energy of the Directory, and of the patriots of both councils, to finish the rest. The seat of the assemblies is changed, and the first operations promise for good. This event is a great step towards peace. It belongs to you to overleap the space which still keeps us remote from this conclusion. Do not forget the letter of exchange for 25,000 francs, (£1041, 13s. 4d.) It is urgent."

Augereau was anxious to have his part, too, in this victory: he wished to be a Director; he was only "candidate:" pretty well that, for having been merely an instrument in the hand of another.

On the 22d Fructidor, Talleyrand wrote to Bonaparte, giving an account of the above transactions, "which he feared might be misrepresented," and concluding as follows:—"You will read in the proclamations, that a real conspiracy, and completely in favour of royalty, had been for a long while carried on against the constitution. Of late, indeed, it was hardly disguised, but perceptible to the most indifferent! The word *patriot* had become a disgrace; all the republican institutions were vilified; the most irreconcilable enemies of France sought admittance in crowds to her bosom, and were received and honoured. Hypocritical fanaticism had of a sudden thrown us back to the sixteenth century. Division reigned in the Directory; in the Legislative Body sat men absolutely elected by instructions from the *Pretender*, and whose every motion tended to royalism. The Directory, fully aware of all these circumstances, have caused the conspirators to be seized. To confound at once the hopes and the calumnies of all those who would have so eagerly desired, or who may still

meditate, the ruin of the constitution, death, speedy and certain, has been pronounced against whomsoever would restore royalty, the constitution of 1793, or of Orleans."

Barras and Bernadotte give the results. The former writes, " To-morrow we receive our two new colleagues. These are Francis de Neufchâteau and Merlin. Conclude the peace; but let it be an honourable one: the Rhine to be the boundary; Mantua to belong to the Cisalpine republic; Venice to be rescued from the grasp of Austria. Such is the real view of the Directory; such are the wishes of the republicans; nor with less can the interest of the commonwealth, or the well merited glory of the Commander and Army of Italy, be reconciled."

On the 24th, Bernadotte says, " The deputies arrested on the 18th have been sent off for Rochefort, where they are to embark for Madagascar, the place of banishment. Paris is tranquil. The people learned the arresting of the deputies at first with indifference. A sentiment of curiosity by and by drew them into the streets; enthusiasm followed; and the cry of 'Long live the Republic!' so long unheard, resounded throughout the whole city. Some of the neighbouring departments have expressed their disapprobation. One has protested; but it will be alone. The government has at this moment in its power the possible resuscitation of national energy; but every one feels the necessity of surrounding it with republicans of activity and worth. Unfortunately a multitude of men, without talents, and without means, already believe that the movement has been only for them. Time will set all this to rights. The armies have recovered consistency; the military of the interior are respected, or, at least, feared. The emigrants flee, and the nonjuring priests conceal themselves. Never was any event more auspicious for consolidating the republic. The Legislative Body has conceded to the Directory a great degree of power. There remains,

nevertheless, a considerable party in both councils, adverse to republican forms, who, so soon as the first emotion of fear has passed, will endeavour to ruin all. This the government knows. Measures will, therefore, be taken to guard against such a result, and to secure the patriots against a new persecution." Talleyrand writes on the last day of the same month, "We intend publishing documents, clearly shewing that the courts of Vienna and of London were in the best understanding with the faction just suppressed amongst us. It will appear in our proclamations, to what extent the negotiations of these two courts, and the movements in the interior, have accorded. The members of Clichy, and the cabinet of the emperor, had for a common and manifest object, the re-establishment of a king in France, and a disgraceful peace, by which Italy should be restored to her ancient masters."*

Bonaparte experienced an intoxication of joy, on learning the happy issue of the 18th Fructidor. Its results produced the dissolution of the Legislative Assembly, and the fall of a party which for months had deprived him of repose. The admission of his brother Joseph into the Council of the Five Hundred, formerly opposed by the Clichians, followed as another consequence; but the General soon perceived that the victors abused their power, and were compromising anew the safety of the republic, by reviving the former principles of revolutionary government. The Directory was both alarmed at his discontent, and resented his censure. The members conceived the singular idea of opposing to him Augereau, of whose blind devotion they had just received proof; and this officer was, accordingly, named Commander of the Army of Germany. Augereau, whose extreme vanity

* One part, at least, of this, receives a degree of corroboration from the fact, that, in 1824, Louis XVIII. sent letters of nobility to the surviving deputies who were arrested on the famous 18th Fructidor. — *Translator.*

is notorious, believed himself able to cope with the conqueror of Italy. His arrogance rested on the achievement of having, with a numerous soldiery, arrested a few unarmed representatives, and torn the epaulets from the uniform of the commandant of their guards. The Directory and he filled the head-quarters, now removed from Milan to Passeriano, with informers and intriguers. Bonaparte, informed of all, laughed at the Directory, offering his resignation, that he might be entreated to retain the command. He did not, however, cease to complain of their proceedings, sharply commenting on "the sole efficacy of wisdom and moderation in establishing the happiness of the country;" cautioning them "to take care, lest, after having humbled thrones, they should allow hireling writers, and ambitious fanatics, disguised under every species of mask, to plunge them anew into the revolutionary torrent." He affected deep indignation at their doings respecting Augereau, &c. "It is evident, then, from all these facts, that the government is acting towards me in much the same way as Pichegru was treated after Vendemiaire. I request you will accept my resignation, and appoint some one to succeed me. No power on earth shall persuade me to continue in the service, after this horrible instance of ingratitude on the part of government. My health, also, considerably affected, imperatively demands repose and tranquillity. The state of my mind, too, requires to recover its tone among the mass of citizens. For a long period, great power has been intrusted to my discretion: in all circumstances I have employed it for the welfare of the country—*so much the worse for those who believe not in virtue, and who may have suspected mine.* My reward exists in my own breast, and in the opinion of posterity. Now that the country is in security, I may retire. In the moment of peril, I shall be found in the foremost rank, in defence of liberty and the constitution." To these complaints, the Directory

replied in the most soothing, and even submissive strain. They also sent their agent Bottot, secretary of Barras, to head-quarters, ostensibly for the purpose of reassuring the General as to their friendly intentions. This person Bonaparte regarded, and perhaps justly, as a spy; he treated him, accordingly, with great coldness, but never, as has been said, entertained for a moment the idea of causing him to be shot.

Soon after the events at Paris, Bonaparte addressed a proclamation to the seamen of the squadron of Admiral Brueys, which proves, from the spirit it breathes, that he had already conceived the idea of executing his favourite design on the East. This piece, which I preserve in his writing, was composed at Passeriano, 16th September.—"Without you," says the last paragraph, after abusing the English, "we are unable to carry the glory of the French name beyond a small corner of Europe; with you, we will traverse the seas, and bear the standard of the republic into countries the most remote." The Egyptian expedition is here.

All the opposition, however, experienced both in the progress of the negotiations in Italy, and in the transactions at Paris, produced its effect upon the General's temper and enjoyments. This irritability of mind was farther increased by his sister's marriage, as very disagreeably recalled by the following letter. After reading it, he threw the epistle on the ground with a passionate gesture,—his usual action of displeasure.

"*Ajaccio, 1st August*, 1797.—General, permit me to write, and to address you by the name of brother. My first child was born at a time when you were incensed against us. I earnestly wish that her innocent caresses may yet make up for the pain caused you by my marriage. My second child never saw the light. Hastily departing from Paris, in obedience to your orders, I was untimely delivered of my babe

in Germany. In a month I hope to give you a nephew. Circumstances induce me to believe it will be a nephew. I promise you to make him a soldier; but I wish him to bear your name, and that you will be his god-father. I trust you will not refuse this to your sister. I entreat you to send a power of attorney to Bacciocchi, or to whomsoever it may please you. Mamma is to be god-mother. I look for your permission with impatience. Because we are poor, you will not cast us off; for, after all, you are our brother; my children only yet live to call you uncle; and we love you more than fortune. Would I may yet be permitted one day to give you proof of the attachment with which I am your most affectionate sister,

"CHRISTINE BONAPARTE!

"P.S.—I beg to be remembered to your lady, whom I long to know. At Paris it was said I resembled her greatly. If you recall my features, you can judge.—C. B."*

The writing of this letter is in the hand of Lucien Bonaparte.

* Madame Bacciocchi was named Mariane at Saint-Cyr, Christine afterwards, and Eliza under the consulate. The date of the present letter shews the error into which many writers have fallen with regard to the time of her marriage; it is said to have taken place 5th May, 1797. To have *three* children in *three* months would have been rather too much.—*Author.*

CHAPTER VIII.

TREATY OF CAMPO-FORMIO — VENICE — ANECDOTES — NEGOTIATIONS WITH AUSTRIA, &c.

I SHALL now say a word on the treaty of Campo-Formio; not that I imagine all these treaties, pretended master-pieces of human wisdom, offspring, so to speak, of the power of destruction, and which perish as speedily as the producing cause, will much engage posterity. In blotting Venice from the list of states, France and Austria equally partook of her spoils: a portion was given to the Cisalpine republic. Now Austria grasps the whole. Venice herself, and her finest provinces, were then ceded to Austria in compensation for Belgium and Lombardy. Austria received, without scruple, these beautiful portions of the Venetian territories; though that state, ever devoted to Austrian politics, had, in fact, sacrificed herself, by adhering, at a critical juncture, to those very interests. An insurrection in its rear had preserved the hereditary dominions from the prolonged occupation of the French army.

After the 18th Fructidor, General Bonaparte had more power, and Austria less of haughty confidence. The Directory, in fact, wrote, "That it was no longer necessary to temporize with her, and that it was evident she had only protracted discussions on peace, waiting an expected explosion in France, and as a pretext for obtaining the requisite time to repair her losses. From the commander, to the meanest soldier, the Austrians at this period maintained, that the three

Directors, whom they termed triumvirs, should be poniarded, and royalty proclaimed. All flattered themselves with being speedily in Paris, attended by the emigrants. Condé, the chief of the latter, was already secretly in France, and, by the aid of his connections, had penetrated as far as Lyons." The success of the directoral majority overturned these hopes. Accordingly, Bonaparte received at his head-quarters, about a month after their removal to Passeriano, a letter, written with the emperor's own hand, dated Vienna, 20th September. In this document, Francis expressed his *surprise*, to learn the tardy state of the negotiations, and his sincere desire of peace; announcing the Count Cobentzel as the bearer of his final determinations, and as possessing his entire confidence. "After this new assurance," continued the emperor, "of the spirit of conciliation on my part, I doubt not you will feel that peace is in your hands, and that on your determinations will depend the happiness of many millions of men. Should I be deceived in the means I considered as the most likely to put a period to the calamities which have so long desolated Europe, I shall at least possess the consolation of having tried all measures depending upon myself. The consequences which may thence result, can never be imputed to me."

Not before the arrival of this document and its bearer, did negotiations seriously commence; former plenipotentiaries, Bonaparte easily perceived, were not warranted to conclude any thing definitive. His first ideas on the terms to be granted, as I have preserved, and here insert, which the reader may compare with the actual treaty, comprised the five following conditions:—"1. The emperor shall have Italy to the Adda: 2. The King of Sardinia to the Adda: 3. The republic of Genoa shall have Tortona, as far as the Po, (Tortona to be demolished,) as also the imperial fiefs, (Coni to be given up to France, or

dismantled:) 4. The Grand Duke of Tuscany to be restored: 5. The Duke of Parma to be restored."

The only point of great difficulty was Venice. Austria stipulated for the line of the Adige, with that republic, in exchange for Mentz, and the boundary of the Rhine, to the confines of Holland. The Directory insisted upon these last limits, and Mantua, for the Italian republic, without conceding the whole line of the Adige and Venice. The difficulties upon these points rendered peace so doubtful, that, for a month before the final ratification, the manner of announcing the rupture was seriously discussed.

At this period, Bottot, as already noticed, arrived at Passeriano, from the Directory. Him, Bonaparte treated with little ceremony; while he took care to display the spirit which animated his followers, and suddenly renewed his representation to the Directory to be replaced in the command,—an application already solicited, and refused several times. At table, in presence of Bottot, he accused the government of horrible ingratitude, enumerating all his causes of complaint, quite aloud, without any concealment, and before twenty or thirty people. On another occasion, indignant at perceiving his repeated requests for my erasure from the list of emigrants, treated with neglect, he thus apostrophized M. Bottot, at a dinner party of forty, there being present the Austrian plenipotentiaries, Counts de Gallo, Cobentzel, and Merweldt: the conversation turned upon the Directory:—"Yes, truly, I have whereof to complain," said Bonaparte, with a loud voice; "and, to descend from great things to small, for instance, there is Bourrienne,—he has my whole confidence; he it is who manages, under my orders, the details of the present negotiation: you know it. Very well! your Directory refuses to erase him. Really, it is inconceivable! And then the stupidity is so egregious! for he has all my secrets; he knows my *ultimatum;* he has it in his power, by a single word, to make an immense fortune, and to

laugh at your folly. Ask M. de Gallo." Bottot attempted some explanation, but the universal titter which followed this singular sally, forced him to be silent.

The Marquis de Gallo had, in fact, talked with me three days before, of my position in France; of the evident unwillingness of the Directory to clear me of the consequences of emigration; and of the risk to which I was thus exposed, &c. He then added, "We wish not to renew the war, but are sincerely bent on peace; still we would have it an honourable one. The republic of Venice offers a sufficiently extensive territory to satisfy both parties by its partition; the actual proposals, however, do not suit us. We desire to know the ultimatum of General Bonaparte; and I am authorized to offer an estate in Bohemia, with a title, mansion, and revenue of ninety thousand florins" (£10,500.)—I hastily interrupted the Marquis, by declaring, "That neither my honour, nor my duty, permitted me to encourage this conversation; but that both commanded me to reject all such proposals." I hastened to relate the whole to the Commander-in-chief. He was nowise surprised at my conduct; but felt convinced, from the whole tenor of M. de Gallo's discourse, and even by the offer made me, that Austria had renounced all thoughts of war, and become really desirous of peace.

The same night of the dinner party, just as I was stepping into bed, Bottot entered my room, asking, with feigned astonishment, "If it was true, that I still remained on the emigrant list?"—"Yes." He requested a note in writing: I refused. He might have known that twenty notes had been written. The General had instructed La Valette, Bernadotte, and, finally, his brother Louis, to demand my erasure; but in vain: and I had resolved, thenceforth, to be passive in the matter. Louis was at this time an invalid; my avocations permitted me to write to him very briefly. The following is one of his replies:—"Thy

Spartan epistles, Bourrienne, have put me quite in a passion. Your affair is not yet concluded; you may be sure I do not allow it to cool. Your friend, Derey is also very active. Two individuals have come to denounce you; but the minister is warned, —and we shall see. I am very much troubled with my knee; the doctors cost me a couple of louisd'ors per day. I have not a farthing. It is incredible— nevertheless, such is the fact—a thousand francs (forty guineas) have disappeared among journalists and gazetteers; double the sum in coach-hire, and so forth. Berthier will tell you how money flies here, without one's having any suspicion, till funds are minus. If I were obliged to set off, I must borrow. Think of me. Say to Junot, that his affair is in train; to Marmont and Eugene, that I have made no purchase:—*primo*, Because they will do better themselves when they come; *secundo*, Because my finances are at ebb. Adieu. A thousand things for all.

"P.S. Remit the enclosed to my uncle Fesch. If he has left you, have the kindness to open it, and do as I bid him,—*i. e.* sell my horses, dismiss my servant, and send my books. I do my best for your friend, but you know I am lame. L. BONAPARTE.

"7 *Brumaire*, 1797,
"One o'clock in the morning."

During the concluding arrangements of the negotiation, Bonaparte, tired out with so much folly,— as, for instance, a proposal from the Directory to revolutionize the whole of Italy,—and so many difficulties, repeated more than once his former offer to resign, and expressly requested a successor. In all this there was little sincerity. So judged the Directory. In spite of this feigned indifference, therefore, his resignation was refused in terms the most flattering and urgent. This was what he wished. One cause of real discontent was the persuasion that the Directory had divined his object, and regarded

his powerful aid on the 18th Fructidor as originating in personal views of ambition and power. Notwithstanding written assurances of hypocritical gratitude, and sentiments the very opposite, and although the Directory stood indispensably in need of his support, they caused him to be watched by agents, who spied his proceedings, and sought, by means of his confidential retainers, to penetrate his views. His friends wrote him from Paris; and I incessantly repeated, that peace, which depended upon his decision, would prove a much more popular measure, than the renewal of hostilities, exposed as war would be to new chances of success and reverse. The signing of this peace, as he conceived the terms, and contrary to the opinion of the Directory, who had, in fact, previously designated as *infamous*, the very pacification which he finally arranged; the manner in which he just drew bridle at Rastadt, and avoided returning thither; in fine, his resolution to expatriate himself with an army in search of fresh adventures,—were influenced more than is believed, by the ruling thought, that he was distrusted, and his ruin meditated. He was ever recalling to mind what La Valette had written concerning his conversation with the deputy Lacuée. "As to Bonaparte," said the representative to the aide-de-camp at Paris, only seven days after the famous 18th, "let him never expect to reap the fruit of his labours here. He is feared by the authorities, envied by the military, and misunderstood by the people, incapable of appreciating his merits. Calumny is preparing her poisons, and he will become their victim. I shall rejoice in his prosperity. I would he may not forsake those high destinies to which fortune and his own great genius invite him so steadily." Every thing which he now saw or heard confirmed the truth of these remarks.

A premature winter hastened his resolutions. On opening my windows at day-break, on the 13th October, I beheld the mountains covered with snow.

The weather on the preceding evening had been beautiful, and, till then, the autumn had advanced as if promising to be fine and late. I entered the General's bed-room at seven o'clock, as usual, and, awakening him, related what had happened. He, at first, affecting not to believe me, jumped out of bed, ran to the window, and, having witnessed himself this so unexpected change, pronounced with the greatest calmness, these words: "Before the middle of October! What a country!—Come: peace must be made." While he was dressing in haste, I read the journals to him, as I did every day. He gave little heed; but, shutting himself up with me in his cabinet, most carefully reviewed the condition of the several portions of his army. "See here," said he, "nearly eighty thousand effective men: I feed and pay this number; but shall not have more than sixty thousand on the day of battle. I shall gain; but then I shall be reduced twenty thousand, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. How, then, resist all the Austrian forces which will march to the relief of Vienna? A month or more will be necessary for the armies of the Rhine to support me, supposing them in a condition; and, in fifteen days, the snow will block up the roads and passes. It is decided. I make peace. Venice shall pay the expenses of the war. and our boundary shall be the Rhine. The Directory and the lawyers may prattle as they please."

He wrote to the Directory,—"The tops of the mountains are covered with snow. I cannot, according to stipulated forms, commence operations in less than twenty-five days, and then we shall find ourselves in deep snow." Fourteen years afterwards, a winter, equally untimely, but in a climate far more severe, must necessarily have opposed to him an influence more fatal. Why did he not exercise the same cautious foresight?

Conferences followed, and peace, as predicted, was made at the expense of Venice. But the Directory

were little satisfied with the treaty of Campo-Formio, and with difficulty resisted the temptation of refusing to ratify the conditions. Fifteen days previously they had written, "That to grant such conditions was not to make peace, but to adjourn the war; and its chances were to be preferred." All this was useless; it cost General Bonaparte little to overstep his instructions. Mention has been made of considerable sums, nay, of a principality, offered to him by the emperor, to obtain more favourable terms. I never detected the slightest traces of this, at a time when not the smallest circumstance could have escaped me. The character of Bonaparte was far too elevated on this point for him to sacrifice his glory as a conqueror and pacificator, to any personal consideration, however advantageous. This character was so fully appreciated—he was so profoundly esteemed and respected by the Austrian plenipotentiaries, that I dare affirm, not one of them would have taken upon himself the overture of so degrading a proposal. Such a step, I can have no doubt, would have broken off all negotiation with these functionaries. Perhaps what I have just said respecting M. de Gallo and myself, will throw light upon this odious accusation. This story must be disposed of in the same manner as many other fables; as, for instance, the china vase broken and thrown in Count Cobentzel's face. I never heard of this scene. Life was better understood at Passeriano. There were only the usual presents; the emperor merely had the politeness to add an offer of six superb white horses of great beauty.

At this epoch, Bonaparte was still borne forward on the impulse of the age; and, thinking only of representative governments, very frequently has he said to me,—"I wish that from my time may be dated the era of representative administrations." His proclamations and his conduct in Italy were so intended, and, in reality, did give weight to this manifestation of his sentiments. A belief, however,

is forced upon us, that this idea pertained more to lofty views of ambition, than genuine attachment to the welfare of the human race At a later period, we find substituted this phrase,—"I desire to be the chief of the most ancient of the dynasties of Europe." How great the distance between Bonaparte, author of "The Supper of Beaucaire"—triumphing over monarchy at Toulon—writer and signer of the petition to Albitte and Salicetti—successful conqueror on the 13th Vendemiaire—instigator and supporter of the revolution of Fructidor—founder of the Italian republics, fruits of his immortal victories; and Bonaparte, First Consul in 1800—Consul for life in 1802; above all, Napoleon, Emperor of the French in 1804, and King of Italy in 1805!

In the countries which he had subdued, after endeavouring to anticipate the progress of time,—a step imprudent and premature, it became his aim, some years later, to force the same age to retrograde,—a measure which was impossible. Abjuring liberty for glory, he deemed creating a solitary renown preferable to labouring in the promotion of universal good. Probably, this pretended love of representative governments was one means employed to subject the nations more easily, by holding out a something flattering to their best hopes, a promise he had no design to keep; and by rudely projecting upon them a futurity which time alone could introduce. Already foreseeing his mighty wars in Germany, anticipations ever in his mind, we shall find him writing to the Directory, from Cairo, "The proudest day of my life will be that in which I hear of the first republic being founded in Germany."

In precipitating the nations towards an era, to which they could attain only by degrees, he supplied the partizans of the times that have gone by with motives and means for attempting to turn back mankind in the career of improvement. We have seen that man who, at the period of which I now speak,

would have no longer kings, and proscribed monarchy in all his proclamations, desiring to be the ancient of kings — the senior of European dynasties. This phantasy, like that of immediate representative governments, that were to grow up at once, has caused torrents of blood to flow in every country of Europe. What folly, to wish to transport mankind suddenly, and without progression, into a futurity which is not theirs, or desire their return to a past, which has ceased to exist! How many evils have sprung from these two principles!

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN FROM ITALY, AND RECEPTION AT PARIS — ANECDOTES.

The 18th Fructidor, without doubt, powerfully contributed to the arrangements at Campo-Formio. The Directory, on the one hand, more pacifically inclined, after this stroke of policy, felt at length the necessity of putting an end to discontent by giving peace to France; while, on the other, Austria, seeing the plans of the royalists in the interior completely traversed, deemed it time to conclude with the republic a treaty, which, despite of minor objections, left her mistress of Italy. Besides, the campaign of the French army, so fruitful in splendid deeds of arms, had not merely produced glory,—greatness followed the steps of conquest. As there had been hitherto something singular in our public affairs, a grand moral influence, the fruit of victories and of peace, was now ready to expand over the whole of France. Republicanism was no longer the blood-stained and ferocious monster of former years. Treating as an equal with princes and their ministers, but with all the superiority derived from victory and his own genius, Bonaparte, by degrees, brought foreign courts to become familiar with republican France, and the republic to cease regarding all states governed by kings as of necessity enemies.

Under these circumstances, the approaching arrival in Paris of the General-in-chief, occupied universal attention; and the feebleness of the Directory yielded, in the capital of France, to the presence of

the Conqueror of Italy. On the 17th November, he quitted Milan, for the congress at Rastadt, there to preside in the French legation. Before departing, however, he sent to the Directory one of those monuments which might well pass for fabulous, though here simple truth only required to be related. This memorial was the colours of the Army of Italy. One side bore inscribed, "A grateful country to the Army of Italy:" the other exhibited a simple and magnificent abridgment of the history of the Italian campaign, its military achievements, political results, and fruits, in the treasures of art brought to the capital of France,—"150,000 prisoners; 170 standards; 550 cannons; 600 field-pieces; 5 bridge equipages; 9 sixty-fours; 12 frigates, thirty-twos; 12 corvettes; 18 galleys: Armistice with Sardinia; convention with Genoa; armistice with Naples, with the Pope, with the Duke of Parma; convention of Monte-Bello, treaty of Campo-Formio: Liberty given to the people of Bologna, and fifteen other states in Italy; Corcyra, with the isles of the Egean and of Ithaca: Sent to Paris the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Guercino, Titian, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Albano, the Carraci, Raphael, and Da Vinci." This standard was destined to form the decoration of the public hall of the Directory.

The greater part of the cities of Italy had been accustomed to behold in their conqueror, a liberator; and such magic is there in the word liberty, which now resounded from the Alps to the Apennines, that every where Bonaparte was received with enthusiasm. At Mantua he was lodged in the palace of the ancient dukes, and, during a residence of two days, traced the plan, and commenced the foundation, of a canal on the Mincio; celebrated a military funeral in honour of General Hoche; and superintended the erection of a monument to Virgil. At this period, one who had never before seen Bonaparte, describes him thus, in a letter to Paris:—"I beheld with deep interest and

extreme attention, that extraordinary man, who has performed so many great things, and who seems to announce, that his career is not yet closed. I found him very like his portraits, small in stature, thin, pale, having the air of one over-wrought, not in ill health, as reported. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with his own thoughts, than with what was said to him. There is much of the intellectual in his physiognomy, and an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thoughtful head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose some bold thoughts, which will influence the destinies of Europe." We might imagine, but for the date, (the latter being actually published in the journals for December, 1797,) that this last sentence had been written after subsequent events had verified the conjecture.

The journey of Bonaparte across Switzerland, while to himself a real triumph, left also useful consequences; and his presence calmed more than one inquietude. After the recent overturnings among the Cisalpine states, the Swiss apprehended some dismemberment, or, at least, some encroachment, which the chances of war might have rendered possible. Every where he applied himself to restore confidence, and every where was received with enthusiasm, as the "pacificator;" such was the desire of seeing him speedily, that throughout the whole route, from Aix in Savoy, by Geneva and Berne, to Basle, a relay of thirty horses night and day awaited his service. At Geneva he received the envoys from Berne, whom he dismissed, satisfied by his pacific assurances. On arriving, over night, in that city, we passed through a double line of carriages, lighted up, and filled with handsome dames, who made the air ring with "Long live Bonaparte! Long live the Pacificator!" At Basle resided M. de Cominges, one of four transferred with him, from Brienne, to the Military College. On hearing

of our arrival, this gentleman, who had emigrated, presented himself without ceremony, and, certainly, in total forgetfulness of the distance now between him and his former comrade. Bonaparte, much piqued, refused to see, and never afterwards countenanced De Cominges. In passing through Fribourg, I recollected that Captain-commandant M. Grignet d'Eugny, my brother-in-law, had died here an emigrant, in poor circumstances, as we could only send him money occasionally through Germany, and, for these attempts, my sister narrowly escaped death. While changing horses, I made inquiry of the postmaster, from whom I then understood my relative had received attentions. "I took charge," said he, "of M. d'Eugny's funeral: be assured it was honourable. His misfortunes, and the respect due to his character, leave me no cause of regret in having acted thus." I took, from the bag of gold sovereigns of Italy, which served for the expenses of the journey, a handful of pieces—he was lost in thanks, and praises of French generosity. The General approved highly of what I had done.

There exists a sort of relation between celebrated men and celebrated places. It was, therefore, by no means an indifferent circumstance to view Bonaparte examining the field of Morat, where Charles of Burgundy, another tempter of fortune, in 1476, had beheld his Burgundians sink beneath the efforts of Swiss valour. Bonaparte had slept the preceding evening at Moudon, where, as in all places through which we passed, he had been received with the highest honours. In the morning, the carriage having broken down, we continued our route on foot, accompanied only by a few officers, and attended by an escort of native dragoons. Bonaparte stopped near the burying-ground, and desired to be shewn the spot where the battle of Morat had been fought. An officer who had served in France, happening to be present, explained how the Swiss, descending from the neighbouring mountains, had been enabled, under

cover of a wood, to turn the flank of the Burgundians, and to throw their army into disorder. "What was the number of that army?" demanded the General. "About sixty thousand men." "Sixty thousand!" exclaimed he, "they should have spread themselves over these mountains."—"The French," said Lannes, who was in his suite, "understand better how to fight now-a-days."—"At that time," sharply interrupted Bonaparte, "the Burgundians were not Frenchmen."

On arriving at Rastadt, he found a letter from the Directory, calling him to Paris. He seized, with eagerness, this invitation, to quit a scene where he knew he could play only an insignificant part, and which he had fully determined on leaving, never to return. How could writers affirm, that the Directory "kept General Bonaparte at a distance from the great interests agitated at Rastadt." Good God! the pentarchy would have been enchanted to have seen him return thither, and free them so easily of his presence at Paris; but nothing tired out Bonaparte like long and tedious negotiations. These were occupations not at all congenial with his character; besides, he had just had abundance of diplomacy at Campo-Formio; and, after the arrangements there, what could be the "great interests" deliberated upon at this congress? Bonaparte was not the man to spin out years in manufacturing German treaties.

Seeing General Bonaparte determined not to stay more than a few minutes at Rastadt, I expressed my decided wish to remain in Germany. I was then ignorant of my erasure from the list of emigrants, and feared lest, under so feeble an executive, the horrible scenes of 1796 might be renewed. Bonaparte addressed me with an accent of indignation,—"Come, pass the Rhine without fear; they will not dare to tear you from my side; I pledge myself for your safety." I found the instrument of erasure at Paris, dated November 11, with a letter on the subject to

the General, in which it is said, " The government, citizen-general, desires that there remain not, in the list of traitors to the country, the name of a citizen who approaches the conqueror of Italy." In the official instrument, the matter is treated in the ordinary way, only the decree is ordered not to be printed, but that all concerned are to take private note.

Bonaparte, at St Helena, has said, that he brought from Italy only three hundred thousand francs, (£12,500.) I affirm my certain knowledge of his having returned thence with somewhat more than three millions, (£125,000.) How, indeed, support his establishment; make great preparations, and splendidly furnish his house in Paris; provide for all expenses, with only the sum he mentions, and an income of not more than fifteen thousand francs, (£625,) besides the appointments of his place? For instance, his tour to the ports cost him nearly twelve thousand francs in gold, and I know not that this was ever repaid. Moreover, it little imports, as to the object proposed by himself, whether he returned with three millions, or with only the tenth part of that sum. No one will accuse him of peculating. In his own person he exhibited the inflexible administrator; despoliations always excited his indignation, and he never failed to pursue knavish peculators with characteristic rigour. But the mines of Ydria *had* been discovered; provisions *were* to be furnished to the troops. He wished to be independent, and none knew better that one is not so without fortune. On this subject he used to say to me, " I am no capuchin, not I!"

So early as the present epoch of his married life, the General's brothers, desirous of retaining undivided power over his mind, were labouring to weaken the influence which the affection of her husband gave to Josephine. They sought to excite his jealousy, and profited, for that purpose, by her remaining at Milan after our departure, a residence authorized by

Bonaparte. The sentiments, however, which he entertained for his wife; his journey to the coast; his incessant labours in preparing the Egyptian expedition; and our brief stay in Paris, permitted not his entertaining these suspicions. Somewhat later I shall return to these machinations. Admitted to the confidence of both, I am happy in having prevented or softened the evil. If Josephine now lived, she would render me this justice. I never was against her but once, and that unwittingly, in regard to the marriage of her daughter Hortense. Josephine had not then confided to me her intention. Bonaparte wished this choice to fall on Duroc. His brothers urged the match, in order to isolate Josephine from Hortense, for whom the General cherished a tender regard; Josephine, again, looked forward to Louis Bonaparte for her daughter. It is easy to divine her motives here to have been, that she might thus find one support in a family where she had only enemies. She carried her point, as will be seen in the sequel.

The most magnificent preparations were now going on at the Luxembourg, for Bonaparte's reception. The great court of the palace, elegantly ornamented, was crowded with spectators. On an immense amphitheatre, erected at the lower end, sat the public authorities, while the windows were filled with ladies. Opposite the principal entrance rose the patrial altar, surmounted by the statues of Liberty, Equality, and Peace. When Bonaparte entered, every one stood up, and uncovered. Notwithstanding this splendour, the ceremony was one of freezing heartlessness. All wore an air of restraint, with more of curiosity than of gratitude in their expression; each seemingly an inquisitor on his neighbour. An unpleasant accident doubtless contributed to increase this general heaviness. One of the under secretaries of the Directory, contrary to strict orders, had mounted upon some scaffolding on the roof of the right wing, then under

repair; but scarcely had he set foot on the first plank, when it capsized, and the unfortunate functionary was precipitated from a great height into the area below. A universal stupor fell upon all; females were taken ill, and the windows were nearly deserted. Some mischievous wits, such are every where to be found, amused themselves and others, by foreseeing, in this fall of their dependant, that of Messieurs the Directors themselves.

The business proceeded; harangues were not spared. Talleyrand introduced the General to the Directory, making a long discourse, listened to with some impatience, so great was the desire to hear Bonaparte. The Conqueror of Italy arose, and with a modest air, but firm voice, pronounced the following brief address to the Directors, speaking as if they had done all, and mentioning himself only once:—

"The French people, in order to be free, had kings to beat down. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, eighteen centuries of prejudice were to be overcome. The constitution of the year III, and you, have triumphed over all these obstacles. Religion, feudalism, and royalty, have successively, for twenty centuries, governed Europe; but, from the peace which you have just concluded, dates the era of representative governments. You have accomplished the organization of the great nation, whose territory is now bounded, only because nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two most beautiful regions of Europe, once so famous in science, in art, and by the great men, whose birth-place they were, behold, with the loftiest hopes, the genius of freedom arise from the tombs of their ancestors. These are the two pedestals on which the destinies will place two mighty nations. I have the honour to lay before you the treaty signed at Campo-Formio, and ratified by his majesty the emperor.

When the happiness of the French people shall be secured on the best practical laws, Europe entire will become free."*

Barras, then president, replied with a prolixity of which every body seemed tired. Having at length concluded, he threw himself into the arms of the General, who had little liking for such affectations, giving him what was then termed the fraternal accolade. The rest of the members, following the example of their president, surrounded and embraced Bonaparte, each striving to do his best in this scene of sentimental comedy.

The two councils would not be behind the Directory: a few days after, they also gave an entertainment to the General, in the gallery of the Louvre, newly enriched with the master-works of painting, fruits of the conquest of Italy. All these shows were actual punishments to Bonaparte, who, from the time of his arrival in Paris, displayed great modesty in all things. For example, the authorities of the department of the Seine had sent a deputation, requesting to know when he would receive them: he, himself, accompanied by General Berthier, carried his own reply to the magistracy. It was remarked, also, that the judge of the division in which the General resided having waited upon him, at his house, the evening of his arrival, December 6th, he returned the visit next day. These attentions, puerile in appearance, were not without effect upon the minds of the Parisians. Though he lived very retired, he often attended the opera. But, as it formed part of his plan to shew himself as little as possible, he usually took his station at the bottom of the box, behind his wife, placing me beside her. Several times he was called for, with loud acclamations; but in vain: he never

* This furnishes a good specimen of the mouthy eloquence of the period,—meaning nothing.—*Translator*.

presented himself. Once, he sent me to procure the performance of certain pieces, with a particular cast of the characters, so as to include several distinguished actors, if that were *possible*. "Nothing," said the gallant manager, "is *impossible*, where the wishes of the Conqueror of Italy are concerned. Your General has banished that word from the French dictionary." Bonaparte laughed immoderately at the extreme politeness of the operatic artist.

In the midst of this popularity, a woman sent notice, to inform him, that an attempt was to be made upon his life, and that poison would be the means employed. Bonaparte caused the bearer to be arrested, who, accompanied by the judge, was conducted to the woman's house who had given the information. They found her dead upon the floor, bathed in blood, with her throat cut, and several stabs in different parts of her body. The men, whose conversation she had overheard and disclosed, having learned the fact, had taken this fearful revenge.

The street in which his small residence, No. 6, stood, was named Chantereine; but, during the night of the 10th–11th December, received the appellation of "Victory," in consequence of a public decree. This and other incense offered to his fame, the acclamations which every where followed his appearance, altered not his estimate of the position which he knew himself to occupy in public opinion. He used to say to me, "In Paris they soon forget every thing. If I remain long here idle, I am lost. In this great Babylon one reputation supplants another. People will not have seen me above thrice at the theatre, when I shall be no longer an object of regard: therefore I shall appear but seldom." When he did go, it was to a private box. "Nevertheless," observed I, "it must be agreeable to be followed thus by the admiration of one's fellow-citizens."—"Bah! the same crowd would run after me, with the same eagerness, were I marching to the gallows."

On the 28th December, he was chosen a member of the Institute, for the class of arts and sciences. He shewed himself much alive to this tribute of a learned body, and addressed, upon the occasion, the following note to Camus, president of the class:—

"The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honours me. I feel sensibly, that before I can become their equal, I shall long be their pupil. If there were any mode more expressive than another, of conveying to them my sentiments of respect, that I would employ. The only true conquests, those which awaken no regret, are such as we obtain over ignorance: The most honourable, as the most useful pursuits of nations, are those which contribute to the extension of human thought. Henceforth, let the real greatness of our republic consist in not permitting the existence of one new idea which has not been added to the national intelligence.

"BONAPARTE."

About this period, also, the General renewed, but still unsuccessfully, his former attempt, to obtain a dispensation of age, and seat in the Directory. Perceiving the field to be not yet clear, he said to me, on the 29th January, 1798, "Bourrienne, I shall remain here no longer: there is no good to be done: they will listen to nothing. I see, if I loiter here, I am done for quickly. Here, every thing grows flat: my glory is already on the wane. This little Europe of ours cannot supply the demand. We must to the East: all great reputations come from that quarter. However, I will first take a turn round the coast, to assure myself what can be done. I will take you with me,—you, Lannes, and Sulkowsky. If the success of a descent upon England appear doubtful, as I fear, the Army of England shall become the Army of the East, and I am off for Egypt."

This, and many such like conversations, give a just

idea of his character. He always considered war and conquest as the noblest and most inexhaustible sources of glory. This glory, indeed, he loved with passion, but now there was policy in his fervour. While, by distant exploits, fame was kept toiling after him, he hoped that events would occur in France to render his return necessary and opportune. His place would be ready, and he would thus appear to claim it as a man neither forgotten nor unknown.

CHAPTER X.

ENGLISH INVASION — EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION — BONAPARTE'S LIBRARY — PREDILECTION FOR OSSIAN — BAD SPELLING — DEPARTURE.

Bonaparte set out for the north coast on the 10th February, 1798; but with no order, as reported by every writer, "to prepare operations for invading England." He was not at all engaged in such measures — eight days would not have sufficed. His journey was merely a rapid excursion, and its object only to examine the grounds upon which to rest the question of invasion. We were four in his carriage, with Mustache for courier. He visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Nieuport, Ostend, and Walcheren. At these different ports he made the necessary surveys, with that patience, presence of mind, knowledge, expertness, and skill, which he possessed in so eminent a degree. Till midnight he continued to examine sailors, pilots, smugglers, fishermen, — making objections, and listening with attention to their replies. We returned to Paris, by Antwerp, Brussels, Lille, and St Quenten. "Well, General," asked I, on the evening of our return, "what think you of our journey? are you satisfied? For my part, I confess having found neither great resources nor great hopes, in all I have seen or heard." Bonaparte answered with alacrity, and a negative shake of the head: — "It is too much a chance stroke; I will not hazard it. I will not stake upon such a cast the fate of our beautiful

France." This was his sole reply: I saw myself at Cairo.

Immediately were begun the military and scientific arrangements for the expedition now to be conducted to the banks of the Nile. The idea had been for some time maturing in his mind, as appears from a correspondence held the year preceding with the Directory and Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs. In November, 1797, also, he sent Poussielgue, under pretext of surveying the shoals of the Levant, to put the first hand to the design entertained upon Malta. Opposition to the scheme of seizing that island, was, in fact, one of his grudges against the Directory, and one cause of the cold reception of their agent, Bottot. Once, in an animated expostulation with this latter, Bonaparte, shrugging his shoulders, exclaimed,—"But consider, in God's name, Malta is for sale!" Some time after, they wrote to him,—"Malta is for sale. We attach value to its acquisition; do not allow it to slip:" and, in the end of September, 1797, Talleyrand authorized the General to give all the necessary orders to Admiral Brueys for securing the possession of this prize. He despatched letters for the island, because, in his own words, "it was requisite to prepare opinion."

Bonaparte now laboured, night and day, in the execution of his project. Never had I seen him so active. He organized every thing, where before nothing existed. He knew almost all the generals, their respective capacities, and the strength of every corps of the army. Orders and instructions followed each other, with extraordinary rapidity. If an authority from the Directory was required, he flew to the Luxembourg to get it signed; almost always by Merlin, as being the best man of business, the most assiduous, and the most regular at his post. Lagarde, the secretary-general, countersigned nothing connected with this expedition, Bonaparte objecting to his becoming a party. The Directory also gave up to

the General the treasure taken at Berne, amounting to somewhat more than three millions of francs (£125,000.) In those times of disorder and inefficiency, the finances were most wretchedly administered, the revenues anticipated, and so shamefully squandered, that there never existed in the treasury a sum of this importance.

It was thus resolved that Bonaparte should attempt in the East, an expedition unusual in modern Europe. On the 12th April, 1798, he was named Commander-in-chief of the Army of the East, which the same day also beheld created. At the same period, Marmont espoused Mademoiselle Perregaux, and La Valette a young lady of the family of Beauharnois, niece to Josephine. After the explanations already given, what are we to think of the *honourable exile*, the *ostracism*, to which the Directory are said to have wished, by this expedition, to condemn Bonaparte? Bonaparte, to be sure, was a man to allow himself to be banished! Doubtless, the project of the colonization of Egypt was not new,—it had been proposed to Louis XV. by the Duke de Choisseul; but the design had slumbered along with so many others, in the forgetfulness of dusty parchments. Its revival belongs entirely to Bonaparte. At Passeriano, seeing the term of his labours in Europe approach, he first turned a serious attention eastwards. There, during long evening walks in the magnificent park, this subject formed a no less interesting, than inexhaustible, theme of discourse with his favourite generals, aides-de-camp, and myself. "Europe," he would exclaim, "is but a mole-hill: there never have existed mighty empires, there never have occurred great revolutions, save in the East, where live six hundred millions of men—where is the cradle of all religions—the birth-place of all metaphysics!" Monge was almost always present at these conversations. That learned man, ardent in mind and heart, falling in with these opinions, excited yet higher enthusiasm in the bold

spirit and lively fancy of our General. We all joined in chorus. It is to similar scenes Desaix alludes, when, writing to Bonaparte, he said, "I have viewed, with deep interest, the fleet at Corfu. If ever it sail upon those great enterprizes of which you have spoken, in pity do not forget me." He was not forgotten. I repeat, then, the Directory went for nothing, in reviving the design of this memorable enterprize, whose issue answered neither to the grandeur of its conception, nor the boldness of its plan. With any other government, success had been certain. In respect of personal will, the Directors remained as perfect strangers to his departure, as they were to his return. They were but the passive official instruments of Bonaparte's inclinations. These they converted into decrees and orders when the forms of government required. They no more devised the conquest of Egypt, than they traced the mode of its execution. It was he who organized the Army of the East; procured money; appointed the leaders; assembled the ships of war, frigates, and transports. To him pertains, also, the happy and noble idea of adding to the expedition men distinguished in art and science; the fruits of whose labours, while they have revealed the present, and much of the ancient, state of a region, the name of which is never pronounced without awakening mighty recollections, now remain the sole result of one of the most extraordinary enterprizes of modern times. These eminent individuals were chosen by Bonaparte, who carried into that country, again plunged into ignorance and barbarity, the treasures of civilization and of industry,—gifts alone capable of softening here below the mournful destiny of man.

His orders traversed with the rapidity of lightning the line of coast from Toulon to the mouth of the Tiber. He assigned, with admirable precision, the place of meeting,—to some before Malta, to others before Alexandria. All these orders he dictated to

me in his own closet. It was he, not the Directory, who hastened the expedition. Doubtless, he was seconded with perfect good will. They dreaded his reputation, character, and glory, and, therefore, were not sorry to see him remove to a distance, and refused him nothing; but we must carefully separate this selfish feeling from any desire to increase his fame, as also, from any love to the country. Indeed, had not personal considerations blinded them to all other views, far from facilitating, the Directors ought to have opposed this expedition. Ultimately for themselves, immediately for France, a victory on the Adige would have been of far more value than one on the Nile. This desire of getting rid of one whose talents and competition they feared, shut their eyes to evident danger, in depriving the country of a noble army, of many illustrious generals, and to the probable loss of the fleet, while relations with foreign powers were at best but ill assured. As to Bonaparte, he was fully convinced that there remained for him no choice between this hazardous adventure and destruction. At the same time, Egypt appeared a proper field on which to maintain his reputation, and to exalt yet higher the splendour of his name.

A short time before our departure, I asked how long he intended to remain in the East? "A few months, or six years," was the reply; "all depends upon events. I shall colonize the country, and carry out artists, workmen of all descriptions, women, actors. We are only twenty-nine; we must be thirty-five. That is no age. These six years will suffice me, if things succeed, to reach India. Tell all those who talk of your departure, that you are going to Brest. Say the same to your own family." I did so.

The following list of books, for a camp library, I copy from a paper in his own hand, given me to make the purchase. The volumes were in 18mo, and will shew what he preferred in science and literature. I have, however, corrected the orthography, and

cannot help remarking, how, knowing the writers so well, he could have written, for instance, *Ducecling, Ocean.* Certainly, to divine that this latter meant *Ossian,* required an intimate acquaintance with his favourite passion for the bard of Caledonia.

I. *Science and the Arts.*—Plurality of Worlds, Fontenelle, 1 vol. Letters to a German Princess, 2. Course of the Normal School, 6. Treatise on Artillery, 1. On Fortifications, 3. On Fire-Works, 1.

II. *Geography and Travels.*—Barclay's Geography, 12 vols. Cook's Voyages, 3. La Harpe's Collection of French Voyages and Travels, 24 vols.

III. *History.*—Plutarch, 12 vols. Turenne, 2. Condé, 4. Villars, 4. Luxembourg, 2. Duguesclin, 2. Saxe, 3. Memoirs of the French Marshals, 20. President Hainault, 4. Chronology, 2. Marlborough, 4. Prince Eugene, 6. Philosophical History of India, 12. Germany, 2. Charles XII, 1. Essay on the Manners of Nations, 6. Peter the Great, 1. Polybius, 6. Justin, 2. Arrian, 3. Tacitus, 2. Livy, vols.—. Thucydides, 2. Vertot, 4. Denina, 8. Frederic II, 8.

III. *Poetry.*—Ossian, 1. Tasso, 6. Ariosto, 6. Homer, 6. Virgil, 4. Henriade, 1. Telemaque, 2. The Gardens, (Delille,) 1. Masterpieces of the French Drama, 20. Select Fugitive Poetry, 10. La Fontaine, vols.—.

V. *Fiction.*—Voltaire, 4. Heloise, 4. Werther, 1. Marmontel, 4. English Novels, 40. Le Sage, 10. Prevost, 10.

VI. *Political.*—Old Testament and New. The Koran. The Vedam. Mythology. Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws.* (In all, about 320 vols.)

* All these works are mentioned as in French, though Tasso and Ariosto were most probably in Italian. There appears a sad affectation in the title and contents of the last division. The whole shews but shallow acquirement, and in some instances bad taste. The scientific portion, especially the mathematical, will astonish those readers who know the subject. — *Translator.*

Our remaining stay in Paris offers nothing of moment, if it be not a confession made to me by Bonaparte some hours before our departure for Toulon. On our way, in his carriage, to the Luxembourg, where some necessary regulations were to be signed, he continued silent and thoughtful. As we drove through the Rue St Anne, I asked him, without any particular meaning, solely for the purpose of saying something to break this long silence,—If he always remained certainly resolved upon quitting France? "Yes! I have tried every thing; they will not hear of my proposal, (most probably referring to the Directorship:) I might turn them out, and make myself king; but that must not be thought of yet: the nobles would never consent: I have sounded them; the time is not come. I should be alone. I will dazzle these gentry yet!"—"Well, then, we shall go to Egypt," I merely replied, and changed the conversation.

Some warmth shewn by Bernadotte, at Vienna, delayed this journey for fifteen days. But it is an error to state, as has been done, that this affair had inspired the idea of renouncing the expedition altogether. The contrary is proved, by a letter to Brueys, of 28th April:—"Some differences, which have just happened at Vienna, will require my presence for some days in Paris. This will in no wise affect the expedition. I send an order, by the present courier, for the troops at Marseilles to embark and repair to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th, you will receive instructions to get all on board, and depart with the squadron for Genoa, where I will join you." The change of destination, the mysterious midnight visit of Barras,—all must be banished to the class of fables along with the "honourable exile," "ostracism," &c. &c.

We left Paris, May 3, 1798. Ten days before our departure for the conquest of Egypt and Syria, a prisoner escaped from the Temple, who was so

powerfully to contribute to its failure.* This flight was full of futurity, since a forged order on the minister of police in France prevented the revolution of the East. Bonaparte, aware from the English movements, that not a moment was to be lost, beguiled the uneasiness of ten days' detention by contrary winds in the most scrupulous survey of the fleet; and, continually occupied with his army, addressed the soldiers in an animated harangue, which I wrote under his dictation, and to which they replied, by enthusiastic shouts of "Live the Immortal Republic!"

Whoever has been acquainted with Madame Bonaparte, knows that there have been few women so perfectly amiable. Bonaparte loved her most tenderly; and, to enjoy a little longer the charms of her society, had brought her with him to Toulon. As it was impossible for him to know, after separation, when he should see her again, or if they were ever to be re-united in this world; so, I can assert, that nothing could be more touching than their farewell. Josephine, in fact, had nearly become the victim of an accident, which happened at Plombières, some time after, being severely injured from the sudden falling of a balcony, by which she and her whole party were precipitated into the street.

On arriving at Toulon, Bonaparte learned that the law inflicting death upon emigrants reigned in all its terrific rigour, and that but a little before an old man of eighty had been shot. Indignant at this barbarity, he dictated a letter to me, addressed to the Military Commission, in which, after stating the regret occasioned by recent transactions, he concluded thus,—"I exhort you, then, citizens, when the law presents at your tribunal old men and females, to declare, that, in the midst of combats, ye have respected the aged and the women even of your enemies. The soldier who signs a sentence against one incapable of bearing

* Sir Sidney Smith.

arms, is a coward." This letter saved one unfortunate being actually under sentence, and gave much satisfaction throughout the army of the expedition. The tone of the action, however, is still more remarkable, as shewing what idea he had already formed of his power, since he could thus take upon him to modify a law, cruel, no doubt, but nevertheless a law, and in active operation.

One Simon had followed his master, an emigrant and, dreading the vengeance of these enactments, applied to me, learning I was in want of a domestic. He pleased me, and was engaged. Apprehensive, however, of his being seized when we were to embark, I applied to General Bonaparte, who said, with an accent of great kindness, "Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him keep by you." The words, "Bonaparte, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the East," were inscribed in large letters of gold upon the beautiful green morocco coyer. Was it the portfolio, or his accompanying us, which saved Simon? I know not; but he passed freely. I could not forbear scolding the rascal, however, for having, by certain very significant and provoking smiles, set at defiance the sullen looks of those who had been charged with his capture. He served me faithfully, and was sometimes useful to the General, as will appear in the sequel.

CHAPTER XI.

VOYAGE TO EGYPT — CAPTURE OF MALTA — NELSON'S FLEET — AMUSEMENTS, OCCUPATIONS, AND HABITS OF BONAPARTE AT SEA — ANECDOTES — LANDING — ALEXANDRIA TAKEN — KLEBER — ARABS — ADVENTURE.

The squadron set sail on the 19th May. The admiral's ship, L'Orient, being overloaded, drew too much water, and took the ground. She was disengaged without difficulty, accident, or perceptible delay. Yet both *before* and *after* the battle of Aboukir, presentiments were thence derived of her final misfortune. I add, with regret, that I have often heard such tales repeated by sensible men.

We arrived before Malta on the 10th June; for the non-arrival of some convoys had retarded us two days. The understanding opened with Europe, during and after the negotiations at Campo-Formio, had not so completely succeeded as to give us at once possession of that celebrated fortress. Bonaparte shewed himself much irritated against those who had been sent to prepare matters. Yet Dolomieu had afterwards reason to repent his reputation in the transaction; while Poussielgue had done all he could in this trial of seduction: still success was not complete. There existed misunderstandings, and a few cannon shots were exchanged. The Commander-in-chief ordered General d'Hilliers, who had served in Italy with much credit, to land and attack the western quarter of the island. This was effected with great prudence and ability. But, as to those in the secret all this

was known to be but for form's-sake, these hostile demonstrations were not followed up. They were necessary to save the honour of the knights of the cross; and that was all they meant. Those who know the place, know also that it could not have been taken in two days by a fleet in our circumstances Pursued by an enemy, we had not a moment to lose, and every instant might have been surprised by that enemy, in afflicting disorder, and been totally destroyed. The impregnable fortress of Malta is so entirely secured against an assault, that General Caffarelli, after examining the fortifications with the greatest care, said, in my presence, to the Commander-in-chief, "Upon my word, General, we were extremely fortunate in having friends within, had it been only to open the gates to us." This acquisition has been magnified into an astonishing victory—a prodigy of wisdom and valour! What a pity!—It was barefaced treason. We may judge, then, of the value of Napoleon's assertions at St Helena: "The capture of Malta was not owing to private understandings, but to the foresight of the Commander-in-chief. It was in Mantua I took Malta." It does not very plainly appear what is the meaning of "Malta taken by foresight in Mantua:" but it is no less true, that I wrote, under his dictation, a lot of instructions for these same "private understandings." Napoleon has also said to another noble companion of his exile,—"Malta certainly possessed immense physical, but no moral, means of resistance. The knights did nothing disgraceful. They could not hold out against impossibility." No; but they yielded themselves. The successful capture of Malta was assured, before the fleet quitted Toulon.

One of the first acts of Bonaparte set at liberty the Turkish prisoners, and cleared the disgusting galleys. This was a deed of reason and humanity. He devoted his time to providing, with equal activity and talent, for the administration and defence of the island. His

only relaxation, an occasional walk in the pretty extensive gardens of the grand master, where we regaled on the delicious fruit of the magnificent orange trees, proved alike pleasing to us all. On the 19th of June, we took our departure from Malta, which our leader never imagined he had taken for the English. They requited him but scurvily for that piece of service. Several knights accompanied us, having obtained employment both in the civil and military departments.

During the night of the 22d, the hostile squadron was almost upon us, passing within six leagues of the French fleet. Nelson, having learned at Messina the capture of Malta, on the very day we left the island, made directly for Alexandria, which he conceived to be our destination. Thus, taking the shortest route, setting all sail, and unencumbered with convoys, he reached the Bay of Alexandria on the 28th, three days before our fleet. The French squadron shaped its course, first for Candia, which was seen on the 25th, and then to the southwards, favoured by the Etesian winds, which blow regularly from the north at this season. By this means, all arrived safe on the 30th June before Alexandria.

The remarkable saying of Bonaparte to the pupils of a school which he had one day visited, "Young people, every hour of time lost, is a chance of misfortune for future life," may be considered as, in some measure, forming the rule of his own conduct. Perhaps no man ever better understood the value of time: his very leisure was business. Of this our passage appears to be a striking instance. If the activity of his mind found not wherewithal to exercise itself in reality, he supplied the defect, by giving free scope to imagination, or in listening to the conversation of the learned men attached to the expedition; for he, probably, was the only man in the fleet, who never experienced ennui for a single moment.

On board the L'Orient, he delighted in discoursing

with Monge and Berthollet, when the discussion most usually ran upon chemistry, mathematics, and religion; as also with General Caffarelli, whose conversation, rich in facts, was, at the same time, lively, intellectual, and cheerful. Of the two philosophers, Monge evidently appeared the favourite, because, endowed with an ardent fancy, without exactly possessing religious principles, he yet cherished that propensity towards religious ideas, which harmonized with the feelings of Bonaparte. On this subject, Berthollet sometimes laughed at his compatriot. Besides a cold imagination, his mind, constantly turned to analysis and abstraction, shewed a leaning towards materialism, for which the General ever expressed a sovereign dislike. At other times, Bonaparte conversed with the admiral, when the subject always respected naval manœuvres, of which he shewed great desire to obtain knowledge; and nothing more astonished Brueys, than the sagacity of his questions. I was present when, one day, having asked how the ships would be brought into action in case of attack, he declared, after hearing the reply, that, should the circumstance occur, he would give orders for every one to throw his luggage overboard.

Bonaparte, during the whole voyage, passed the greater part of his time below, in his cabin, reclining upon a couch, which, by a ball-and-socket joint at each foot, rendered the ship's pitching less perceptible, and, consequently, relieved the sickness, from which he was scarcely ever free. I remained almost always with him, reading aloud some of the favourite works composing his camp library. In our familiar conversation, again, Josephine almost always formed the subject. Passionately as he loved the glory of France, and his own, she still engrossed many a thought in a soul thus full of high emprise: his attachment, indeed, approached to idolatry. Sometimes, too, he amused himself for whole hours with the captains of such vessels as we hailed, when, having satisfied his curiosity, he permitted them to depart, exacting a promise

to say nothing of their meeting with the French squadron.

While we were at sea, he rarely got up before ten, when he breakfasted. At dinner, he had always company, in addition to the admiral, his own staff, and the colonels on board, who regularly dined at the table of the Commander-in-chief. As there were two thousand souls on board, and among these many distinguished men, choice could be daily made. One of his greatest pleasures, during the passage, was, after these dinner parties, to appoint three or four persons to support, and as many to impugn some proposition. These discussions had an object: the General thus created opportunities of studying the talents of those whom it was his interest to know thoroughly, in order, afterwards, to employ them according to their capabilities. A circumstance, here, will not surprise those who have been admitted to intimate converse with Bonaparte: in these encounters of the wits, he constantly gave the preference to him who had maintained an extravagant conception with ability, over the advocate of common opinion and reason. It was not solely superiority of address which determined his judgment, for he really preferred a clever defence of an absurdity, to an equally able argument in favour of the rational view. He, himself, always proposed the subject to be discussed, generally selecting questions on religion,—on the different forms of government,—on the art of war. One day, "Are the planets inhabited?" another, "What is the age of the world?" a third, "Will our earth be destroyed by water or by fire?" again, "The truth or falsehood of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams," formed the inquiry. This last, I well remember, was suggested by the remembrance of Joseph, as closely connected with the land whither we were bound. No country, indeed, presented itself to our view, without calling up in the thoughts of our leader its appropriate associations of history, legislation, polity, or mythology.

When the serenity of the weather invited, he went upon the quarter-deck. I recollect, that, one day, walking thus with him, while steering our course through the Sicilian Sea, on a beautiful evening, at sunset, I thought I descried the summits of the Alps. This seemed to the General a mistaken fancy, and he laughed at me accordingly. The admiral being referred to, confirmed my observation, after examining the horizon through his telescope. "The Alps!" At this word I think I still behold Bonaparte. I see him long immoveable; then, all at once breaking from his trance; "No!" exclaimed he to us, "never can I view without emotion the land of Italy! Here is the East; thither I am now bound; a perilous enterprize calls me. These mountains overlook the plains where I have so often led to victory the soldiers of France. With them, we shall conquer still!" It formed, in truth, at this period, one of his most agreeable employments, to recall the splendour of former campaigns, seeking to read in the past a happy presage of coming triumphs. These anticipations of success he always associated with the politics of France, pleasing himself by imagining the effects which they would produce upon the public mind.

The band on board the L'Orient sometimes played, but only on the gangway. Bonaparte did not yet sufficiently admire music to hear it in his apartment. A taste for this art may be said to have kept pace with his power, as love for the chase manifested itself only after his elevation to the empire: as if he had wished to prove, that he possessed not only the genius of sovereignty for commanding men, but also the instinct of those aristocratic pleasures, the enjoyment of which is reckoned, in the eyes of their people, among the essential attributes of kings.

In a long voyage, it is impossible to prevent accidents from men falling overboard. This occurrence happened several times with us, from the crowded state of our vessel. On these occasions, it was strange

to witness the instinctive force of humanity in the bosom of one, so lavish of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed torrents of it in that very Egypt whither we were going. Whenever a man fell into the water, the Commander-in-chief had no rest till he was saved. He instantly ordered the ship to lay to, shewed the most lively uneasiness till the unfortunate was recovered, and ordered me to recompense liberally those most active in the rescue. Sailors who had thus distinguished themselves, when guilty of some breach of discipline, were always exempted from punishment. I remember, during one dark night, a noise was heard, as of a man overboard. Bonaparte instantly gave the word to put the ship about till the supposed victim should be rescued from inevitable death. The crew hastened from all quarters, exertions were redoubled, and at length we fished up—what? The victim was—a quarter of beef, which had slipped from a noose over the side. How did Bonaparte act? He ordered me to reward the sailors who had exposed themselves on this occasion more liberally than usual: "It might have been a man, and these brave fellows have shewn neither less zeal nor less courage."

After thirty years, all these things are present to my thoughts, as if they had occurred but the last hour. Such was the general manner in which Bonaparte passed his time during the voyage. As it drew towards a termination, he busied himself with preparations for a new scene. It was then he dictated to me the famous proclamation, addressed to his soldiers before landing:—

"Soldiers!—You are about to undertake a conquest, the effects of which upon the civilization and commerce of the world are incalculable. You will strike a blow, the surest and most vital which England can receive, until you give her death-stroke. We shall have to make some fatiguing marches; to engage in a few

combats; but success will crown our exertions. The destinies are favourable. The Mamelukes,—retainers of England, tyrants of the unfortunate country,—soon after our landing shall have ceased to exist.

"The people with whom we are about to be connected are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this,—'There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' Do not gainsay them; live with them as you have done with the Jews,—with the Italians; pay the same deference to their muftis and their imaums, as you have paid to the rabbins and the bishops; shew to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, and to the mosques, the same tolerance as you have shewn to the convents and the synagogues,—to the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here usages different from those of Europe: it is proper that you habituate yourselves to them.

"The inhabitants treat their women differently from us; but, in every country, he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few; it dishonours us, destroys our resources, and renders enemies those whom our interest requires to be friends. The first city we approach was built by Alexander; every step will awaken sublime recollections, worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen."

To this proclamation was appended an order of the day, consisting of twelve articles, prohibiting pillage, as also every species of violence, and containing directions for collecting imposts and contributions. The punishment denounced upon delinquents were,—repairing the damages inflicted, two years in irons, and death. Here I may be permitted a reflection. Passages in the proclamation have been severely animadverted upon as contrary to the doctrines of Christianity. But how absurd, to have entered Egypt with the cross in one hand, and the sword in the other. Policy and common sense required us to

respect the religion of the inhabitants. Both this and other proclamations produced an excellent effect.

In the course of the passage, particularly between Malta and Alexandria, I conversed often with the brave and unfortunate Brueys, and had the happiness of enjoying his confidence and friendship. He complained bitterly of the organization of the fleet; of the encumbered state of the ships of war and frigates, and, above all, of the L'Orient; of the great number of transports; of the imperfect arming of the men of war, and the feebleness of their crews. He assured me it required no little resolution to take charge of an armament so ill equipped; and several times declared, that, in the event of a rencontre with the enemy, he would guarantee nothing. "In case of an attack," added he, "even by an inferior squadron, the confusion among such a multitude, the immense quantity of baggage, would inevitably bring on a catastrophe, by impeding the manœuvres. God grant," said the admiral, with a sigh, "that we pass without meeting the English! for, had they only ten ships, I cannot promise success; and even with such a victory as we should obtain, what would become of the expedition?"

We did escape, and made the coast of Africa on the morning of the 1st July, the column of Severus announcing Alexandria. The frigate Juno having been despatched for M. Magallon, the French consul, it was near four o'clock when he arrived, a very hollow sea running. From him the Commander-in-chief learned, that Nelson had been before Alexandria on the 28th June, and, after a conference with the English agent at the place, had directed his course to the north-east. Thus, had we not been detained two days, waiting for a convoy from Civita Vecchia, we should have arrived before the town at the same time with our enemies. How insignificant are often those causes upon which the good or bad fortune of the mightiest enterprizes depends! Reckoning from the time of our leaving Malta, Nelson, expecting to find

us at Alexandria, and seeing we had not arrived, imagined we had sailed for Alexandretta, in Syria, there to disembark for Asia. This error a second time saved the expedition.

On hearing these details, Bonaparte resolved on an immediate disembarkation. This the admiral opposed, representing to him the state of the sea, then violently agitated; the distance from the coast, nearly nine miles; the dangerous reefs; the approaching night; and our total ignorance of the most convenient landing places. But these representations, to induce a delay of about twelve hours, till the next morning, were urged in vain: Bonaparte listened to them with impatience and ill humour, though assured that Nelson could not return for several days. "Admiral," said he, impatiently, "we have no time to lose; fortune gives me but three days; if I profit not by the indulgence, we are lost." He reckoned greatly upon his fortune: the chimerical idea constantly influenced his resolutions. I certify these things to have occurred in my presence: not a single detail could escape me. But it is false—quite false, that, upon the appearance of a sail not answering to signals, and which, for my part, I never saw, Bonaparte exclaimed, "Fortune! wilt thou abandon me? I ask of thee only five days!"

The General having the command of the whole armament, both by sea and land, the admiral was constrained to yield. He took me, however, apart, to communicate his apprehensions, which, indeed, chiefly concerned his colleague, whom he considered, in running so great hazard, as incurring too serious a responsibility. Upon my refusal to interfere, knowing the General's firmness, and also as agreeing with him in opinion, Brueys, with sorrow, gave the signal for disembarking. This movement was effected amid many difficulties and dangers. In getting to the boats, the troops had to glide down the ship's side by a rope, remaining suspended, till the returning wave brought the shallop up

to their level. We had to lament some loss; but every thing had led to anticipations of greater misfortunes than we actually experienced. About one o'clock in the morning of July 2, we first set foot on the soil of Egypt at Marabou, three leagues east of Alexandria. Two hours after, the Commander-in-chief was in full march upon that capital, with the divisions of Kleber, Bon, and Morand. The Bedouin Arabs, hovering upon our right and rear, cut off stragglers, and those who separated from the corps. On arriving within gun-shot of Alexandria, we began the attack; the walls were scaled, and, in a short time, French valour had triumphed over all opposition.

The first blood which I saw flow in this war was that of General Kleber: he had been struck by a ball upon the head, not in the escalade, but in commanding the attack. Kleber always exposed himself to the first blows: he might have been named the brave where all were brave. He came to the column of Pompey, where several individuals of the staff had reassembled, and from whence the Commander-in-chief overlooked the attack. This was the first time I had spoken to Kleber, and our intimacy dated from this day. I had the satisfaction to render him some assistance. I confess it with pain, the sentiments then awakened in his favour soon lost much of their warmth. Selfishness, I discovered, quickly displaced in his breast those benevolent dispositions towards misfortune which are the happy attribute of youth.

It has been attempted to elevate the capture of Alexandria, which fell in a few hours, into a great feat of arms. The General himself wrote, that the city was taken after a little firing; the walls, poorly defended, were very soon scaled. Alexandria was not given up to pillage, as has been repeatedly asserted. This would have been a very absurd commencement of the conquest of Egypt, in which there were no fortified places to intimidate by such an example. On the con-

trary, Bonaparte marked his entry into this capital by acts of kindness and generosity. Berthier, in his official relation, declares here the exact truth.

Bonaparte entered by an alley so narrow that two men could scarcely pass in front. I was with him. We were stopped by some musket shots, fired repeatedly from a low window, by a man and a woman. The guides who preceded their General, poured a volley into the apartment: both the man and woman fell beneath their fire, and we passed on in safety, for the city had capitulated. On the morrow, a treaty was entered into with the Arabs for the deliverance of the men carried off during the night march. They were restored for a hundred piastres. One, distinguished from his fellows by behaviour, was brought before the Commander-in-chief, who wished to obtain some information respecting these half savage hordes. On the first question, How he had been treated? the man burst into tears, giving to understand he had experienced the treatment so common in the East.* "Grammercy! you have now got a good excuse for being on the sick list. No matter, you have paid for your imprudence. You ought to keep by your corps. Thank your stars for having got off so cheaply. Come, don't weep, but answer me." The few hours, however, passed in the company of the Arabs, and the brutality exercised upon him, had prevented the soldier from making the least observation: he could tell the General nothing.

Bonaparte devoted ten days passed in Alexandria, to organizing the city and district, with that activity and talent, which I never could sufficiently admire, and in preparing for the march of the army across the province of Bohahireh. For this purpose, Desaix,

* The poor fellow had been qualified for contributing to those aristocratic pleasures, which the ex-secretary considered a little ago as essential characteristics of kings! Many Frenchmen were thus prepared for the royal chapel at Versailles, or the Pope's band in the Vatican.—*Translator.*

with four thousand five hundred infantry, and sixty horse, repaired to Beda, upon the route to Damanhour. This officer first encountered the privations and sufferings of the campaign. His magnanimous character, his devotion to Bonaparte, seemed ready to yield before the distress of the moment. "For God's sake," thus he wrote, so early as the 15th July, "do not leave us in this position. The detachment is discouraged, and murmurs. Give us orders to advance or to fall back, with all speed: the villages are mere huts, absolutely without resources." In these arid plains, scorched by the heat of a tropical sun, we often contended for water, so common elsewhere: wells and springs, those secret treasures of the Desert, are hidden from the eager search of the traveller; and often, after choaking marches, we found nothing to allay the imperious cravings of thirst, save a brackish and disgusting fluid.

CHAPTER XII.

ALEXANDRIA — MARCH ACROSS THE DESERT — SUFFERINGS — MISCHANCE — HARSHNESS OF BONAPARTE — BATTLE OF THE FLOTILLA — BATTLE OF CHEBREISSE — OF THE PYRAMIDS — DEFEAT OF THE MAMELUKES — CAIRO — ORGANIZATION OF EGYPT — BATTLE OF ABOUKIR — DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH FLEET — CONSEQUENCES — VINDICATION OF BRUEYS.

What disparity between the city of Alexandria, as represented in history, and the melancholy town of modern times! Where formerly crowded nine hundred thousand inhabitants, were now to be numbered scarcely six thousand. That city, once so magnificent, we found without fortifications; and, strictly speaking, without even vestiges of what it had been. There appeared merely some columns torn from the ancient ruins, and applied in miserable taste to modern constructions. The quay of the *old port* is itself but a mass of broken columns of marble and granite. Two monuments only were entire and erect,—the pillar of Pompey, and the obelisk of Cleopatra: but hardly any remains could be discovered of the Roman: none of that city which contained the tomb of Alexander.

Before taking possession of Egypt, Bonaparte addressed various proclamations to the Pacha, to the commandant, and, on entering Alexandria, to the natives of the country, exciting them against the beys, from whose yoke he pretended to have come to relieve them. Again, a few days after, he wrote to the Directory, describing his operations, from the time of leaving Malta to the capture of Alexandria.

The 7th July, we set out for Damanhour, across the vast plains of Bohahireh: these are not, as reported, a desert. While the army toiled onwards beneath a burning sun, the torments of the soldiers were augmented by the illusion of water, which the *mirage*, so well known in tropical climes, unceasingly renewed, at the very moment, too, when all felt the greatest sufferings from thirst. The Arabs harassed us on the march without intermission. They emptied or infected the few cisterns and springs found in these vast solitudes. Once exhausted, the wells are replenished very slowly, and the soldier who, from the commencement of a weary march, had experienced a devouring thirst, found little relief from a brackish, muddy, and polluted liquid. The army traversed these wastes with the speed of lightning; but the troops already expressed their sufferings in frequent murmurs of discouragement.

On the first night of our march, a mischance occurred, which might have been fatal to the staff, and to the Commander-in-chief. We were advancing through the darkness, with only a weak escort, almost all asleep on our horses. Suddenly, two volleys of a well sustained fire were directed upon us: we awoke, rallied, reconnoitred, and learned with great satisfaction, that only one guide had been slightly wounded in the hand. It was the division of Desaix, which, forming the advance, had fired, mistaking us for enemies. Our small advanced guard had not heard the challenge of the outposts.

Arrived at Damanhour, the staff established headquarters in the sheik's house, which, newly whitewashed, made a brilliant appearance externally, but within, exhibited a poverty hardly to be conceived. Every thing announced the greatest misery,—scarcely a pitcher whole; and for seats, some coarse mats, filthy and in tatters. We found nothing—absolutely nothing, for the convenience of life. Bonaparte knew the proprietor to be rich; and, by kindness, having

inspired the sheik with some confidence, asked, through the interpreter, why, having wherewithal, he thus deprived himself of every requisite, assuring him, that an unreserved answer should be attended with no ill consequences. "Look at my feet," said the old man: "some years ago, I repaired my dwelling, and purchased a little furniture. This found its way to Cairo; a demand for money followed, because I was thus proved to be rich. I refused payment; they maltreated and forced me to pay. Since then I have reduced myself to the barest necessaries, and now no longer repair any thing." In fact, he walked with difficulty from this infliction. Spies are everywhere ready to denounce the mere suspicion of being rich; and, in this unfortunate country, it is only by an appearance of the most abject poverty, that the rapacity of power and the cupidity of barbarism can be escaped.

In this our head-quarters, an insignificant troop of mounted Arabs came to insult us by their presence. Bonaparte, who was at the window, indignant at this audacity, turned to young Croiser, an aide-de-camp in attendance, saying, "Here, Croiser, take some of the guides,* and disperse these ragamuffins." In an instant, Croiser appeared in the plain, with fifteen guides. The little band engaged. We beheld the combat from the window. But there appeared in the orders, and in the attack, a hesitation unexpected by the General. He called out from the window, as if they could have heard, "Advance! will you? Charge!" After a short, but pretty obstinate combat, in which our horsemen retired as the Arabs advanced,

* The Guides composed a favourite body of men, selected from the whole army for their bravery and intelligence. Their especial duty was to watch over the personal safety of the Commander-in-chief. Bonaparte instituted this corps during the Italian campaign, after having narrowly escaped being taken by a dash of a few Austrian troopers. They were subsequently named "chasseurs of the guard." Their uniform, green, faced with red, was the usual dress of Napoleon. — *Translator.*

the latter finally withdrew, unmolested, and without loss. The General's anger could not be restrained; it was vented without measure upon poor Croiser, on his return, and so harshly, that he retired in tears. Bonaparte desired me to follow, and calm him: all was in vain. "I will not survive this," said the youth; "I will expose myself to certain death on the first occasion that presents itself; I will not live dishonoured." The word coward had been pronounced. Croiser found the death he sought at St Jean d'Acre.

On the 10th, we marched to Rahmahanieh, where Alexander's canal commences, and where those of the civil service were embarked on board the flotilla, that their horses might serve to mount a few men more. The flotilla was commanded by Perrée, in the xebeque *Cerf*, formerly commodore of the naval forces of the Adriatic, with orders to keep on the flank of the army; thus giving and receiving protection. On the 13th, at night, both military and naval forces began to ascend by the left bank of the river; but the force of the wind, which at this season blows directly up the valley of the Nile, carried us a-head of the army. In this situation, we found ourselves exposed in front to seven Turkish gun-boats, mounting twenty-four and thirty-six pounders, and in flank, to the fire of Mamelukes, Arabs, and Fellahs, who lined both banks. Our xebeques were armed with only small cannon in the bows, so that, casting anchor, we maintained a very disadvantageous contest for three hours and a half, in which one of the Turkish gun-boats blew up, while the Turks took several of our craft by boarding, and massacred the crews before our eyes, holding up to us the heads of our companions by the hair. At length, the appearance of a detachment of the army saved us from destruction, as our ammunition began to fail. Such is the true account, though historians have destroyed the Turkish squadron. They did us much injury; and sailed up the river, having suffered but little damage, after an

engagement wherein twenty men were wounded and several slain on our side, and in which both parties had fired upwards of fifteen hundred cannon-shot.*

Meanwhile, the army had encountered a body of about 4000 Mamelukes at Chebreisse. This village, as the Commander-in-chief afterwards told me, it was his intention to have turned, and, enclosing the Mamelukes between the French and the Nile, to have utterly cut them off. Apprehending, from the cannonade, that our situation was perilous, he had, however, changed his plan, attacked them in front, and, after defeating and driving them back upon Cairo, made the movement upon his left, which saved us.

We continued our voyage, and were without communications from the army until the 23d July. On the 22d, we beheld the Pyramids; and the same day, the sound of a distant cannonade, which continued to increase as the north-wind lulled, announced that a serious affair was going forward. We now beheld the banks of the Nile covered with naked dead: the bodies, becoming more numerous at every turn, were thrown by the waves upon the shore, or borne sullenly along towards the sea. This horrible spectacle; the solitude of every village, so lately in ceaseless hostility against us; the inexplicable tranquillity of our course, no longer troubled by musketry, now from the one bank, now from the other, or from both at once, made us presume, with some assurance, that a battle, fatal to the Mamelukes, had taken place. But we had need of certain intelligence. The misery which overwhelmed us during this navigation is not to be described. For eleven days, we had been reduced to live on melons and water, while obliged to oppose at every moment the fire of the Arabs and Fellahs, from which the death of some, and the wounds of

* In the official despatch of Berthier announcing this engagement, among a few of the civil service, Bourrienne is mentioned as having highly distinguished himself. — *Translator.*

many of our companions, seemed, in our circumstances, not so heavy a ransom as we had reason to dread. The rise of the Nile was only commencing, and the shallowness of its stream obliged us to leave the xebeque, and get on board a dgerm, thirteen leagues from Cairo, where I arrived on the 23d, at three in the afternoon.

Scarcely had I saluted the Commander-in-chief, after a separation of twelve days, when he accosted me in these terms:—"Ah! so you are come, then! You are the cause—you and the others—that I failed in the object of my combat at Chebreisse; it was to save you,—Monge, Berthollet, and others on board the flotilla,—that I hastened my movement on the left towards the Nile, before my right had enclosed Chebreisse, from which not a Mameluke should have escaped me."—"For my part," replied I, "you have my best thanks: but, in conscience, could you abandon us, when you had taken away our horses, and put us, whether we would or no, on board that same flotilla?" He fell a-laughing; but afterwards testified how sincerely he felt the loss we had sustained. The same evening I wrote to his brother Louis,—"The Commander-in-chief charges me, my dear Louis, to announce to you the victory gained yesterday over the Mamelukes. It is complete. The battle was fought at Embabeh, opposite Boulac. The enemy's loss is estimated, in killed and wounded, at two thousand, forty pieces of cannon, and many horses. Our loss has been trifling. The beys have fled into Upper Egypt. The General enters Cairo this evening. I am desired also to say, that you are to join us immediately, with the General's effects and horses; ascending the Nile in dgerms, with the battalion of the 89th, from Rosetta. Do not, my good friend, forget our baggage—we have much need of it—the books, papers, and *all* the wine."*

* It is generally supposed that Burgundy wine will not bear a long voyage: Bourrienne states, on the contrary, that, after twice

The occupation of Cairo was the immediate consequence of the victory of Embabeh. Indeed, the march of the French army towards that city had been an uninterrupted succession of combats and of triumphs. Conquerors at Rahmahanieh, at Chebreisse, at the Pyramids, the Mamelukes defeated, their chief, Mourad Bey, forced to flee into Upper Egypt, there was no longer any obstacle preventing our entrance into the capital, after a campaign of only twenty days. Bonaparte had preceded this occupation by proclamations of a most pacific tendency, addressed to the sheiks, to the inhabitants, and to the Pacha of Cairo. He wrote also to Kleber, who, on account of his wound, had been left commandant at Alexandria, giving an account of the campaign, and issuing orders, finishing thus:—"At the moment of writing, I find a letter from Louis, in a garden belonging to Mamelukes, which proves that one of your couriers has been intercepted." This was his own unfortunate aide-de-camp Julian, an interesting young officer, and of great hopes, who, with fifteen soldiers, as was afterwards discovered, had been butchered in the village of Alkam, on the Libyan bank of the Nile. The Commander-in-chief issued an order to burn and plunder the village. This was executed; but no trace of the fatal event could be discovered, for all had fled: only, in the dust of a distant and deserted hut, the soldiers found the regimental button of a vest, bearing the number of the corps which had furnished the escort of the hapless Julian.

On the following day, after the entry into Cairo, Bonaparte wrote the letter to his brother Joseph, which was intercepted and published, and whose authenticity has been causelessly questioned:—"You will see in the public papers, the bulletins of the

crossing the Mediterranean, and twice the Syrian desert on camels, bottled Burgundy brought back to France remained unimpaired in strength and flavour. — *Translator.*

conquest of Egypt, which has been sufficiently disputed to add a laurel more to the glory of this army. Egypt, in corn, rice, vegetables, and cattle, is the richest country which exists on the earth. Barbarism is at its height. There is not money enough therein even to pay the troops. I expect to be in France in two months. Engage a house either near Paris or in Burgundy; I expect to pass the winter there." The announcement in this letter is corroborated by an autograph note in my possession, of the warlike stores and necessaries to be sent out to Egypt; and both prove his intention to have colonized that country.

Immediately on the fall of Cairo, the Commander-in-chief turned his attention to the civil and military organization of the country. He should have been seen at this season, while in full vigour of manhood. Nothing escaped his rare penetration, his indomitable activity. Egypt, long the object of his study and meditations, was as well known to him in a few weeks, as if he had sojourned therein ten years. The order to observe the most severe discipline was repeated, and strictly enforced. The mosques, civil and religious institutions, harems, women, customs, were scrupulously respected. Short time had elapsed, when already the French, admitted into the houses, might be seen living peaceably with the inhabitants, smoking a pipe with them, assisting in their labours, and amusing their children. Thus, scarcely having laid aside the sword, soon to resume it, and after a residence of only four days in Cairo, Bonaparte, with rare sagacity, labouring to secure the interests of his army, without apparently injuring the interests of the country, appointed provisional governments in all the cities and provinces occupied by our troops. These were to regulate their proceedings by a code of only four articles, but which had been drawn up after seeing, consulting, and examining all from whom information could be drawn.—I. A divan of seven

persons to watch over the general police of each province. II. The internal military defence of each province intrusted to an aga of the Janizaries, with sixty men, to act with the French commandant. III. An intendant, with the requisite subordinates, to collect the revenues, as formerly belonging to the Mamelukes, now to the republic. IV. A French commissary to correspond between the intendant and the general finance administration.

While the Commander-in-chief was thus actively engaged in organizing his conquests, he learned that Ibrahim, the most powerful of the beys after Mourad, of whom General Desaix had gone in pursuit, was making head in Syria. Upon this, Bonaparte resolved to march in person against this formidable opponent, and quitted Cairo accordingly, after a residence of fifteen days. The results of this campaign, the defeat of Ibrahim at El-Arych, are known to every one; besides, I enter little into details of battles, limiting myself to facts which I have myself witnessed, and to rectifying accredited errors. Something, too, more important still, requires our attention. During this absence of the Commander-in-chief, news arrived at Cairo of the overwhelming disaster of the French squadron, at Aboukir, on the 1st of August. The aide-de-camp despatched by Kleber with the intelligence, proceeded, on my recommendation, instantly to Salehyeh, where Bonaparte then was, and who immediately returned to Cairo, a distance of thirty-three leagues.

On learning the terrible catastrophe at Aboukir, the Commander-in-chief seemed completely borne down. His condition, I will even say, gave me extreme pain. And, indeed, with all the energy of his character, could he bear up at once against so many and so great calamities? To the painful feelings aroused by the ungenerous complaints, and the moral discouragement of his companions in arms and glory, was just added a misfortune incalculable, positive, irreparable, — the

conflagration of our fleet. His perspicacity measured at a glance all its fatal consequences. And yet, men would have it, that considerations so momentous,—a present so afflicting, a future so uncertain,—made not upon the spirit of our leader a profound and sorrowful impression! Truly, in feigning an insensibility, then foreign to his nature, his panegyrists are deceived if they imagine thus to pronounce his eulogy. Because he was a great man, must complete divorce be made between his feelings and humanity?

Before the fatal first of August, it had been Bonaparte's intention, the possession of Egypt once assured, to carry back to Toulon the fleet, now become useless; and, after sending troops and necessaries of every description to Egypt, to unite the fleet with all those forces of France and of her allies which the government would then have assembled against England. It is certain, that, before departing upon the eastern expedition, he had submitted to the Directory a note relative to these grand designs. Extraordinary and gigantic ideas occupied him unceasingly. He always regarded a descent upon Britain as possible; but ever as certainly fatal while we were so inferior at sea. By these different manœuvres he hoped to gain the ascendency there also. By his sudden appearance and great preparations on the coast, he purposed either to effect a descent, the English fleet being absent in the Mediterranean, or hoped, by thus exciting alarms at home, at least to prevent troops being sent against the force in Egypt; or both these objects might be successively accomplished. He delighted himself with the sublimity of dating a despatch from the ruins of Memphis, and three months after from the rich and populous city of London! The loss of the marine destroyed all this combination, converting into an empty dream these romantic and adventurous conceptions.

Is it consistent with human nature to suppose him, with cold insensibility, beholding these mighty designs

vanish into nothing? When left alone with me, he gave full vent to his emotion. I endeavoured to console him, by representing how much more fatal the rencounter would have proved, had it taken place in the open sea, and before the troops had disembarked, through the simple and very probable occurrence of Nelson having remained only twenty-four hours longer before Alexandria. "All," said I, "would then have been lost beyond remedy. Since we are blockaded here, we must and will find resources in ourselves. There is money—there are provisions; let us await futurity and the exertions of the Directory—" "As for your Directory," interrupted he, with great quickness, "they are a parcel of ——; they fear and hate me; they will leave me to perish here. And, to crown the whole, see you not all these countenances? It is every one's cry, 'I will not remain!'"

What he said was perfectly true at the time. From the first moment the army set foot in Egypt, as can yet be proved by many witnesses, dislike, uneasiness, discontent, and longing for home, took possession of almost every individual. The illusion of the expedition had vanished at its very commencement. There remained only the reality, and that was sad enough. What bitter complaints have I not heard escape from Murat, from Lannes, Berthier, Bessières, and so many others! These continual outcries, without measure and without moderation, and which frequently even wore the aspect of sedition, caused profound affliction to Bonaparte, forcing from him severe reproaches and intemperate sallies. That this is the truth, without the least exaggeration, the intercepted correspondence manifestly proved. For example, one from many of these intercepted letters thus proceeds:—"We are in a country where all are dying of despair. If the army had known the situation of things, before leaving France, not one of us would have embarked. Each would have preferred death a thousand times to the misery we now endure.

We have the enemy all around; in front, in rear, and on either flank. It is exactly La Vendée. Without exaggerating, there have died of thirst alone, in the space of five or six days, from five to six hundred men. Universal discontent prevails in the army; despotism had never attained its height till now. Our soldiers have killed themselves in the very presence of the Commander-in-chief, exclaiming, 'This is thy doing!' We have been terribly deceived in this enterprize, so fair and so vaunted. We have beheld soldiers, who, witnessing the sufferings of their companions, have shot themselves through the head; others have been seen to leap into the Nile, with arms and knapsack, and thus perish amid the waters. On seeing the generals pass, the soldiers call out, 'There go the butchers of the French!' uttering a hundred imprecations of the same sort. Of forty thousand Frenchmen, all languish to return; there are not five who think otherwise."

And, in truth, what else could be expected? disgust had in every breast succeeded to enthusiasm. Instead of being assisted by the inhabitants, whom we were ruining, under pretence of freeing them from the yoke of the beys, we found all against us: Mamelukes, settled Arabs, wandering Arabs, Fellahs. The life of no individual was safe, who removed but two hundred toises, whether from our stations or from the corps to which he belonged. He fell into the hands of the enemy, who inflicted death, frightful torments, or a treatment, to Frenchmen, worse than either. Complaints were numerous, from the highest functionary to the lowest sentinel. Public opinion has been much divided, on the military and moral condition of the Egyptian Army. But the truth is, a cruel selfishness soon became the ruling sentiment. Privations and sufferings, caused by the want of food and water, under a burning sky, whose fierceness nothing tempered; desolate aridity on the plains; misery in the villages; maladies unknown in Europe; hopes deceived; a

sullen silence in reply to the constant question, What will become of us?—such was our real position. How severely, then, must the disaster of Aboukir have aggravated all former ills, by taking away even the hope of ever revisiting our native country!

Upon this subject I held a long and most confidential conversation with the Commander-in-chief. I hasten to say, that the dark forebodings which had at first assailed him, soon cleared away. He quickly recovered the serenity which is superior to events; the moral courage, strength of character, elevation of thought, which had for an instant bent beneath the overwhelming burden of the disaster. He only repeated, in a tone difficult to conceive, "Unhappy Brueys! what hast thou done!"

In regard to the catastrophe of which we now speak, blame has been attached to the memory of Admiral Brueys. But who are the accusers? Bonaparte and his admirers? Upon what indictment is the accusation grounded? The letter of the General to the Directory of the 20th August, 1798. But that letter, written fifty days after his entry into Egypt, misrepresents facts, alters dates, affirms what is, at least, doubtful, strikes the innocent, because he hoped thus to screen himself from the misconduct which posterity might impute to him. The simple truth would sufficiently have pleaded his justification, without implicating another. The loss of the fleet was evidently the result of those circumstances in which it was placed, and, above all, of the fearful misery which afflicted us during the first month of our invasion,—a misery which did not allow of the naval force being victualled, except from day to day—morsel by morsel. Now, it is said, in the first place, that Brueys refused to set out for Corfu, in opposition to the reiterated and most positive orders of the Commander-in-chief. But how could he set sail without provisions—provisions with which it was impossible he could be supplied? It is added, that

the orders to depart were repeated. When, and by whom? This is carefully concealed. The truth is, that from the 3d July to his unfortunate end, Brueys had not received a single line from Bonaparte, so impossible was it to maintain correspondence; while the latter received *all* the admiral's despatches only on the 26th, at Cairo, too late for assistance. Brueys, also, is reproached for having obstinately awaited events in an open roadstead. But how is it possible to believe that the admiral would have remained on the coast of Egypt against the express orders of the General, who was also the commanding officer, whom he must have obeyed from superiority, if not from a sense of duty? On this part of the accusation, too, great stress is laid upon the surveys and reports of Captain Barré; but the reply of the admiral must also be taken into consideration, where he maintains, and by excellent reasons, his opinion of the entrance to the harbours of Alexandria being impracticable to ships of such force as composed the squadron.

It certainly would be unjust, under these circumstances, to ascribe the loss of the fleet to Bonaparte: but why attribute this misfortune to the misconduct of Brueys? The disaster was in reality the fault of no one, but the consequence of a chain of events beyond human control. In accordance with these facts, I presented to Bonaparte the following scroll of a letter to the Directory:—"Admiral Brueys could not enter the harbour of Alexandria, which is too shallow for line-of-battle ships. Imperative circumstances obliged him to remain in the roads at Aboukir, waiting a favourable opportunity of setting sail for Corfu. His position proved untenable. The left of his line was forced, notwithstanding two mortar batteries had been planted on a point covering that wing, and each of his ships singly exposed to the fire of several opponents. The fleet has been destroyed. You will find subjoined the exact state of our loss in men and stores. This great calamity, of which a

combination of unfortunate circumstances has been the sole cause, will doubtless evince to you the necessity of exerting all your care, in order to send us speedy reinforcements, and other requisites for the army."

This outline of a despatch contained neither justification nor censure; but, glancing it over, he returned my sketch with a smile, saying, "It is too vague, too smooth; it wants effect. You must enter largely into details; you must speak of those who have distinguished themselves. And then you say not a word of fortune; and, according to you, Brueys is without reproach. You do not know mankind!—Leave it to me. Write."—He then dictated the famous despatch actually sent, in which the loss of the fleet forms merely an episode, concluding with the celebrated sentence, "and it was only when fortune saw all her favours useless, that she abandoned our fleet to its destiny."*

I ought to declare, that Bonaparte himself laughed at the disguising of unfortunate events, always endeavouring to withdraw the attention from the cause of misfortunes. He never hesitated to pervert facts, when the truth would have diminished his glory. He termed it foolishness to do otherwise. And I here state, once for all, that the whole truth never entered into his despatches, when veracity was in the least unfavourable, and when he could dissemble. He knew how to disguise, or alter, or conceal it altogether, as suited his purposes. He often changed even such communications of others as he caused to be printed, whenever these traversed his views, or would have reflected upon his reputation or actions, or on the opinion which he desired should be entertained of his fame and achievements.

* See Appendix, E.

CHAPTER XIII.

OCCUPATION OF EGYPT — FATALISM — BONAPARTE A TURK — IDEAS ON RELIGION — INSURRECTION IN CAIRO — EXPEDITION TO SUEZ — ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT — ANECDOTES — FOUNTAINS OF MOSES — BONAPARTE IN THE RED SEA.

The calamity of the fleet impressed upon General Bonaparte the necessity of promptly and securely organizing Egypt, where all things announced we were long to remain, unless forced to evacuate, an event he was far from either apprehending or fearing. The flights of Ibrahim and of Mourad, left him an interval of repose. War, fortifications, revenue administration, appointment of divans, commerce, science, the arts, — all engrossed his cares. His mind embraced all details with wonderful foresight; success crowned his efforts; orders were issued immediately, if not to repair the disaster, at least to prevent its first dangers. Advantage was taken of those belonging to the fleet, who had escaped, to recruit our land forces. On the 21st August, the Institute was opened at Cairo, for the propagation and progress of intelligence in Egypt, — for the study and collecting of its natural history, its resources, its monuments, — for every object which promised to be useful to Egypt, to France, to humanity.

The finances, too, were occasionally replenished by such incidents as the following one, which likewise exhibits a not unfaithful picture of the greater part of the Egyptian chiefs. El Coraïm, sheriff of Alexandria, though treated with great kindness, had been disco-

vered to be a spy of the Mamelukes. For this he was condemned to pay a fine of three hundred thousand francs, (£ 12,500,) or lose his head. On his arrival at Cairo, I represented to him, through our interpreter, that he should pay the money, and assured him of pardon for his treason. He was a very fine looking man, whose position interested me. "You are rich," said I, "and will not feel this sacrifice." He replied, drily, "If I am to die now, nothing can save me, and I shall have thrown away my piastres; if I am not to die, why give them?" He persisted, and was executed at noon, three days after, his head being carried through the streets of the city, with a label affixed, stating his crime. Nothing was found afterwards; he had taken his precautions; but this example facilitated the collection of tribute, and intimidated certain other rich offenders, who were not so resolute in their fatalism. Three or four millions, (from £ 120,000, to £ 150,000,) thus flowed in seasonably for the wants of the army.

On the 18th, the General was present at the solemnity of opening the canal of Cairo, which receives the waters of the Nile, on attaining the proper height. Two days after occurred the anniversary festival of Mahomet. This he attended in the house of the sheik El Bekri, who, at his own request, gave up to him two young Mamelukes, Ibrahim and Roustan.* It has been published, that, at this season, Bonaparte took part in the religious ceremonies and external worship of the Mussulmans; but he did not actually celebrate the rites connected with the overflowing of the Nile, or the birth-day of the Prophet. Things went on according to custom; the usual observances took place; the Turks invited Bonaparte, and he attended merely as a spectator. The presence of their

* These eastern attendants continued most faithfully attached to their new master. Ibrahim stabbed himself on the reverses of the Hundred Days; Roustan is, or was lately, alive, the respectable father of a family in Paris.

new master seemed to gratify them. But he never thought of ordering any solemnity; that would have been a piece of folly; and he very easily conformed to received usages. He neither knew, nor learned, nor repeated, nor recited, any prayer from the Koran, as so many have asserted. These ceremonies, at which policy rendered it a duty to assist, were to him, as to all by whom he was accompanied, but a curious novelty—an oriental spectacle.

Doubtless, he constantly turned to account the absurdities of Islamism, but never put foot within a mosque; nor was ever habited, save once, as a Turk. Religious tolerance was with him a consequence of a philosophic spirit. With him—and he has often talked to me on this subject—it was an established maxim to regard all religions as the institutions of men, but everywhere to respect them as powerful means of government.* Every thing considered, I will not affirm that he would not have changed, had the conquest of the East been the price of conversion. It needs only to recall the era of the Egyptian Army, to be convinced, that, as respected his own soldiers, it was indifferent whether their leaders spoke to them of Christians or Mahometans, of bishops or muftis. For example, the General-in-chief wrote to Kleber, "The Christians will always be our friends; we must take care they do not become too insolent, lest the Turks conceive against *us* the same fanaticism as against the *Christians:* this would render them irreconcilable to *us*." Again, in writing at a later period to Menou, he says, "I thank you for the honours you have paid to *our Prophet*."

I must also acknowledge, that, with the heads of the Mahometan priesthood, he held frequent conversations on these subjects; but in all this there was nothing serious; it was rather an amusement. If Bonaparte ever spoke as a Mussulman, he did so

* See Appendix, F.

in the capacity of a military and political chief in a Mahometan country. On this depended his success, the safety of his army, and, consequently, his glory. In every region, he would have acted on the same principles. In India, he would have been for Ali, for the Dalai Lama in Thibet, for Confucius in China.

It is true, he had a Turkish dress made for him, but only as a joke. One morning he desired me to begin breakfast, without waiting; a quarter of an hour after, he entered in his new costume. Scarcely was he recognized, when we received him with the loudest bursts of laughter. He took his place with a gravity which heightened the effect, but found himself so ill at ease as an Oriental, that he soon went to undress, and, subsequently, never attempted to give a second exhibition of this masquerade.

Communications had already been tried with Djezzar, Pacha of Acre, surnamed the butcher; but, trusting in his power, and in the protection of the English, who had been beforehand with us, he refused to receive Beauvoisin, our envoy. The bearer of a second amicable letter had his head taken off at Acre. Bonaparte's occupations, and the necessity of establishing himself more firmly in Egypt, prevented, for the present, the invasion of this pachalic.

From the period of the calamity at Aboukir to the insurrection of Cairo, on the 22d October, Bonaparte sometimes seemed to feel the time long. Though occupied in so many ways, more was yet wanted, fully to engage the singular activity of his temperament. When the heat permitted, he got on horseback, and, on returning, if there were no despatches to read, no letters to answer, no orders to give, he would sit buried in silence and thought. One day, after long and silent musing, "Guess my thought," said he to me,—for, frequently during these moods, he would amuse himself by talking in the strangest manner. "Really," answered I, "that would be no easy matter, you think of so many things."—"I was

thinking, then, though I know not if I shall see France again, that, should I ever return, my sole ambition would be to make one brilliant campaign in Germany,—in the plains of Bavaria; there gain a great battle, and avenge France for the defeat of Hochstadt. Afterwards, retiring to a country retreat, I should wish to pass a life of peace and tranquillity!" A long dissertation on the advantages of carrying on war in Germany, followed. Such conversations were prolonged indefinitely; but he possessed the skill of infusing into them deep interest.

At this season of repose and comparative inaction, at least to him, Bonaparte retired early. Every evening, I read something; if poetry, he fell asleep; but, when the Life of Cromwell was asked for, I had little hope of getting to bed that night. During the day, he read and took notes, to pass time. Often did he revert to France, expressing a lively regret at being deprived of news: the interruption of correspondence created, indeed, a wearisome void at his habits of life, which he endeavoured, among other expedients, to fill up by military displays. Of these, the most brilliant was, the fête of the Republic, towards the end of August, and, particularly, the celebration of the 1st Vendemiaire, year VII, (22d September, 1798,) observed throughout all our stations in Egypt, but with especial magnificence at Cairo. Of these solemnities, which thus threw a momentary distraction over the sameness of existence, one of the most exciting incidents was, undoubtedly, the General's own address to his troops on the latter occasion. When they had defiled before him in excellent order, he spoke as follows:—

"We celebrate the first day of the seventh year of the Republic. Five years ago, the independence of the French people was threatened; but we captured Toulon: that was the presage of ruin to our enemies. A year after, you defeated the Austrians at Dego:

the following year, you fought upon the summits of the Alps: you were contending beneath the walls of Mantua two years ago, and gained the celebrated victory of St George: last year, you were at the sources of the Drave and of the Isouro, on your return from Germany. Who would then have predicted, that to-day you should be on the shores of the Nile, in the centre of the ancient continent?

"From the Briton, renowned in arts and commerce, to the ferocious Arab of the Desert, you fix the regards of the world. Soldiers! your destiny is noble, because you are worthy of your achievements, and of the opinion men entertain of you. You will die with honour, like the brave, whose names are inscribed on this pyramid;* or you will return to your native land, covered with laurels, and the admiration of all nations. During the five months we have now been absent from Europe, we have been the object of unceasing solicitude to our countrymen. On this very day, the thoughts of forty millions of fellow-citizens are with us: all exclaim,—'To their toils, to their blood, we owe universal peace, repose, commercial prosperity, and the blessings of civil liberty!'"

On that day, more than one hundred and fifty French and Turkish officers of distinction sat down to a magnificent banquet. The Mussulman banner, and the republican flag, floated side by side,—the crescent by the cap of liberty, and the *Koran* formed the pendant to the *Rights of Man.* The Turks cared little about all this, but received a salutary impression, from the number, discipline, and excellent appointments of our troops.

Matters of less serious import occasionally filled up the leisure hours of the Commander-in-chief. One day,

* Bonaparte caused the names of the soldiers who fell in Egypt to be inscribed upon the ancient monuments.

he caused to be brought to head-quarters some half dozen of the females of Asia, the most noted toasts of Cairo; but their vaunted graces and beauty liked him not; their shape and obesity occasioned their being sent back immediately. Some time after, Madame Foures, wife of a lieutenant of infantry, proved more successful in captivating the General. She was really very pretty, and the extreme rarity of female beauty in Egypt enhanced her charms. A house was fitted up for her, contiguous to the palace of Elfy Bey, which we inhabited. Here he often took a fancy to have dinner served up at three. I went alone with him at seven, and retired at nine. This connection soon became the small talk at head-quarters. By a *delicate* arrangement for M. Foures, the Commander-in-chief sent him on a mission to the Directory. The officer embarked at Alexandria, but the ship fell into the hands of the English. Learning by intercepted letters the cause of his mission, they had the petty malice to send the messenger back to Egypt, instead of detaining him a prisoner as usual.*

One of those wise men who, in the East, during many ages, have predicted future events, if not with remarkable certainty, at least with no lack of assurance, was recommended to Bonaparte by the principal inhabitants of Cairo. He was sent for, and we formed a party of five, including our interpreter, the prophet, and a sheik. He was about to commence his jugglery upon the General, when, turning from him, he said to me, "Allow this fellow to exercise his calling on you first." I submitted without hesitation, and, for the prophet's honour, must first explain, that, from my sufferings during the navigation up the Nile, I was

* An excellent practical joke.—We leave Bourrienne to finish the narrative in his own words: "Bonaparte désirait ardemment avoir un enfant de cette jolie femme. Je lui en parlais au déjeuner que nous faisions souvent tête-à-tête. 'Que voulez-vous,' repondait-il, 'la petite sotte—n'en peut pas faire.' Elle, de son côté, nous repondait, 'Ma foi!—ce n'est pas ma faute.'"

then frightfully extenuated, and extremely pale. Having preluded, as usual, the seer shook his head, and assumed a compassionating look, declaring to the interpreter that I had better not ask him any questions. I insisted, and he finished by announcing, that "Egyptian earth would receive me in two months." I thanked, and dismissed him. "Well," said Bonaparte, when we were left alone, "what say you to that?"— "Say! the rascal ran no great risk in quickly disposing of me in my present state; but I have no ambition to mingle with the dust of the Pharaohs; and if Louis send the wines, you'll see I shall recruit."

The art of imposing upon them has, in all ages, occupied no mean place in the art of ruling men; and it was not with this part of the science of government, that Bonaparte was least acquainted. He neglected no opportunity of dazzling the Egyptians by displaying the superiority of our science, even in minor respects. But it fell out more than once, that sheer instinct in the natives disconcerted these attempts of superior knowledge. For instance, some days after the visit of the pretended soothsayer, he resolved, if the expression may be allowed, to oppose sorcery to sorcery. For this purpose, the chief sheiks were invited to an exhibition of chemical experiments by Berthollet. The General also was present, to enjoy their astonishment. All the wonders, however, of the transformation of liquids, the miracles of electricity, and of galvanism, excited no visible surprise: the sheiks beheld the operations of our able chemist with the most imperturbable coolness. When he had finished, El Bekri, one of the number, put the question, through Venture, our interpreter, "All that is very fine; but, can he cause me to be here and in Morocco at the same time?" Berthollet answered by shrugging his shoulders. "Very well," said the sheik, "tell him he is not quite a conjuror!"

Our music, likewise, produced no great influence. They listened impassively to all the tunes that could

be played, with the exception always of the air "Marlborough." On this piece being performed, their expression became animated; their features shewed not altogether unmoveable! and they twisted themselves about, as if intending to dance.

For the space of several weeks, Negligence, daughter of Time, which undermines all useful institutions, had rendered nugatory the order given, immediately after our arrival in Cairo, to watch the criers of the mosques. Finding that they only pronounced the hours and certain prayers, our police ceased to give attention. The Turks remarked the neglect, and converted these religious strains into exhortations of revolt. By means of this species of verbal telegraph and secret transmission of firmans, either true or forged, in which the Grand Signior disavowed amity with the French, a general rising was organized. The last signal was given from the minarets on the night between the 21st and 22d October. Before morning, news arrived at head-quarters of the city being in full insurrection, and that General Dupuis, the commandant, with whom I had dined, and seen caressed by the natives, the evening before, was slain. Bonaparte, not then, as reported, in the isle Raouddah, had not heard the alarm gun. He started from his couch, on the first arrival of the intelligence, at five in the morning; and, throwing himself on horseback, with only thirty of the guides, rode to every point, promptly re-establishing confidence, and ordering, with admirable presence of mind, vigorous measures of defence. Having provided thus for the common safety, the General returned to head-quarters, where I had remained, and entering, asked me laughing, if I had been afraid? But the insurrection raged from Siene to the Lake Maræotis, that is, over the whole of Egypt; and scarcely had the General returned to head-quarters, when he was informed, while at breakfast, that Bedouin Arabs were attempting to force the gates. The aides-de-camp were present; and Bonaparte,

turning to Sulkowsky, directed him to get on horseback, and, taking fifteen guides, to repair to the spot most threatened. On this, Croiser represented, that his companion was not yet recovered from former wounds, which were not even cicatrized, and begged to go instead. The General readily assented. Croiser had his motives, as we have seen; but Sulkowsky was gone. We were still at table, when one of the guides returned, covered with blood, announcing the death of his leader, and fourteen companions, cut in pieces by the Arabs. This was sad news to us all. Bonaparte really loved the young Pole, who had never quitted him during the Italian campaign. When Sulkowsky was missing after the battle of Salehyeh, where he received eight sabre, and several shot wounds, those very wounds not yet healed when he fell, the General often recurred to his supposed fate with profound regret. "I cannot," he would say, "sufficiently exalt the character, the noble courage, the unruffled coolness, of my poor Sulkowsky." Often, too, after this fatal event at Cairo, would he speak of him to me, saying, in a tone of deep feeling, "Sulkowsky should have been spared: he would have been a man precious to him who undertook to raise up the nation of these noble Poles, so justly indignant at the triple partition of their country, and the yoke which weighs them down."* The young, the interesting Pole, an officer of high hope, full of spirit and of judgment, as accomplished as brave, was beloved by us all. Only a short time before his death, he had read in the Institute an able dissertation on the route from Salehyeh to Cairo. There is a melancholy pleasure in now awarding the meed of just praise to those who, in that sad season, softened our hard fate by their amiable character, and instructive converse.

* Had this young warrior lived, and become a marshal of France, might not his acts, and his influence over Napoleon, have changed the fate of Poland? How anxiously does the heart sit in watch over the chances of liberty.—*Translator.*

Twelve of the principal chiefs in Cairo, members of the Divan, had been arrested, and placed under a guard in one of the halls at head-quarters. They looked forward with perfect indifference to the death which they were conscious of meriting. But Bonaparte had merely secured them provisionally as hostages. Surprised that sentence was not executed, the Aga in the service, stretching out his neck, and making a gesture, as if to provoke the order, said to me, "*You see they expect it!*"

Three days sufficed to crush the insurrection; during two, the city was under the constant fire of the batteries on Mount Moquahum, which commands Cairo; on the third, order was restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. Every night I wrote an order for the execution of a dozen: they were shut up in sacks, and thrown into the Nile. Many women were among these nightly victims. I know not if the number of executions amounted to thirty daily, as Bonaparte himself vaunts to General Regnier:—"Every night we ordered thirty heads to be lopped off; among them are those of many chiefs: this should serve, I think, as a good lesson." I believe this to be an exaggeration of his just vengeance. Some time after this revolt, the necessity of securing our own existence occasioned the perpetration of another terrible act. A tribe of insurgent Arabs surprised and murdered several Frenchmen. The Commander-in-chief ordered Croiser and Beauharnois to search out the horde, burn the village, slay the males, and, cutting off their heads, bring these trophies, with the surviving population, to Cairo. On the morrow the detachment returned. Many of the Arab women had been taken in labour on the way; their children had perished, and the melancholy train reached the principal square about four o'clock, accompanied by several asses, laden with sacks. These were opened in public; the bloody heads rolled out before the populace, who had assembled in crowds.

It is impossible to describe my feelings; but I must confess, that this example long secured the safety of those small parties which the exigencies of the army required to be sent out in all directions.

The Commander-in-chief had resolved to visit Suez, after the destruction of the fleet, in order to examine the traces of the ancient canal from the Nile to the Arabian Gulf, and to traverse the Red Sea. The insurrection at Cairo surprised him in the midst of his project, which, therefore, was deferred till December. On the 24th of that month, we set out accordingly, and reached Suez in two days. During the intervening night, our encampment had been first pitched in the wilderness, near a stunted tree,—a rarity in these wilds. The day had been extremely hot; the evening, however, proved cold in proportion, so that even Bonaparte complained. This Desert, for many ages the route of caravans from Suez, Tor, and the northern regions of Arabia, has beheld so many beings perish in crossing its inhospitable wastes, that their bones, scattered over the surface, clearly indicate the road. To supply the want of fire-wood, we collected a considerable quantity of these remains of man, and of animals of every description; even Monge made the sacrifice of certain extraordinary skulls he had picked up by the way, and placed in the General's berlin; a conveyance intended for the transport of papers and charts, Monge, Berthollet, and myself, when inclined to ride. Never, probably, had such a vehicle furrowed the sands and gravel of our present track. Scarcely had we set on fire this mass of bones, when a stench so insufferable arose, as obliged us precipitately to break up from our resting place, and to abide for the night considerably in advance. Water was far too precious to permit the idea of employing it to extinguish this infected conflagration.

The next day was devoted by the General to visiting the fort of Suez, and ordering certain works of naval

and land fortification, to oppose any troops which he foresaw would attempt to land from the East Indies.

On the morning of the 28th we passed the Red Sea *dry footed*, on our way to the Fountains of Moses, which are upwards of six miles from the eastern shore, and a little south-east of Suez. The Arabic Gulf terminates three and a quarter miles to the north of that city. Opposite the port, the Red Sea is not more than two and three quarter miles broad. It is always fordable at low water. The caravans of Tor and Mount Sinai cross here, both in going to, and returning from, Egypt. This shortens the road between six and seven miles.* The tide rises from five to six, or, when the wind blows with force, from nine to ten, feet. We passed some hours at the fountain of the lawgiver, seated on the margin of the most considerable spring, which is transparent, constantly flowing and renewed, and having no very disagreeable odour. Here we made our coffee, which, however, was rendered scarcely drinkable from the bitterness of the water.

On our return, we struck off to the left, in order to visit a large reservoir, constructed, it is said, by the Venetians, when in possession of the commerce of the East. In descending again to the coast, Bonaparte was the first to discover a canal, from three to four hundred paces in length, constructed in good masonry, and capable of being easily repaired. The night had now fallen dark when we reached the sea-shore. The tide was flowing and pretty high; we wandered a little from the track followed in the morning, through the guide either deceiving us, or losing his way, and attempted the passage too far down. Disorder soon arose in our little troop, but

* From time immemorial this part has been denoted by an Arabic name, signifying *The Passage*. The metres of the original I have reduced to English miles. — *Translator*.

we were not lost in the quicksands, as has been said, —there being none. We could not see our companions, but we shouted and called to each other. General Caffarelli, near whom I chanced to be in this confusion, incurred some danger from his wooden leg, which prevented his keeping a firm seat in the saddle, while thus surrounded by the waves. We struggled to his assistance, supporting him on each side. I have read, but certainly did not see, nor hear at the time, that the flowing tide would have become the grave of Bonaparte, had not a guide of his escort saved and brought him off on his shoulders. In the circumstances, the thing was impossible, or all who had not men to carry them, the danger being equal, would have perished: but there was no one lost. The guide must have got into the water up to his chin: how could a man be so safe on his back, as in the saddle of a charger? Besides, his horse and that of the General, left to themselves in the darkness, would have still more endangered the safety, and increased the confusion of the whole party, and we should thus, to our experience, have been informed of the General's situation. This incident is pure invention. The relation which Bonaparte has given long after at St Helena, is correct. Our little pilgrimage to the Fountains of Moses brought us into the same danger as of old assailed Pharaoh, and we might have perished like him, but without a miracle, as will appear to those who have visited the scene.*

* The reader will not fail to observe, that, in certain insidious remarks, Bourrienne seems to hint the same opinion as Volney, and other infidel writers, on the subject of the passage of the Red Sea. The reasoning of these gentlemen furnishes a striking example of a *non sequitur*. What possible connection can exist between crossing a part of the sands dry, at low tide, and traversing the "crystal strait," cleft by the hand of Jehovah, for the passage of his chosen people? Or the whole may be simply answered by the reflection, that, since the Egyptians were the best informed among the nations then upon the earth — since, indeed, Moses was celebrated for knowledge, because "skilled in all the

The next morning, the Commander-in-chief, walking with me up the western shore, saw an armed horseman approaching us in the opposite direction. We stopped; the rider continued to advance: it was one of the escort, named Lemin, who, finding himself a little in the rear on the preceding evening, and hearing the cries from the sea, would not hazard the passage alone and without a guide. He had ascended the eastern shore, doubled the gulf, and was returning when he met the General. The latter, on dismissing him, said to me, "That singular fellow, who was one of my domestics in Paris, is no fool."

Returned to Cairo, Bonaparte devoted himself anew to all the cares which the wants of his army imposed. The revenues of Egypt far from sufficed to supply deficiencies: he drew upon his personal resources for pretty considerable sums. These transactions were effected at Genoa, through the agency of M. James, who, from being a wine merchant in Burgundy, had accompanied us to Egypt. For many months, the General had his eye fixed upon Syria, where he constantly expected a disembarkation. Nor was he deceived. The Grand Signior was so ill advised as to believe that our conquest of Egypt could not be for his interest. Facts, he thought, belied this assertion. Yet we followed exactly the same system of rule as had been authorized and practised by his own governors: that is to say, we shot the opulent sheriffs, when they refused to pay what was demanded; we raised contributions by force; we made requisitions of necessaries at the sword's point; we levied taxes, and we pocketed the proceeds. All this did not convince the dull Divan at Constantinople that we were really friends in thus inflicting no new-fangled constitution or reform upon

learning of the Egyptians"—we cannot suppose either the one to have been unacquainted with so common an event as the flowing of the tide, or the other to have thus overreached his masters in wisdom.—*Translator.*

one of the best provinces of the empire, even though that province had revolted from their own paternal sway. The preceding year, too, assistance had been obtained from the Porte, amounting to 50,000 piastres, (£10,000,) and several thousand quintals of grain for the French troops in Corfu, where they were in want of every thing. And lo! the Porte takes it amiss that we should have seized Egypt, by way of acknowledging our gratitude for this service!

In fact, the Ottoman Porte wisely resolved rather to support a rebel, whom it hoped one day to reduce, than a power which, as a friend, and under the specious pretext of subduing the revolted beys, had taken possession on its own account. Bonaparte, therefore, entertained no doubt respecting the decision of the Turk, or the part he would adopt. But those in his own army—and they were numerous—who had all along believed that we were at one with the Porte in the occupation of Egypt, were now rudely undeceived. Their questions were not easily answered; and, on this point, Kleber frequently repeated to me at Acre, that he and many other generals and commanders of divisions had entertained serious conferences.

The rupture with Djezzar in Syria, and his commencing hostilities by the occupation of Gaza and El Arych, gave a new complexion to the affair—circumstances of which Bonaparte knew how to profit as respected his own position. He himself divined, however, that these operations were only preparatory to a Turkish descent, which could not be easily accomplished in Egypt. This it behoves to prevent, thought Bonaparte. We must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman; level the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre; ravage the country, and, by ruining its resources, render impossible the passage of troops across the Desert. Thus was settled the plan of the Syrian expedition, leaving room for after thoughts

in the event of success, which we shall see were magnificent.

At this time, we had been without news from Europe since the end of June, 1798. Thus were we about to enter Asia, to adventure into a hostile country, without knowing what might be the situation of our native land. Our intelligence, even two months later, was not more certain; for then Bonaparte wrote to Desaix, in Upper Egypt,—"You will have heard the news from Europe by way of Cairo. Nothing yet proves that there is war."

CHAPTER XIV.

SYRIAN EXPEDITION—CAPTURE OF JAFFA—MASSACRE —SIEGE OF ACRE—ANECDOTES—SIDNEY SMITH.

Before departing on the expedition against the Turks in Syria, Bonaparte had revolved the scheme of invading British India, by way of Persia. Information had been obtained, through agents despatched to the Persian court, that the Shah, in consideration of a payment in advance, would permit magazines of provisions and stores to be formed at convenient stations in his dominions. Our General frequently said, that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, there had been fifteen thousand men to leave behind, and thirty thousand disposable troops, he would have marched with these directly to the Euphrates. Often through the day would his eye turn towards the deserts to be traversed before reaching Persia. How many times have I found him lying stretched at length upon the beautiful maps he brought from Paris! He would then desire me to place myself by his side, and so explain the projected route. On these occasions, his favourite hero, Alexander, with whose triumphs he was ambitious of associating his own, formed the usual subject of conversation. I must admit, however, that no one could be more sensible how much all this was beyond his means—how little these lofty imaginings accorded with the weakness of the government at home, and the dislike manifested by the very army he proposed leading on the enterprize. In pursuance of these plans, he even wrote to Tippoo Saib, 25th January, 1799, only fifteen days before marching

into Syria:—"You will have been already informed of my arrival on the shores of the Red Sea, with an army invincible as it is innumerable, and animated by the desire of delivering you from the iron yoke of England. I hasten to acquaint you with my desire of obtaining, by way of Muscat or Mocca, intelligence from yourself, respecting the political situation in which you may be placed. I wish even that you would send to Suez, or Grand Cairo, some person of ability, who enjoys your confidence, with whom I may confer." To this letter Tippoo did not reply, as frequently stated: there was not time: the empire of Mysore had fallen before the succeeding April. The Syrian expedition altered, but did not destroy, these gigantic hopes, till hope could no longer be entertained. The destinies of France, in the event of success, as will afterwards appear, would have been interwoven with new and mighty combinations. "If the English," wrote the Commander-in-chief to Kleber, soon after the fatal first of August, "if the English continue to inundate the Mediterranean, they will oblige us perhaps to do greater things than we otherwise would have attempted."

On the 11th February, 1799, we commenced our march for Syria, with about twelve thousand men. It has been erroneously published, that our numbers amounted to only six thousand: nearly that number perished in the campaign. Nor is the statement, that Kleber embarked his division at Damietta, less incorrect: he only assumed the command of the division already there. We had no naval force; besides, our troops were too few for exposure in a sea covered with enemies. At the moment while such was our condition and disposable resources, and leaving hardly as many men behind in Egypt, the Directory had published at home, *according to news just received*, that we had sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand horse; that the army had been doubled by its conflicts, and, since arriving in the East, had lost only

three hundred men. Write ye history after such official documents as these!

Before our departure, Berthier, through persevering entreaty, had at length obtained permission to return to France. Ten days before he was to have departed for Alexandria, and thence to sail in the *Courageous* frigate, which had for some time been preparing. His instructions were already remitted: Bonaparte had yielded with regret, but he could not allow to perish before his eyes, of home-sickness and romantic love, one who had so faithfully served him in every campaign, and who had so earnestly entreated this proof of regard. The time was approaching when the two friends were to part, never, it might be, to meet again. The General-in-chief thought of the separation with real pain: of this, the chief-of-staff was well aware. At the moment when all imagined that Berthier was about to set out for Alexandria, he entered Bonaparte's apartment:—"You are going then, decidedly, to make war in Asia?"—"You know for certain that all is prepared. I march in a few days."—"Well, then, I cannot leave you. I voluntarily renounce my return to France: it would be too painful for me to forsake you in the moment of fresh dangers: here are my instructions and my passport!" Bonaparte felt much gratified by this resolution, and all former coldness disappeared in a most cordial reconciliation. The fact is, these amorous regards had reached a foolish height, completely unhinging the little common sense bestowed upon Berthier by nature. Writers have placed him among the great men who have been lovers; but for our parts, insensibles that we were! the homages which he rendered to a portrait, designed in crayon, and passingly like the object of his adoration, often excited our mirth. One day, about three o'clock, I happened to be the bearer of an order from the Commander-in-chief to the chief-of-staff: I found him upon his knees on a little divan, before the portrait

of *Madame Visconti.** Berthier's back being turned to me, I had to give him a push, so intent were his devotions, to advertise him of my presence. He blustered a little, but was not at all put out.

One, whose absence I regretted much, was Louis Bonaparte, to whose return his brother consented, yielding to his peaceful tastes, impaired health, and languishing desire for home. Having the good fortune to escape the English cruizers, he arrived in safety, and, in passing through Sens, dined with Madame de Bourrienne, for whom he had taken charge of a beautiful shawl, the first cachemere, I believe, ever seen in France. Louis was very much astonished to find my wife in possession of the correspondence of the Egyptian army, which had been intercepted by the English, and published in London. He thus recovered several letters which had been addressed to himself; and read others in the same volume, which, as he informed me, would destroy the peace of more than one domestic circle, on the return of the army.

We left Marmont behind, in charge of Alexandria, a position he regarded as a disgrace, so earnest was his desire to be with the General, who had recently conferred upon him the rank of brigadier-general of artillery, as being the first man who entered Malta. He wrote to me a few days before our march into Syria, (7th February)—"It is now a long time, my dear Bourrienne, since I last claimed your remembrance. I should be culpable in longer silence, for I have seen your postscript in your last letter to La Valette. I reconcile myself with difficulty to live absent from my friends; and, for an age, have not beheld that family where I had contracted friendships so dear to me. I do not even presume that my destiny will soon call me amongst you: make me at least happy in the belief that you all think of me.

* At this period Madame Visconti was verging on fifty!—*Translator.*

Adieu, my good friend. The bombardment gives us some distraction in the midst of my griefs, but does not remove them. The General is become unkind towards me. Send me your letters; I can forward them—but no politics."

We had already been several days on our march across the Desert, when, one afternoon, having reached Messoudiah, or *The Fortunate*, a singular spectacle presented itself, which was something more to us than merely amusing. This place is situated upon the shore of the Mediterranean, and surrounded with hills of very fine sand, easily penetrable by the abundant rains of winter. The water thus lodged is preserved under the sand, so that, on scooping a hole, four or five inches deep, at the base of any of the hillocks, the fluid immediately gushes up, filling the little cistern. It was sufficiently amusing to see us all sprawling upon the sand, digging miniature wells with our hands, and, with comic selfishness, putting in practice all manner of stratagems to obtain the most abundant spring. But, otherwise, this was a discovery of no small importance to us: the water, in truth, was a little troubled, and we had no time to allow it to settle; still the taste was sufficiently pleasing, and we found the refreshment at the extremity of the Desert, under circumstances of almost universal privation, where the least mitigation reanimated the way-worn soldier by the renewal of hope. We touched, too, upon the confines of Syria, whose verdure, and sun, and vegetation, recalled our native land. Our soldiers bathed, also, the cool waves flowing within fifty paces of these our unexpected treasures, and all were refreshed.

While we were yet near this place, so justly termed *The Fortunate*, I observed Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as frequently happened. I was at a short distance, and know not why my attention was fixed upon the General at this particular moment. His countenance, at all times very pale, had assumed a still

more pallid hue; a change for which I could assign no cause. There seemed as if something convulsed his whole frame: his looks wandered, and several times he struck his forehead. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, he quitted Junot, and turned towards me. I advanced to meet him: scarcely had we closed—"You are not my friend!" said he, in a voice broken and stern: "Women! Josephine!—Had you, Bourrienne, been attached to me, you would have told me all that I have just learned from Junot: he is a true friend. Josephine!—and I six hundred leagues distant! You ought to have told me!—Josephine to have deceived me thus!—She!—Woe to them!—I will exterminate the whole race of coxcombs and danglers! As to her—divorce—yes, divorce,—a public and proclaimed divorce!—I must write—I know all!—It is your fault! you ought to have told me!" These broken exclamations, the disordered mien, the altered tone, all but too plainly informed me of the nature of the conversation with Junot. My situation was extremely delicate, but by good fortune I preserved my self-possession. I saw that Junot had taken most unwarrantable liberties with his General, and had cruelly exaggerated the indiscretions of Madame Bonaparte, if such indiscretions really existed. I did not conceal this opinion; ungenerous as the conduct certainly was, both towards an absent woman, who could not defend herself, and towards our leader, to whose public inquietudes—already sufficiently great—domestic afflictions were thus added; and false, as I believed the aspersions to be. These observations of mine, to which, notwithstanding, he listened with some calmness, made no impression. I spoke to him of his glory: "My glory!" cried he, "alas! what would I not give that those things Junot has told me were not true?—so much do I love that woman! If Josephine be guilty, a divorce must separate us for ever!—I will not be the laughing-stock of all the

idlers of Paris! I write instantly to Joseph; he must obtain the divorce." The General was still much agitated, but gradually became less so: I seized the moment, when, from having some determination on which to dwell, his mind had recovered a degree of calm, to represent the danger of writing to his brother on information doubtful at best. "The letter," added I, "probably intercepted, will discover the disorder of mind under which it was written: as to the divorce, you can think of that hereafter,—but with reflection." These last words produced an effect I had not dared to hope: at once he resumed calmness, listening as one who felt the necessity of even anticipating the words of consolation; and never again returned to the subject. Fifteen days afterwards, at St Jean d'Acre, he expressed to me great dissatisfaction with the conduct of Junot, whose indiscreet revelations he then began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived in the sequel that he never forgave the offence, and may almost affirm with certainty, that this operated as one cause why Junot was not a Marshal of France, as were several of his comrades, for whom Bonaparte had less affection. We may presume, too, that Josephine, afterwards informed of the whole by her husband, exerted no great interest in favour of her accuser.

Our little army advanced upon El Arych, where we arrived on the 17th February. The fatigues of the Desert, the want of water, and privations of all kinds, excited the most violent discontents among the soldiers. They insulted those whom they saw on horseback; indulged in threatening language against the republic, the *savants*, and those whom they regarded as the authors of the expedition. Exhausted by thirst, too, individuals frequently pierced the water-skins with their bayonets; and, from this cause, hurtful to all, numerous quarrels and disturbances arose. These brave fellows, however, often shewed a better spirit, softening with pleasantries the bitterness of

their taunts. A soldier, perceiving that his conversation with a comrade was producing a bad effect upon others, suddenly changing his tone, called out to one near him,—"Hollo, you there, can you tell me if this same Pacha of Acre has any water?"—"To be sure—I suppose so."—"Ah! very well—may the devil take as good care of him as he does of it!—not a drop he allows to pass." We were yet forty leagues from Acre.

On the 26th of February, El Arych surrendered. We shall see hereafter that a mistake has prevailed regarding the fate of the garrison. On the 28th, we had the first prospect of the verdant and fertile fields of Syria. At length we had rain—often too much. The first of March saw us in Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, where we slept in a small convent, inhabited by two monks, who were very attentive to our wants. The church was given up for an hospital. These good fathers told us, that by this way passed the family of Jesus Christ in their flight to Egypt, and shewed the springs at which they quenched their thirst, where the pure and delicious water afforded us great pleasure. The associations of education, nourished by the mighty events transacted in these regions, maintained mysterious influence over our imagination. We were only about six leagues from Jerusalem. I asked the Commander-in-chief, if he entertained no wish to visit that celebrated city. "Oh! as for that,—no! Jerusalem lies not in my line of operation: I court no dealings with mountaineers in their own rugged defiles. And then, upon the other side of the mountain, I should be assailed by a numerous cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Crassus."

We had, therefore, nothing to say to Jerusalem; only a manifesto was despatched to the authorities, declaring our pacific intentions with respect to them, to which no answer was returned. After passing Ramleh, we met with two, or, it might be, three,

hundred Christians, in a most pitiable state of servitude, misery, and destitution. In conversing with them, I could not help admiring how much the hope of future reward tended to comfort them under present evils; but I learned from many among them that they lived not well together. The same passions of hatred and jealousy are found wherever, and under whatsoever circumstances, men exist in society.

On arriving before Jaffa, where were already some troops, one of the first persons I met was Adjutant-General Gressieux, to whom, on asking how he did, I offered my hand. "What are you about?" said he, repelling my advances with a precipitate gesture. "Good God! you may have the plague: we never touch each other here!" This I related to the General-in-chief, who merely said, "If he is afraid of the pestilence, he will die of it." In fact, we learned a short time after, that he speedily fell a victim to the infection.

The siege of Jaffa, a paltry town, dignified as the ancient Joppa, commenced on the 4th, and terminated, by assault and pillage, on the 6th of March. The carnage was horrible. Bonaparte sent his aides-de-camp Beauharnois and Croiser to appease, as far as possible, the fury of the soldiery; to examine what passed, and report. They learned that a numerous detachment of the garrison had retired into a strong position, where large buildings, or caravanserai surrounded a court yard. This court they entered, displaying the scarfs which marked their rank. The Albanians and Arnauts, composing nearly the entire of these refugees, cried out from the windows, that they wished to surrender, on condition of their lives being spared; if not, threatening to fire upon the officers, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The young men conceived they ought, and had power, to accede to the demand, in opposition to the sentence of death pronounced against the garrison of every

place taken by assault. I was walking with General Bonaparte before his tent, when these prisoners, in two columns, amounting to about four thousand, were marched into the camp. When he beheld the mass of men arrive, and before seeing the aides-de-camp, he turned to me with an expression of consternation, —"What would they have me to do with these? Have I provisions to feed them? ships to transport them, either to Egypt or France? How the devil could they play me this trick?" The two aides-de-camp, on their arrival and explanations, received the strongest reprimands; to their defence, that they were alone amid numerous enemies, and that he had recommended them to appease the slaughter, "Yes," replied the General, in the sternest tone, "without doubt, the slaughter of women, children, old men, the peaceable inhabitants; but not of armed soldiers. You ought to have braved death, and not brought these to me: what would you have me do with them?"

But the evil was done—four thousand men were there—their fate must be determined. The prisoners, each with his hands bound behind him by cords, were made to sit down grouped together, before the tents. A gloomy rage was depicted in every lineament: they received a little biscuit and some bread, deducted from the already scanty stores of the army. A council was held in the General's tent, which, after long deliberation, broke up without coming to any resolution. The day following arrived, in the evening, the reports of the generals of division; these were filled with complaints on the insufficiency of provisions, and the discontent of the soldiers, who murmured because of their rations being devoured by enemies withdrawn from their just vengeance. All these reports were alarming, especially those of General Bon: they even induced the fear of a revolt. Again the council assembled, to which were summoned all

the generals of division. The measures here discussed for hours, with a sincere desire of adopting and executing that which might save these unfortunate captives, were the following:—

Shall they be sent to Egypt? and have we the means of transportation? In this case, it would be necessary to give them a numerous escort, and our little army would be too weak in a hostile country. Besides, how feed both prisoners and escort, when we could give them no provisions on setting out, over a tract already exhausted of resources by our passage? If it is proposed to send them by sea, where are the ships? With every telescope turned upon the ocean, we could discern not one friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded this as a real favour *of fortune*. It was this hope—I have pleasure in saying so—this thought alone, that enabled him to brave, for three days, the murmurs of his army. But we ever hoped in vain for distant succour: it never came.

Shall these prisoners, then, be liberated? They will then either set out directly for Acre, to reinforce the Pacha, or, throwing themselves into the mountainous tract of Naplouse, harass our rear and right flank, and the destruction of our own men will be the price of the life which we have spared. If this be deemed incredible, ask the question of our own experience,—what is the life of a Christian dog in the estimation of a Turk? Ingratitude will here become with them an act of religion.

Shall we then disarm and incorporate these men among our own troops? Here was suggested, in all its force, the question of provisions: afterwards occurred the danger of such companions in an enemy's country. What was to be done with them, in the event of a conflict before Acre? or how dispose of them beneath the walls of that city? The difficulties of provisioning and of guarding them increased more and more.

The third day arrived, yet no means of safety, so much desired, for these unhappy men, presented itself. The

murmurs of the camp augmented—the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—danger was real and pressing. On the 10th of March, the order, "that they should be shot," was issued and executed. There was no separation of the Egyptians, as has been said—there were no Egyptian prisoners.

Many of these miserable beings, composing the smaller column, which, amounting to about fifteen hundred, was drawn up on the beach, at some distance from the main body, while the butchery was going on, escaped, by swimming to some reefs out of gun-shot. Perceiving this, our men laid down their muskets on the sand, and employing the signs of reconciliation and of amity, which they had learned in Egypt, invited the return of their victims. They did return; but, coming within reach, found death, and perished amid the waters. I limit myself to those details of this horrible necessity, of which I was an eye-witness. The atrocious scene makes me yet shudder when I think of it, as when it passed before me: much rather would I forget, if possible, than describe. All that can be imagined of fearful, in this day of blood, would fall short of the reality. I have reported the truth—the whole truth. I assisted at all the debates—at all the conferences—at all the deliberations. I had, of course, no deliberative voice; but I owe it to candour to declare, that, had I possessed a right of voting, my voice would have been for death. The result of the deliberations, and the circumstances of our army, would have constrained me to this opinion. War unfortunately offers instances, by no means rare, in which an immutable law of all times, and common to all nations, has decreed, that private interests shall be sacrificed to one paramount public good, and humanity itself be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether such was the terrible position of Bonaparte. I have an intimate conviction of the fact; moreover, by the advice of the council of officers, whose opinion finally became unanimous,

was the matter decided. I owe it also to truth to state, that he yielded only at the last extremity, and was, perhaps, one of those who witnessed the massacre with the greatest sorrow.

After the siege of Jaffa, the plague began to manifest its approaches with more severity. From first to last, seven or eight hundred men were lost by the contagion, during the Syrian expedition. It was not, however, it will be seen, on the capture of Jaffa, as historians and biographers relate, that the famous, and not ill-imagined scene in the hospital took place.*

Our march upon Acre, which commenced on the 14th March, was by no means the series of triumphs and obstacles vaunted in certain works. All has been made out of the foolhardiness of General Lannes, who, contrary to the express orders of Bonaparte, obstinately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Naplouse. In returning, he fell into an ambuscade, losing sixty men killed, and more than double the number wounded, the Turks firing from behind rocks and down precipices upon our people. During the firing, Bonaparte manifested much inquietude, and most severely reproached Lannes for having uselessly exposed, and sacrificed without object, a number of brave followers. Lannes excused himself, by saying, the peasantry had insulted his detachment, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are in no situation," replied the Commander, sternly, "to indulge in such bravadoes." Our evening bivouac was a melancholy one; the rain fell in torrents, and Zeta, where we halted for the night, on the 15th, afforded no resources for our wounded. The useless

* One note is introduced here as a specimen of the remarks upon Sir Walter Scott. "The Scotch writer says, that 'Heaven sent this scourge to avenge the massacre at Jaffa.' Here is a double blunder. In the first place, *it would have been a much more simple proceeding for Heaven to have prevented the massacre;* and, secondly, the division of Kleber had brought the seeds of infection from Damietta."

loss just sustained seemed a sad augury to many,—a presentiment but too surely confirmed by the event.

On the 18th we arrived before Acre. The Djezzar, as we learned, had just taken the head from our envoy Mailly, causing the body to be thrown into the sea in a sack. This cruel Pacha must have ordered a great number of similar executions, for the waves often threw ashore bodies in this state, which we discovered while bathing. The details of the siege are sufficiently known. Though encompassed by a wall, flanked with good towers, having also a broad and pretty deep ditch, defended by regular works, this small fortress was judged incapable of protracted defence against French valour, and the science of our engineers. But the facility and promptitude of the capture of Jaffa blinded us not a little in regard to the similar appearance, though different condition, of the two places. At Jaffa we possessed a sufficient artillery; at Acre we did not: we had only to do with the defenders of Jaffa, left to their own resources; at Acre we were opposed to a garrison, maintained by reinforcements of men and stores, supported by an English fleet, and aided by European science.

Sidney Smith, doubtless, was the great cause of our failure. Much has been said of his intercourse with the Commander-in-chief. The reproaches addressed by the latter, of Sir Sidney having endeavoured to seduce the officers and soldiers of the French army, even supposing them to have been well founded, were the more singular, that such means are frequently resorted to by belligerents. As to the embarking French prisoners on board a vessel infected by the plague, the odious accusation is repelled by its improbability alone; but, above all, by established facts. At the time, I observed Sir Sidney closely, and certainly remarked a species of knight-errantry in his disposition, sometimes leading to insignificant fooleries; but I affirm, that his conduct towards the French was that of a generous enemy. Several letters have been

shewn me, which bore witness in his favour, that the writers "were very grateful for the good treatment experienced by the French, when they had fallen into his hands."

At Acre, all the dispositions—all the works—all the attacks, were conducted with that slightness and carelessness which a too sanguine confidence inspires. Kleber, in his walks with me through the lines, often expressed his surprise and dissatisfaction on this head. "The trenches," said he, "are not knee deep, we ought necessarily to have had battering cannon. We began with only field-pieces. This encouraged the besieged, by disclosing the weakness of our means." Our heavy artillery, consisting of no more than three twenty-fours, and six eighteens, arrived, with the greatest difficulty, not before the last days of April, and already three assaults had been made, with evident loss; by the 4th of May, our powder, too, began to fail. Balls also were wanting, and an order of the day fixed a price, according to the calibre, for each bullet shot from the place or the ships of war, which could be recovered and brought in. The ships *Tiger* and *Theseus*, stationed on each side of the bay, interrupted the communication between the camp and the trenches, but caused more noise than mischief: an officer, however, was killed by one of their balls the evening before the raising of the siege.

Upon the walls, the enemy had stationed marksmen, chiefly Albanians, of great expertness. They placed stones, one above the other, on the top of the parapet, and, putting their rifles through the openings, took aim, completely under cover, and with deadly precision. On the 9th April, General Caffarelli, so well known for courage and talent, was traversing the works, with his hand resting on the hip, in order to balance the defective gait occasioned by his wooden leg. The general's elbow thus extended above the trench. He was warned that the balls, fired so near from the place, hit the smallest objects. Paying no

attention to this warning, he had his elbow fractured a few instants after. Amputation of the arm was judged indispensable, which the general survived eighteen days. Bonaparte went regularly twice a-day to visit him, and, by his orders, harmonizing with my own regard for the patient, I hardly ever left him. A little before his last moments, he said to me,—"My dear Bourrienne, read me Voltaire's preface to the Spirit of Laws." I did so,—and he fell asleep. On entering the tent of the Commander-in-chief, he asked as usual, "How goes it with Caffarelli?" I told him what had happened, and that his end approached. "Bah! so he wished to hear that preface? It is singular." Bonaparte went to see him; but he still slept. I returned, and received the general's last sigh, which he yielded the same night, in the greatest tranquillity. The general died universally regretted,—a brave soldier, and a man of science.

In the assault of the 10th May, Bonaparte was early in the trenches, attended by Croiser, who had vainly sought death during the siege; for life had become even more insupportable since the unhappy affair at Jaffa. Aware that the termination of the siege, which he foresaw to be near, must greatly retard the desired death, he leaped upon a battery. This elevated situation necessarily drew upon him the fire of the enemy. "Croiser!" exclaimed Bonaparte, in a voice of thunder, "come down—I command you—you have no business there!" The youth remained, without returning any answer. An instant after, a ball passed through his right thigh. Amputation was performed. The day of our departure he was placed upon a litter; but he died of locked jaw between Gaza and El Arych, where I received his last adieu. Seldom will his lowly resting-place be disturbed.

The siege of St Jean d'Acre continued sixty days. There had been in that time eight assaults, and twelve sorties. During the assault of the 8th May, more than two hundred men penetrated into the city.

Already the shout of victory arose; but the breach, taken in flank by the Turks, could not be entered with sufficient promptitude, and the party was left without support. The streets barricadoed—the very women running about throwing dust in the air, exciting the inhabitants by cries and howlings,—all contributed to render unavailing this short occupation, by a handful of brave men, who, finding themselves alone, regained the breach, by a retrograde movement; but not before many had fallen. At this assault, Duroc, then in the trenches, was wounded by the recoil of the fragment of a howitzer-shot fired against the fortifications. Fortunately, the fleshy part only of the thigh was carried away, the bone remaining untouched. He had a tent in common with several other aides-de-camp, but, for better accommodation, I had him brought into mine, and scarcely ever quitted his side. On entering about mid-day, after a short absence, I found the patient in a profound sleep. The excessive heat had made him throw off all covering; and even a part of his wound lay exposed. A small scorpion, which had crawled up by the leg of the camp bedstead, was just on the point of reaching the sore. I had the good fortune to dash the reptile to the earth; but the somewhat hasty movement awoke my patient.

We often bathed in the sea. There were days when the English, *probably excited by grog*, let fly broadsides at our floating heads.* I know not that any accident ever resulted from these efforts. Convinced of the impossibility of being hit, we soon gave no attention; and, indeed, the circumstance afforded us matter of diversion.

Towards the conclusion of the siege, the news from Egypt announced some inconsiderable risings in Lower Egypt. These were occasioned by a fanatic,

* The exciting cause will, probably, be thought singular.—*Translator.*

El Mohdy, who gave himself out for an angel. They had, however, no farther consequence beyond throwing upon our rear some enthusiasts, whose illusions were effectually exorcised by the musket,—a potent divining rod. I expressed some surprise at the want of intelligence from Upper Egypt. "Desaix is there," replied Bonaparte; "and I am easy." A few days after, he heard from that general, unceasingly engaged in beating and pursuing the indefatigable Mourad. These despatches contained information of the loss of a very beautiful and large dgerm, built for the navigation of the Nile, and named *The Italy*. The commander, Morandi, after an obstinate resistance, and despairing of escape from the Arabs and Fellahs, fired the powder magazine, and perished with many of those on board; namely, the greater part of the music of the 61st demi-brigade, and some armed and wounded soldiers. Those who escaped on shore, as private letters stated, were put to death amid the most horrible torments, to the sound of their own music, played by their unfortunate companions. Thus all, in turn, to the very last, became sufferers. This sad news, the frightful details, and the name of the dgerm, struck forcibly upon the General's mind. "My good friend," addressing me in a prophetic tone, "Italy is lost to France—it is all over—my presentiments never deceive me!" I combated this opinion, by endeavouring to convince him, that there could be no connection between Italy and the destruction of a bark, to which the name of that country had been given, at a distance of eight hundred leagues; but nothing could induce him to give it up. The prediction was soon realized.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN FROM SYRIA — DREADFUL MARCH — POISONING THE SICK AT JAFFA — BONAPARTE FIRED AT — ARRIVAL AT CAIRO — BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA — SECRET PREPARATIONS — EMBARKATION FOR EUROPE.

The siege of Acre was raised on the 20th May, after having cost nearly three thousand men in killed and dead of the plague or of their wounds. Had there been less precipitation in the attack, and had the advances been conducted according to the rules of art, the town could not have held out three days, and one assault, such as that of the 8th May, would have sufficed. Or, what would have been wiser in our situation, destitute as we were of artillery and of provisions, while the place was plentifully supplied, and in active communication with the English and Ottoman Porte, the siege ought not to have been undertaken. In the bulletins, always so veracious, the loss of the French is estimated at five hundred killed, and a thousand wounded, while that of the enemy is augmented to fifteen thousand. These documents are doubtless curious pieces for history — certainly not because they are true. Bonaparte, however, attached the greatest importance to these relations, which were always drawn up, or corrected, by himself.

It ought, at the same time, to be told, that nothing was more ardently desired than to figure in a bulletin. Bonaparte knew this, converting it into a powerful means of reward and of excitement. I had expressed to Berthier an eager wish to be indulged in a close inspection of the labours of the siege, and he took me

with him to the trenches. Contrary to a promise of silence, he told this to the General, who had forbidden my approach to the works. "What had you to do there?" asked the latter, in a sufficiently severe tone; "that was not your place." I observed, in reply, that Berthier had told me there would be no assault, and that a sortie was not to be expected, the garrison having made one the evening before. "What signifies all that?—there might have been one; and those who have no business in harm's way, are always the first victims. Every one to his own affairs: wounded or killed, I should not have even named you in the bulletin. People would have laughed; and they would have served you rightly."

Napoleon has said at St Helena, that, if Acre had fallen, he would have changed the face of the world; and, afterwards, "the fate of the East was in that place." This idea was not, like many others, invented there. These very words he frequently pronounced beneath the walls of Acre. Gigantic projects tormented him on the shores of the Ptolemaid, as, in like manner, probably, the painful remembrance of not having executed them, haunted him on the solitary rock of the Atlantic. To these schemes we have, in part, alluded. The following is a conversation held with me after the unsuccessful assault of the 8th, wherein his friend Lannes was wounded. We generally walked together, every evening, at a short distance from the sea-shore; and it was the day after this unsuccessful attempt, that Bonaparte, distressed at beholding the blood of so many brave men uselessly shed, addressed me in these words:—"Yes, Bourrienne, I see that this paltry town has cost me many men, and occupies much time; but things have gone too far not to risk a last effort. If we succeed, as is to be hoped, I shall find in that place the treasures of the Pacha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will raise and arm the whole of Syria, already so exasperated by the cruelty of the

Djezzar, for whose fall you have witnessed the people supplicate Heaven at each assault. I march upon Damascus and Aleppo; I recruit my army, by advancing into every country where discontent prevails; I announce to the people the abolition of slavery, and of the tyrannical government of the Pachas; I arrive at Constantinople with armed masses; I overturn the dominion of the Mussulman; I found in the East a new and mighty empire, which shall fix my position with posterity; and, perhaps, I return to Paris by Adrianople or Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." After some observations drawn from me by designs so vast, he continued,—"Eh! remark you not that the Druses wait only the fall of Acre, to rise? Have not the keys of Damascus been already offered? I have put off the acceptance from day to day, expecting the reduction of these walls, because at present I am unable to derive full advantage from that great city. By the plan which I meditate, every species of succour from the beys of Egypt is cut off, and this conquest secured. I will cause Desaix to be named commander-in-chief. If we are unsuccessful in the last assault, now about to be made, I am off instantly: time presses: I shall not reach Cairo before the middle of June. The winds are then favourable for a northern passage into Egypt. Constantinople will send troops to Alexandria and Damietta: I must be there. The army which, at a later period, will come by land, I do not fear for this year. I will cause every thing to be destroyed to the very entrance of the Desert, thus rendering the march of an army, from this, impossible for two years to come. An army cannot exist in the midst of ruins."

On returning to my tent, I committed to paper this conversation, of which both my head and heart were full. I am inclined to say, that the above is rendered word for word. It ought also to be added, that, during the whole siege, our camp was filled with the inhabitants of the country, anxious for the success

of our arms, and who never failed, at every assault, to address to Heaven their fervent prayers. Many among these knelt down, and prayed, with their faces towards the city. It is likewise true, that Damascus had sent to Bonaparte the offer of its keys. All this seemed flattering to the execution of his favourite plan. Still, I could not forbear astonishment, that, with perfect knowledge of our situation, and the little chance of taking Acre, he should have persisted in cherishing ideas so vast. The latter part of his avowal, depending not upon contingencies, but upon his own will, filled me with sorrow. I could not dwell upon the thought of the premeditated devastation, pillage, and burning, of fifty leagues of country. Sad consequences of war!

The Druses, on whom Bonaparte so much relied, are regarded as half Christians, and descendants of the Crusaders; nay, as some will have, of the followers of the Count de Dreux, in France. They are neither the one nor the other. Their religion is a corruption of Muhammedanism, and their language pure Arabic. On this and other eastern subjects, M. Savary has composed little better than a romance. We learned at Cairo, that this gentleman, much at his ease, in his own chamber, had got up his *Travels* often from the most contradictory and absurd accounts; and when he says, I witnessed this fact, or, I talked with that chief, he had seen nothing, nor conversed with any one.

The troops quitted Acre on the 20th of May, when Bonaparte issued a proclamation, which insults truth from beginning to end, and is yet to be read in many works! We took our departure at night, in order to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to place the army, having three leagues of flat to traverse, beyond range of the English gun-boats and vessels of war, in the bay of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick had commenced two days before. We effected our night march along the shore

of the Mediterranean, and passed Mount Carmel. Here we learned, that three of our sick, left in the hospital of the convent, and intrusted too confidently to Turkish generosity, had been put to a cruel death.

Thus terminated this disastrous expedition. But a fearful journey lay yet before us. Some of the wounded were carried in litters, and the rest on camels and mules. A devouring thirst; the total want of water; an excessive heat; a fatiguing march among scorching sand hills; demoralized the men: a most cruel selfishness, the most unfeeling indifference, took place of every generous and humane sentiment. I have seen officers, with amputated limbs, thrown from the litters when their transport had been ordered, and who had themselves given money as a recompense for the fatigue: I have beheld abandoned among the wheat fields, soldiers who had lost their limbs, wounded and plague patients, or those supposed to be such. Our march was lighted up by torches, kindled for the purpose of setting on fire towns, villages, hamlets, and the rich crops with which the earth was covered. The whole country was in flames. It seemed as if we sought a solace in this extent of mischief for our own reverses and sufferings. We were surrounded only by the dying, by plunderers, by incendiaries. Wretched beings, at the point of death, thrown by the way-side, continued to call with feeble voice, "I have not the plague; I am but wounded;" and, to convince those that passed, they might be seen tearing open their real wounds, or inflicting new ones. Nobody believed them. It was the interest of all not to believe. Comrades would say, "He is done for now: his march is over!" then pass on, look to themselves, and feel satisfied. The sun in all his splendour, under that beautiful sky, was obscured by the smoke of continual conflagration. We had the sea on our right; on our left, and behind us, lay the desert which we made; before were the

sufferings and privations that awaited us. Such was our real position.

We reached Tentoura on the 20th. The heat had been suffocating, and universal discouragement prevailed. Our loss among the wounded and sick had already been considerable, since leaving Acre. This truly afflicting state of an army, denominated the *triumphant*, made upon the Commander-in-chief an impression such as could not possibly fail to be produced. Scarcely had we halted, when he called me, and hastily dictated an order for every one to march on foot, and that all horses, mules, and camels, should be given up for the transport of the sick and wounded who yet survived. "Carry that to Berthier." The order was instantly issued. Scarcely had I returned, when Vigogne, equerry to the Commander-in-chief, entered the tent, hat in hand: "General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?" In the first ebullition of indignation excited by this question, he inflicted a violent blow with a whip upon the person of the equerry; then added, in a voice of terrific expression, "Let every soul be on foot, scoundrel! I the first—Heard you not the order?—Begone!"

The great object with all now was, how to avoid giving their horses to those suspected of the plague. As to the wounded, and those suffering from amputations, not the slightest difficulty was made. I had a very fine horse for my own use, a mule, and two camels. I resigned the whole with the greatest pleasure; but confess directing my domestic to take all possible care lest a plague patient should be mounted on my horse. My charger was restored in a very short time. The same thing happened to many others. The reason may easily be divined.

Tentoura, likewise, and its moving sands, beheld the loss of our last guns of calibre. They were buried from want of the means of transportation. The soldiers appeared for a moment to forget their own

sufferings in regret for these the instruments and witnesses of those triumphs which had shaken Europe.

We slept at Cesarea on the 22d, and marched the whole of the following night. Towards daybreak, a man, concealed among some bushes on our left—we had the sea within two paces of our right—fired almost close at hand, aiming at the Commander-in-chief, who was asleep on his horse. I rode beside him. The wood being searched, the marksman was easily taken, and ordered to be instantly shot. Four of the guides drove him to the sea, with their carabines touching his back. All four, from the heavy night-dew, missed fire, as they had pressed the captive to the brink; the Syrian plunged into the waves, and, by great agility in swimming, gained a rock, so distant, that of all the troop, who fired at him in succession, not one hit the mark. Bonaparte, pursuing his march, desired me to wait for Kleber, who commanded the rear guard, to inform him of what had happened, recommending him "not to miss the droll fellow on the rock." The affair ended, I believe, in the death of the fugitive.

We returned to Jaffa on the 24th May, and remained there during the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. This city, but lately the scene of a terrible necessity, was once more to behold the same necessity of commanding death. Here have I a rigorous duty to fulfil; I shall fulfil it, and will declare what I know—what I saw. Some tents were erected on a little eminence near the gardens which surround Jaffa on the east. The order was secretly given to blow up the fortifications, and, on the 27th, upon the signal appointed, we suddenly beheld the town uncovered. An hour afterwards, the General, attended by Berthier, with several physicians and surgeons, and the ordinary staff, entered his tent. I accompanied him. A long and melancholy deliberation ensued respecting the probable fate of those incurably sick of the plague, and their term of life. After the most con-

scientious discussion, it was decided to anticipate, by a potion, an inevitable death, which must take place a few hours later, but under circumstances more grievous and painful.

Bonaparte rapidly traversed the fallen ramparts of the little city, and entered the hospital. There were here some with amputations, some wounded, many soldiers afflicted with ophthalmia, uttering lamentable cries, and the plague patients. The beds of the last were to the right, on entering the first ward. I walked by the General's side. I affirm never having seen him touch a single infected patient. And why should he have touched them? They were in the last stage of the malady. No one spoke a word. Bonaparte knew well that he had no safeguard against infection, and that to expose himself needlessly was to expose his army, who had no hope save in him. He traversed the wards quickly, switching the yellow top of his boot with the whip which he carried in his hand. While moving rapidly along, he repeated these words,—"The fortifications are destroyed: Fortune has been against me at Acre: I must return to Egypt, in order to preserve it from the enemies that are coming: The Turks will be here in a few hours. Let all who feel themselves able, rise and come with us; they shall be transported in litters and on horseback." There were barely sixty plague patients. Whatever has been said of numbers above this, is exaggeration. Their total silence, their complete exhaustion, or universal stupor, announced their approaching end. To carry them out in that state was evidently to inoculate the army with the pestilence. All the various theories and accounts of this event, of which I am by no means ignorant, are fabrications or fables. The fact ought to be frankly avowed, proving, at the same time, its indispensable, though painful, necessity. For my part, I declare what I believed then to be true—what I believe now to be true. I cannot say that I saw the potion

administered; I should tell an untruth. I am unable, therefore, to name any person, without hazarding something incorrect. But I know quite positively, that, after deliberating, such determination was taken —and ought to have been taken. That the order, in consequence of this determination, was given, and that the plague patients died, are facts which I guarantee for the discovery of the truth. How! is that which formed the whole subject of conversation at head-quarters, on the morrow after our departure from Jaffa, as a thing not to be doubted; that of which we spoke as a lamentable necessity; that which was spread throughout the whole army by public report; that which men regarded as a fact, the details only requiring explanation;—is that become an atrocious invention to ruin the fame of a hero? Napoleon's own statement from St Helena is in the main correct, except as respects the number, which signifies nothing. If it was right in the case of the seven or eight, which he acknowledged did receive the opiate, the act was equally justifiable in the case of sixty, to whom I *believe* it was administered, and for whom I *know* it to have been ordered. If wrong, the crime was the same in either case. His reasoning on its propriety, necessity, and even humanity, is but a repetition of that which every one, and he among the rest, employed and admitted twenty years before at Jaffa.

Our little army reached Cairo on the 14th of June, after a most painful march of twenty-five days, accomplished under every species of privation. The heat, during the passage of the Desert between El Arych and Belbeys, had exceeded 33 deg. usually, and, on the ball of the thermometer being placed on the side, the mercury rose to 45 deg.* The fallacious

* The thermometer here used must have been the *centigrade*, consequently the temperature indicated was equal to 92 deg. and 113 deg. of Fahrenheit!—*Translator.*

mirage was more seductive than ever; and, notwithstanding the lessons of sad experience, so real appeared the illusion, we often could not refrain urging forward our jaded steeds, to find—only salt and arid sands. In two days I found my cloak covered with salt left by the evaporation of the night dew. The bitter waters of these deserts, which our thirsty horses drank with avidity, occasioned the loss of great numbers,—the poor animals dropping under their riders before they had gone a mile from the watering place.

The bad success of the Syrian expedition gave birth to complaints and reflections, such as our position called forth, and marked more by their justness than moderation. "Why," men said, "go to anticipate the movements of an army which did not yet exist? Why, if this army was one day to attack Egypt, spare it the difficulties and evils of a march across the Desert? and why set out to besiege that army in its own strongholds, in place of waiting for it on the plains of Egypt? Was it not evident, also, that the sea, in the possession of our enemies, would be of vast importance in such an expedition?" This reasoning of the general good sense of the army would be incontrovertible if the real object of the war had been, as officially announced, the destruction of the butcher of Syria. But we have seen that it concealed other and greater, but, in our circumstances, objects more chimerical still.

Bonaparte announced his entrance into Cairo by one of those lying bulletins that imposed only on fools. "I bring," said he, in this precious document, "many prisoners and colours. I have razed the palace of the Djezzar, the ramparts of Acre: There stands not one stone above another. All the inhabitants fled by sea; Djezzar is dangerously wounded." I avow a painful sentiment felt while writing these words from his dictation. Excited by what I had just witnessed, it was difficult to refrain hazarding

some observation; but his constant reply was,—"My dear fellow, you are a ninny, and comprehend nothing at all of the matter;" and, with these words, signed what was to fill the world, and to inspire the historian! Our return to Egypt, too, has been attributed to insurrections in that country. Nothing can be more incorrect: these were trifling. The reverses at Acre, and the fear, or rather wise foresight, of a hostile disembarkation in July, were the true causes. We had enough of Syria. What should we have done longer there? Lose men and time. Truly our leader had neither too many men nor too much time at his disposal.

At Cairo I found several letters; among others, the following from Marmont, dated Alexandria:—"I send you, my dear friend, a letter, which was enclosed in one from my wife. I earnestly hope, it may contain wherewith to interest you deeply, and give you good news of your wife and children. I have received letters from my poor Hortense. She grieves, and expects me with impatience. Heaven grant, my friend, that I may soon be enabled, with honour, to see her again! If peace continue, and if the General still retains any of his former friendship for me, within two months I may hope to meet her once more. Mine is not a light nor foolish passion; no sentiment of frivolity inspires my eager desire of returning to France; but a prudent calculation, which makes me dread misfortunes, that to me would be irreparable. Domestic happiness, the peace of a family circle, the mutual confidence of hearts that love,—these, my dear B. are the only objects worth envying. These blessings I yet possess, but risk losing them; and General Bonaparte, under whose auspices our union was cemented, ought to render it happy."

Scarcely arrived at Cairo, Bonaparte learned that the brave and indefatigable Mourad Bey was descending by the route of Fayoum, to join certain insurrectionary movements in Bohahyreh. In all probability,

these had some connection with the Turkish dispositions on the coast; and Mourad was directed by news from Constantinople. The Natron Lakes were appointed as the rendezvous; but Murat being despatched thither, the bey retired by the Desert of Gizeh and the Pyramids. Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of this enterprizing chief, whom he regarded as his most formidable enemy in Egypt. All his informations announced, that this bey, supported by the Arabs, was hovering upon the confines of the Desert of Gizeh. Bonaparte, therefore, resolved to march in person, in order, from a central point, to direct different corps against so able and active a partizan. On this expedition, he left Cairo for the Pyramids on the 14th July. Amid these ruins of Memphian sepulchres, he sojourned three or four days. We shall presently see the reason of this brief stay. In the meantime, I shall just recur to a pretty little romance, which has been got up on this journey,—a necessary step in our warlike operations. It is pretended, that here an assignation was made with the mufti and the ulemas, and that Bonaparte himself entered with them into the great pyramid, shouting, "Glory to Allah! God only is God, and Mahomet his Prophet!" Now, unluckily for all this, Bonaparte never entered the pyramid, nor ever entertained a thought or intention of doing so. I should most certainly have been of the party; and I never for one second quitted him in the Desert. He sent some people into one of the great pyramids. He, however, remained without; and they gave an account of what they had seen in the interior,—that is to say, they informed him there was nothing to see. The conversation with the mufti and the ulemas, if so intended, is a very clumsy attempt at wit. These venerable personages were no more present, than were the pope and the archbishops.

On the evening of the 15th, I was walking with the General, when we perceived, advancing from the

north, an Arab messenger at full speed. He was the bearer of a despatch from Marmont, who commanded at Alexandria, greatly to Bonaparte's satisfaction. The Turks had disembarked on the 11th, at Aboukir, under escort and protection of an English fleet. This news of a landing by fifteen or sixteen thousand enemies, did not surprise Bonaparte, who had long foreseen such an occurrence. The event, however, was little expected by the generals, to whom he had announced the destruction, before Acre, of that very army now arrived in Egypt.

Immediately on perusing this despatch, Bonaparte, shutting himself up in his tent, continued till three o'clock next morning, dictating to me his orders for the march of the troops, and for the conduct of those who, during his absence, were to remain in the interior. I beheld at this crisis the full development of that ardent spirit, which difficulties roused,—that celerity which anticipated chances. He was all action, and never hesitated. At four o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, he was on horseback, and the army in full march. At this epoch of life, energy, decision, promptitude, imperturbable presence of mind, and rapidity of execution, never forsook him on great emergencies. Must I not render justice to these qualities? On the eighth day, after leaving the Pyramids, we were in Alexandria, where all was prepared for that memorable conflict of the 25th July, which certainly did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval engagement of the same name;* yet the battle of Alexandria will ever recall to Frenchmen one of their most glorious achievements in arms.

The Turks being defeated, Bonaparte sent an envoy on board the English admiral's ship. Our intercourse was marked by that urbanity which ought to charac-

* Nelson's victory of Aboukir is by the French writers named the battle of Alexandria.—*Translator.*

terize the relations of civilized nations. The admiral presented to our envoy some little gifts, in return for those we had sent, and the French Gazette of Franckfort, of the 28th June, 1799. For ten months, we had been without news from France. Bonaparte ran over this journal with an eagerness easy to be conceived. "Well," said he, "my presentiment has not deceived me: Italy is lost. The miserable creatures! All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must be gone."

He caused Berthier to be called—made him read the news. "Things," said he, "go ill in France. I must see what is passing there. You shall with me;" adding, that only myself and Gentheaume, for whom he had sent, were in the secret; and recommending to Berthier discretion; to shew no extraordinary joy; to change nothing of his usual habits; to make no purchases, nor sell any thing; finishing with the words, "I am sure of myself,—I am sure of Bourrienne." The chief-of-staff promised silence, and kept his pledge. He had enough of Egypt, burned with a desire of returning to France, and feared lest his own indiscretion should ruin all. Gentheaume arrived. Bonaparte gave him an order to prepare two frigates, *Le Muiron* and *La Carrière*, and two small brigs, *La Revanche* and *La Fortune*, with provisions for four or five hundred men, and for two months. He then confessed to him the secret of the armament, recommending the closest concealment of its object, and to act with such prudence, that the English cruisers might remain also in complete ignorance of the preparations. Afterwards, he settled with Gentheaume the route to be followed. He provided for every contingency.

We have just seen the sole cause of the departure of General Bonaparte for Europe. It is a very plain fact, which has been disguised by the most absurd suppositions and ridiculous conjectures. It has been the object to assign to a simple occurrence, some

extraordinary origin. It is not true, as so often repeated, that he had determined on his departure before the battle of Alexandria. He would have been very well pleased, had that disembarkation not taken place, in which case, he would have waited for news from France, and taken his resolution accordingly. It is pretended, that Bonaparte had received intelligence of events in Italy, before the engagement of the 25th, by means of his secret correspondence. There existed no correspondence, either private or official. Ten months had already elapsed, and we were still without news from Europe. It is contrary to truth, that he was officially informed of the posture of affairs in France, and of the critical situation of things both there and in Italy. Who is Bourbaki, or Bombachi, reported so confidently to have brought news from Joseph to his brother at Acre, which occasioned the siege to be raised? I never heard the name; and how was he to arrive at the camp *alone*, either by sea or land? And then, Madame Bonaparte, —she, forsooth, told this secret to Fouché for one thousand louis! What secret? Let us be satisfied with the truth. It was the chance, already explained, which procured news from Europe. It ought to be regarded as certain, and I affirm, that Bonaparte never dreamt of his departure for France, when he made his expedition to the Pyramids, nor when he learned the disembarkation of the Anglo-Turkish army. Writers have framed intelligence reaching him by way of Tunis, Algiers, Morocco,—from I know not where! But nothing can be opposed to a certain fact. At this period, during more than two years, I know not that a single despatch, in any circumstances, remained unknown to me. How, then, could all those mentioned escape my notice? Almost all who speak in this guise, wishing to remove the charge of desertion from the leader of the Egyptian army, cite a letter of the Directory, of the 26th May, 1799. This letter may have been written, but it never arrived. What

imports it, that such a document appears among the archives? All these are mere suppositions. What is now read, is from one who never quitted him,—to whom he told every thing,—and who wrote all to his dictation, or by his order. I repeat, on our return from Syria, we were without information from France. On the 2d July, the General wrote to Desaix, the man whom he most loved and esteemed, that he was without intelligence from Europe, and waited for news. The long wished for intelligence reached us, as now explained, and its nature determined the resolution of Bonaparte, who now looked upon Egypt as an exhausted field of glory. Before departing from that country he knew full well discredit had begun to attach to the enterprize. Still, his original object of keeping himself in the attention of the world, had, to a great extent, been accomplished. Notwithstanding the real disasters which had befallen our army, the French flag yet floated over the Cataracts of the Nile, as above the ruins of Memphis; and these mighty names, united with those of the Pyramids and of Alexandria, had yet lost none of their power over the imagination. Finding the renown of arms no longer sustained the weakness of the Directory, he hastened to see whether he could not share or seize the directoral power.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August, and arrived at Cairo on the 10th. Here he caused to be renewed the report of his intended expedition into Upper Egypt, which appeared the more likely that he had really proposed such an excursion. He had ever looked forward with delight to inscribing his name on the famous statue of Memnon, which bears the designations of so many conquerors. I need not say with what pleasure I had anticipated such a tour. All at once, he announced an intention, previously to run over the Delta, for the purpose, as he wrote to the Divan of Cairo, of there examining men and things with his own eyes. Till now, our secret had

been faithfully kept; but, on descending the Nile to Menouf, where Lanusse commanded, that brave officer divined our object. Though he envied our lot, it was without complaints, and he said nothing to any one. On the 21st we reached the Wells of Birket. The Arabs had infected the water; the Commander-in-chief, absolutely bent on quenching his thirst, tried to swallow a horrible potion, by mixing the water with the juice of lemons, and holding his nostrils. On the 22d, being near Alexandria, the General declared to all those whom he had brought with him from Cairo, that they were bound for France. Joy appeared on every countenance.

General Kleber, then at Rosetta, and destined successor in the command of the army, was invited to come to Damietta, in order to confer on matters of the utmost importance. In appointing this meeting, well knowing he should not be there, Bonaparte wished to avoid the reproaches and the sturdy frankness of Kleber. He then wrote whatever he had to say, giving as a reason for not keeping his appointment, that the apprehension, every moment, of seeing an English cruiser appear, had induced him to accelerate his departure by three days. But, while writing this, he knew well that he should be at sea before the letter was received. Kleber complained loudly, in his correspondence, of this crafty policy. At the same time, the Commander-in-chief issued a proclamation to his army, in which he said, "Intelligence from Europe has decided my departure for France. I leave the command of the army to General Kleber; the army will soon hear news of me; I cannot explain more fully. It gives me pain to separate from soldiers to whom I am most attached: but our separation is but for a moment; and the general whom I leave you enjoys the confidence of government, and mine."

Before quitting for ever the subject of the Egyptian expedition, it may be proper to refer the reader to

Bonaparte's *Notes upon Egypt.* These were written during the time which elapsed from our return to Cairo, till the moment of setting out for the Pyramids: they formed the recreation of the General's leisure hours. I retain the modest title of NOTES, because such was the name he himself gave them. These Notes he did not dictate to me,—he wrote them with his own hand, and that, too, very carefully. I have at present only a part of the autograph, nor do I know what has become of the other portion of it. The copy, however, which I transcribed at Cairo from the original, shews, in several places, corrections by the General's own hand; nor do I now print a single word which is not his. Bonaparte, like Xenophon and Cæsar, excelled in the art of expressing thought. The grandeur of some, the clearness of all, the ideas, contained in these Notes, may challenge comparison with the best efforts of these warrior historians.*

* See Appendix, G.

CHAPTER XVI.

VOYAGE FROM EGYPT — ARRANGEMENTS — ADVERSE WINDS — BONAPARTE'S EMPLOYMENTS ON BOARD — FORCED TO LAND IN CORSICA — DANGER OF CAPTURE — BONAPARTE'S CALMNESS AND PRESENCE OF MIND — LANDING IN FRANCE — ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

We were at length about to revisit our native land — a second time to traverse seas abounding in dangers. The ship destined for Bonaparte was once more to carry Cæsar and his fortune; no longer Cæsar, indeed, advancing towards the East, to add Egypt to the conquests of the Republic; but Cæsar, revolving in his darkened spirit vast designs, and recoiling not at the idea of daring all, to overturn, in his own favour, the government, under whose auspices he had combated. Mystery was around us; the hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the East inflamed not youthful imaginations now, as when we left the shores of France; our last illusions had faded beneath the walls of Acre, and we were constrained to abandon, in a deadly land, the remnant of our companions in arms: In fine, an impenetrable destiny urged us onwards, and we obeyed the impulse.

On the 23d August, 1799, we embarked in the two frigates, *Muiron* and *Carrière*, to the number of from four to five hundred. Such was our squadron, such the formidable armament, with which Bonaparte — so he had written to the Divan at Cairo — was to annihilate all his enemies. This boasting tone might impose upon those who knew not the real state of things; but as for us, what were we to think of it? The same as

Bonaparte thought on the morrow. Fifteen months had elapsed since we quitted our native country. Every thing smiled on our departure: all was dark at our return. Where now were the fourteen ships of war, the frigates, the three hundred sail, which then bounded over the surges of the Mediterranean to eastern conquests? What had been the fruit of those pompous proclamations, those promises, those hopes, and even of our first success? What had availed the capture of Malta in forty-eight hours, or the reduction of Egypt in one month? Alas! times were indeed changed; reduced to conceal our flight, to embark by stealth, we read nothing that was not hazardous in the future; and, if we cast remembrance back upon the past, we had to deplore the loss of our fleet, replaced by two frail Venetian barks, fitted out in haste.

Night had already fallen when we got on board the frigates, anchored at a considerable distance from the port of Alexandria. The feeble light of the stars, however, sufficed to shew us a corvette approaching to observe, and, as it were, to be present at our silent and nocturnal embarkment. Next morning, when on the point of setting sail, we perceived a wherry making directly from the harbour. On board was M. Grand-Maison, an excellent man, whom we all loved, but who, nevertheless, had not been nominated among those returning to France. He entreated, supplicated; but in vain. Bonaparte, desirous to be gone, would listen to no new arrival; and only at the last moment, Monge, Berthollet, and myself prevailed; we hoisted, over the ship's side, our brother of the Egyptian Institute, with the breeze swelling in our sails.

The statement is erroneous, that Admiral Gentheaume remained absolute master of his movements; as if another could have commanded, Bonaparte being present. So far from that, he explained to the admiral, in my hearing, that he was not to follow the ordinary course, and betake himself to the open sea.

"I desire," said the General, "that you keep as close as possible to the coasts of Africa, running along the shores of the Mediterranean. You will pursue this route till we come opposite Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows, with a few pieces of artillery. If the English present themselves, I will run ashore upon the sands; with my troop I will gain, by land, Oran, Tunis, or some other port, and there find means to re-embark." Such was his resolution, and it was irrevocably fixed.

During twenty-one days, the wind, blowing from the west or north-west, was constantly adverse. We were thus unceasingly driven back towards the coasts of Syria and Alexandria, which port it was even proposed to re-enter; but Bonaparte declared for running all hazards, rather than return. In the day-time, we tacked towards the north for a certain distance; and, in the evening, stood in till within sight of the coast. Finally, after twenty-one days of impatience and opposition, a very favourable wind from the east carried us, in a short time, past Cape Bon, the site of the ancient Carthage. Soon afterwards we doubled Sardinia, running along the western shore, and keeping close in with the land. It was the intention to have run a-ground, in case of meeting the English squadron, and landing, to have gained Corsica. There our leader would have waited a favourable opportunity of passing into France. During his moments of leisure, he walked upon deck, constantly occupied in superintending the execution of his orders. The smallest sail renewed his disquiet. Time seemed long to him, in the commencement of the passage, before gaining the Sardinian Sea. The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him: this was what he most dreaded then; yet, afterwards—he believed in the generosity of these very enemies!

Every thing concurred to render our passage dreary and monotonous. The General had lost four

aides-de-camp, Croiser, Sulkowsky, Julien, and Gnibert; Caffarelli, Brueys, and many others, were no more. Our certain misfortunes, and the disquietudes of the future, alike threw their gloom over our hours. Nevertheless, though our apprehension was but too just, and intense the pre-occupation of Bonaparte's mind, there were yet times when we sought to unbend from anxiety, or, in familiar phrase, to kill time. Who would have believed it? Instead of cultivating the understanding by learned discussions, we endeavoured to find in *cards* a resource from thought! Well! even in an amusement so frivolous, the character of our companion manifested its peculiar bias. In general, he disliked play; but, since play he must, preference was given to *Vingt et un*, because that game comes to a conclusion sooner than others. If, in describing his noble deeds of arms, he loved to embellish, to vaunt his fortune, so did he not disdain to aid his cards by sleight of hand: in one word, he cheated. Thus, for example, in *Vingt et un*, he drew a card; if a bad one, he left it on the table, and said nothing, waiting till the dealer had drawn his card. If the latter had a good hand, the General threw up his without shewing, and forfeited his stake only: if, on the contrary, the dealer's cards made him exceed twenty-one, Bonaparte also threw up his bad hand without shewing his cards, and of course demanded his stake. He laughed heartily, too, at those little tricks, especially when they were not detected; and, sooth to say, we were already courtiers enough to flatter him in this petty ambition, by voluntarily shutting our eyes. But I ought also to be no less in haste to say, that he never profited by these little contrivances in play. When the party broke up, he restored his winnings, which we divided amongst us. The gain, as may be supposed, was no object; but fortune must give him, at the nick of time, an ace or ten, just as she owed him favourable weather on a day of battle; and if fortune failed in her duty,

no one was to perceive. He played also at chess, but very rarely, because indifferently, and liked not being beaten at this game, which passes, one knows not well why, for a pretended imitation of the great game of war. At that, Bonaparte feared no one. I remember, at Mantua, his losing a game to General Beauvoir, reckoned one of the best players in Europe, who gave him odds. Beauvoir requested Bonaparte to point out any pawn with which check-mate should be given, declaring the game lost if the pawn were taken. Bonaparte detected the last on his adversary's right, and with that pawn Beauvoir actually gave him check-mate. Bonaparte was any thing but well pleased. He liked very well to play with me, however, because, though the superior, I was not so much so as to gain always. When successful, he would give over playing, to rest upon his laurels.

Scarcely had we passed Sardinia, when the west wind, rising with great violence, constrained us, on the 1st October, to enter the Gulf of Ajaccio. We set sail on the morrow, but finding it impossible to clear the gulf, were obliged to seek shelter in port, and land at Ajaccio, till the 7th. It may easily be imagined how impatient Bonaparte was of this delay; often, indeed, did he manifest that impatience, as if he would command the elements, in like manner as men obeyed him. He was losing time, and time was precious; but there existed also a more serious subject of uneasiness. "What shall I do," he would say, "if the English cruisers in these seas hear of my forced stay in Corsica? I must then remain,—and what an abode! what wearisome days! The thought is insupportable! Besides, you see, it absolutely rains relations upon me." This was very true; his great fame had prodigiously increased his family. He was overwhelmed with visits, solicitations, and requests. The whole city was in movement. Every body claimed to be his cousin at least; and, from the amazing number of godsons, so styling themselves,

one would have imagined that the General had stood sponsor for every fourth child in the place.

Bonaparte took several walks with us in the environs of Ajaccio. In the zenith of his power, he did not count his crowns with more pleasure than he shewed, while pointing out to us the small domain of his sires. With his uncle, M. Fesch, were exchanged our Turkish sequins, amounting in value to somewhat above seventeen thousand francs, (£710.) We found the future cardinal understood how to charge. This sum was all that Bonaparte brought from Egypt. I mention this fact, because the General has been unworthily calumniated in letters, written after our departure, which were intercepted and published by the English. I must add, that, refusing for his own private needs, to touch the military chest, which at no time contained funds for half the expenditure, he several times drew upon the firm of Clary at Genoa, on his own account, for fifteen, twenty-five, and even thirty-three thousand francs, (£625, £1092, and £1400.) I attest, while in Egypt, that he was never seen to appropriate the smallest sum above his appointments. He left that country poorer than he entered it. These are incontestable truths. From his private notes upon Egypt, it appears that the revenue drawn from that country in twelve months, amounted to 12,600,000 francs, (£525,000.) In this sum are included 2,000,000, (£8,300,) at least, of extraordinary levies, which would never have been touched, had not a good many heads been struck off. Bonaparte remained fourteen months in Egypt, and he carried away from thence, say they, 20,000,000, (£833,000!) One would think calumny must be sweet to certain people; but, at least, they should put a little probability, a little address, into their scandals. Very well! this treasure of twenty millions barely sufficed for Bonaparte's disbursements at Ajaccio and our travelling expenses to Paris.

During the passage, till our arrival in Corsica, his

mind was much occupied with the manner in which he should pass the time of quarantine at Toulon, an infliction he never calculated upon escaping. Then illusions on the state of our affairs, would often induce him to hold with me such discourse as the following: —"Were it not for this accursed quarantine, once on shore, I would hasten to place myself at the head of the Army of Italy. There is yet some resource. I am confident, not a general would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me in Italy, would arrive at Paris, as soon as that of Alexandria. That would do capitally!" In Corsica, his language was very different. There he learned the series of our disasters, the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, on the 15th August.* The greatness of the public calamity almost unmanned him, while it added to the anxiety and doubt on his own position and probable reception. In the midst of all these distractions, he was still himself, though less so than usual.

Providing for all possible chances, he purchased, at Ajaccio, a large skiff, which was to be taken in tow by *Le Muiron*. Into this shallop, manned with twelve of the best rowers on the island, it was his intention to throw himself, in case of urgent danger of capture, and to run for the nearest shore at all hazards. This precaution had nearly proved not unnecessary. Our course was prosperous and tranquil, till the evening of the 8th, having been at length enabled to leave Ajaccio the day previous; but, at sunset, we were signalized by an English squadron of fourteen sail. Our pursuers, favoured by the light, which shone in our faces, saw us much better than we could observe them. They must easily have

* Alas, poor Italy! the constant sufferer, whoever may be the conqueror! When the Translator but lately passed through Novi, the town on the south and east lay nalf in ruins, from the consequences of the battle fought thirty years ago.

recognized our vessels as of Venetian build, and the night closed in very opportunely for us; for we were not far distant from each other. We could long discern the English signals, and the report of cannon sounded more and more towards the left. We conceived that the intention of the cruisers must be to turn us on the south-east quarter. In these circumstances, Bonaparte might have been permitted to render thanks to fortune; for it is very evident, that, had we been suspected of coming from the East, and bound for France, the English—which they could easily have accomplished—would have intercepted our progress, by making sail between us and the land. They probably took us for a convoy of stores, proceeding from Toulon to Genoa, to which mistake, and the approach of night, we were indebted for getting off with a fright only.

During the cruel night that followed this evening of fears and tribulations, the most painful agitation prevailed on board *Le Muiron*. Gentheaume, especially, was the victim of a distraction, impossible to describe, and distressing to witness: he had absolutely lost his wits; for our disaster seemed inevitable. His proposal was to put about for Corsica. "No, no!" replied Bonaparte, imperiously; "No. Set all sail—every soul to his post. To the north-west—to the north-west—onwards!" This order saved us; and I pledge the assurance, that, in the midst of a terror, almost universal, Bonaparte was occupied solely in giving orders; the rapidity of his judgment seemed to increase with the aspect of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my memory: the hours were long, and none knew upon what new dangers the morning would dawn. In the meantime, the resolution of our leader was fixed; his orders were issued, his arrangements made. Already, in the evening, he had determined to commit himself to the skiff, named those persons admitted to share his fate, and pointed out to me what papers it was

most important to save. Happily, our terrors were vain, and these dispositions unnecessary; the first beams of day discovered to us the hostile fleet steering towards the north-east, and we continued our course for the long wished for shores of France.

On the 9th October, 1799, at eight in the morning, we entered the bay of Frejus. The sailors not having remarked the coast during the night, we knew not where we were. At first there was some hesitation whether we ought to advance: we were not expected, and could not reply to the signals changed during our absence. Some shots were fired from the batteries on the coast; but our frank entrance into the road-stead, the numbers crowded on the decks of the two frigates, our demonstrations of joy, soon dispelled every doubt of our being friends. Already had we entered the port, and almost taken up a station, when the report spread, that one of the ships carried General Bonaparte. In an instant the sea was covered with embarkations. In vain we besought the people to keep at a distance; we were fairly carried off and landed on shore. When we represented to the crowd of men and women, which pressed around us, the danger they incurred, all cried out, "We prefer the plague to the Austrians!"

What we felt on treading the soil of France, I essay not to describe: Oh! how sweet it seemed to breathe the air of our native land under the delicious sky of Provence! The reception we had experienced; the acclamations, the delirium, of which our leader was the object; the interest which every one was urgent to express towards us, heightened our gladness. All this was so overpowering as to deaden, for a space, the impression of the mournful tidings which met us from every quarter. In the first moment of our joy, as if by one spontaneous feeling, we repeated, with tears of enthusiasm, the beautiful lines which Voltaire has placed in the mouth of the Sicilian exile.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY TO PARIS — ENTHUSIASM OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE — VIEWS OF BONAPARTE — MEETING WITH JOSEPHINE — STATE OF PARTIES — DIRECTORY — ARMY — MOREAU — BERNADOTTE — ANECDOTES — INTRIGUES — PREPARATIONS FOR A NEW REVOLUTION.

In this return to France, the simple announcement of which produced effects still remembered, both there and throughout Europe, Bonaparte has been accused, first, of breaking the sanitary laws; and, secondly, of having thus only consummated a design long matured, of abandoning his companions in Egypt. On both these points I have related facts. He had himself, as we have seen, always looked forward to the ordinary quarantine; he had made arrangements for passing the time; and, if any, the inhabitants of Frejus were the only culprits. Other writers have committed the absurdity of printing, that a superior order exempted him from this salutary regulation, as if such individual exemption could have been possible. Nevertheless, when we consider the landing of five hundred persons, and much effects, from Alexandria, where the plague had but lately raged, we must regard it as a singular happiness that France and Europe were preserved from the scourge. As to the second accusation, I have already shewn that his departure was the effect of a sudden resolution, as will appear farther from a little personal incident. While at Cairo, before the landing of the Turks, and just on the point of setting out for the Pyramids, I wrote,

bidding an almost eternal adieu to my wife, seeing no prospect of return, and aware of the dangers to which we were continually exposed. If Bonaparte had *then* entertained the intention of embarking, I must have known, and, knowing, surely I would not thus causelessly have distressed my family. Two days after the reception of this melancholy epistle, my wife was awakened early in the morning by a messenger, bearing my letter from Frejus, announcing our return to France, and that General Bonaparte would dine with my mother, on his way through Sens! My wife set out immediately, and, on her way, passed Louis, and afterwards, Madame Bonaparte, hastening to meet us. They took the road to Lyons, and missed the General, who there changed his first route, and proceeded through the Bourbonnais.

Men often talk of the good fortune which accompanies certain individuals in all their undertakings. Without believing in this species of predestination, if I examine those dangers, so numerous, so varied, from which Bonaparte escaped, on so many occasions, the hazards which he braved, the chances he ran, I can conceive that others may attach to him this faith. But, having long studied "the man of destiny," I have remarked, that what others, and he himself, called his fortune, was his genius; that his success resulted from his own deep foresight—his calculations, rapid as the lightning—the instant accordance of his thoughts and actions—and the conviction that boldness is often wisdom. If, for example, during our passage from Alexandria to Frejus, Bonaparte had not inviolably held a route different from the ordinary course; if he had consented to return to the port of Alexandria, or, subsequently, to Ajaccio, would he have surmounted the perils which beset his path? In all probability, no. Well! was all this the effect of chance? No certainly.

Hardly had he entered Frejus when, eager for news, Bonaparte questioned, examined, every body Here

he first learned the real extent of our reverses in Italy. These completely effaced former ideas, weakened, indeed, considerably in Corsica: "The evil is too great," said he, "there is nothing to be done." The sacrifice was not made without pain. Never shall I forget with what satisfaction, with what intoxication, he dwelt upon the effect which would be produced in France by the simultaneous announcement of an Egyptian and an Italian victory. Decided thus to hasten with all speed to Paris, he set out the same afternoon. Every where was he received with the same enthusiasm; his journey resembled a triumphal march, and it required but small gift of prophecy to foresee in it something of the futurity that lay beyond.

The state of things in France was indeed fearful. Every province become a prey to anarchy, and the ravages of civil war; the nation menaced with foreign invasion, and groaning under the load of tyrannic laws; the government denounced by the universal voice of the people, as without power, without justice, without morality, the mere puppet of the factious and intriguing. The highways were so infested by robbers, that our carriage was benevolently escorted, not more from respect, than from anxiety for our safety. All things wore the aspect of dissolution; disorder reigned throughout, but especially in the provinces; for men in large cities more easily escape the fangs of despotism and oppression. Any prospect of a change could not fail of being hailed with transport. The majority of the French nation longed to emerge from this debasement. Two dangers threatened at one and the same moment,—anarchy and the Bourbons. There was felt the pressing and irresistible necessity of concentrating the supreme power; and, at the same time, of maintaining those institutions which embalmed the spirit and the intelligence of the age,—institutions which France had purchased so gloriously, and at the price of ten years of misfortune; of which she had known the sweets only in hope; and which seemed

on the point of being lost for ever. The good sense of the nation was searching for a man, capable of restoring tranquillity to an exhausted and bleeding country. But the search had yet been vain. A fortunate soldier presented himself, covered with glory, who had unfurled the banners of the republic from the Capitol and from the Pyramids. All acknowledged his possession of superior talents: his character, the well known boldness of his views, and his victories, had placed him in the first rank: his conduct hitherto had likewise appeared to proclaim the wish to render the country of his adoption free and happy. Thus, without a thought in reserve, expectation fixed upon a general, whom past actions designated as the most capable of defending the republic from foes without, and liberty from false friends within; a general whom his flatterers, and even many of good faith, addressed as "the hero of liberal principles." At the least, there could not be comparison between him and the ignoble crowd of fanatical hypocrites, who, under the pretexts of republican and liberal notions, had reduced France to the most disgraceful and the vilest servitude. But, in reality, who could have imagined, that, after obtaining the chief magistracy of the republic, for whose preservation he had seemed to labour so earnestly and so successfully, Bonaparte would employ the powers of that very magistracy, to prostrate beneath his feet those principles which he had so often proclaimed—to which he had pledged allegiance?

Yet, true it is, his ambition gratified, such was his after conduct. By absolute rule, he put down the constitutional freedom for which France yearned—the enjoyment of which she had struggled to secure, even by fatal means. But in the upward path of his ambition, he reckoned not that he was left alone. His eagle glance, which could scan rapidly and truly the most complicated affairs, detected not his own solitude on a giddy height, whence once destiny,

natural feeling, and national patriotism, thus disavowed and betrayed, would leave him to a fall terrible and rapid. He saw not, that, when one man is in himself *all*, all must yield with him; and that, when empire hangs upon the issue of a battle, it is staid on nothing!

Among the mighty projects which rolled unceasingly through the mind of Bonaparte, must undoubtedly be ranged the design of arriving at the head of the government. But the belief is erroneous, that, on his return, he had any formed plan, any settled scheme: there existed something of vague ambition in his aspirations; and, so to speak, he was building airy structures on a magnificent scale. The march of events moved in accordance with his desires; and one might say, that each individual Frenchman aided in shortening the path which led Bonaparte to power. It is certain, that those unanimous plaudits, that universal joy and enthusiasm, which, to be conceived, must have been witnessed, accompanying his progress through more than two hundred leagues, might seem to him, what it appeared to others, a national missive, inviting his participation in the rule of the republic. I, in like manner, regarded him as the saviour of my country; and affirm, that this universal joy, which loudly proclaimed the wrongs of the people, and the hope that they had found in the "man of victory," him whom they delighted to call their liberator, was to him the first and principal encouragement to advance directly in the accomplishment of those aims, now apparently indicated by the wishes of France. This he often repeated to me.

We reached Paris on the 24th Vendemiaire, (16th October.) He had as yet been informed of nothing, having seen neither his wife nor brothers, who had posted through Burgundy, while we had taken the route by the Bourbonnais. The news of the General's disembarkation at Frejus, had been transmitted by telegraph to Paris. Madame Bonaparte, dining at

M. Gohier's the same day on which, as president of the Directory, he received this despatch, formed the resolution of instantly setting out to meet her husband, knowing of what importance it was that she should be beforehand with his brothers. The jealous fury, caused formerly by the imprudent conduct of Junot, had left no apparent traces: nevertheless, secret suspicion preyed upon the mind of Bonaparte. When Josephine returned to Paris, we were already there. Remembrance of the past, the hateful and envenomed tales of his brothers, exaggeration of facts, had exasperated him to the last degree: accordingly, Josephine was received with a studied severity, and an expression of the most cutting indifference. For three days, he held no communication with her, and, during that space, spoke to me incessantly of those suspicions, which imagination had now converted into certainties. Often threatenings of divorce were uttered, with no less fury than on the confines of Syria. I again assumed, with success, the part of conciliating: my endeavours, seconded by his own reflections, the sincere affection he had always entertained for Josephine, and his regard for her children, brought about a perfect reconciliation. After these three days of matrimonial pouting, their union, on this point, was never again seriously affected, not even at a subsequent period, by Josephine's foolish expenses and debts.

On the morrow after his arrival, Bonaparte paid a visit to the Directory. The interview was cold. On the 24th, he said to me, "At dinner, yesterday, with Gohier, I affected to take no notice of Sieyes, who was there, and I could observe all the rage with which this contempt inflamed him."—"But are you sure he is against you?"—"I know nothing about his plans as yet; but he is a man of system—that I like not." In fact, Bonaparte was already contemplating how he might turn him out, and take his place in the Directory.

But, to follow the course of events, we must cast a retrospective glance upon the state of parties during our absence, and at our return to Paris. The army was exclusively republican, while the Directory and the government seemed as if constituted expressly for intrigue of all kinds. Sieyes was reported at one time to have entertained thoughts of inviting the Duke of Brunswick to the head of affairs; and Barras seemed not to have been far removed from recalling the Bourbons. Moulins, Roger-Ducos, and Gohier, alone maintained, or affected alone to maintain, the possibility of preserving existing forms. Among the military, again, Moreau enjoyed a high reputation, and might be considered as representing the Army of the Rhine, which, having reared in its own ranks men of great valour, while not refusing the tribute of admiration to the Conqueror of Italy, leaned with something of personal interest in its estimation of him who had repaired the disasters on the German frontier. Bonaparte, on the other hand, had, for devoted partizans, all the companions of his Italian glory, and, a little later, those whom he termed, "my Egyptians." Bernadotte, too, though at the head of no party, occupied a conspicuous place in public attention, as a stern and inflexible republican, round whom, in the event of any great political explosion, most probably, would rally all those of similar sentiments. Strange, that the affairs of Europe should since have been so changed, so intermingled, so fantastic, that the crown of Sweden has become compatible with the fidelity sworn to the constitution of year III! During the Egyptian expedition, Bernadotte, in his capacity of zealous republican, had discharged the functions of minister of war. I have strong reasons for believing, that Joseph and Lucien made all sorts of attempts to bring him over to their brother's party; and, with that view, had seconded his nomination to this office. At the same time, I guarantee only what I have seen or heard. It was also reported, that, at first, he had

yielded to their influence; but afterwards, alienated by their demands in favour of their client, acted independently in his office, and even undertook to open the eyes of the Directory to the ambitious views of the Bonapartes. Certainly the subsequent conduct of Bernadotte, as witnessed by myself, went to corroborate these reports. Endowed with rare perspicacity, he was the first to penetrate clearly the ulterior designs of Bonaparte. He saw the Directory divided into two parties; one duped by the promises, the other accomplices of the Conqueror of Egypt. In these circumstances, if I may so express myself, he hawked about the offer of his services to all those in the government who were, like himself, opposed to the change so much apprehended. But Bonaparte was not the man to be vanquished in management, and every instant beheld his ranks increase.

There were also causes of private difference. Bernadotte did not, like all the other generals in Paris, visit Bonaparte on his arrival. This absence was the more remarked, that the former had served in Italy. It was only after the lapse of fifteen days, and upon the repeated instances of Joseph, and Madame Joseph Bonaparte, his sister-in-law, that Bernadotte paid a visit to his old commander. I was not present, but soon knew the result of the interview, during which the conversation had been long and animated. On its termination, Bonaparte entered the study where I was at work, quite agitated. Hastily addressing me,— "Bourrienne, can you conceive of Bernadotte? You have just traversed France with me. You yourself have said, that you read in the enthusiasm called forth by my return, the desire of every Frenchman to escape from the disastrous situation into which our reverses have plunged the country. Very well! Now see to Bernadotte! he vaunts the brilliant and victorious condition of France; tells me of Russia beaten; of Genoa occupied; of innumerable armies every where levying; and of I know not what more besides. It is

all humbug."—"I understand nothing of this exaggeration," replied I; "but did he not speak to you of Egypt?"—"Ah! now you put me in mind. Did he not reproach me for not having brought the army along with me? My answer to this was,—'You just now told me, that you have more than enough of troops; that all your frontiers are secured; that immense levies are making; that you have 200,000 foot, and 40,000 cavalry. If so, of what use would a few thousand men more be in France, who are yet sufficient to preserve Egypt?' To this he could make no reply. Then this man, quite elated by having been minister of war, has the assurance to tell me, that he looks upon the Egyptian army as lost. He did more—he has shewn me that he penetrates my intentions! He spoke of enemies without, and enemies within. At these last words he gave me a look: I also allowed a glance to escape!—But, patience! the pear will soon be ripe! You know Josephine's grace and address; she was present,—the look did not escape her: she changed the conversation. Bernadotte saw, from my countenance, that I had enough of it, and took his leave—But I interrupt you—you will find me in Josephine's apartment."

In a private conversation with Madame Bonaparte on the same evening, which, after this account, it is not to be denied, I was anxious to hold, the whole was confirmed. She repeated Bernadotte's words. "'I do not despair,' said he, 'of the safety of the state, and am certain the republic will be able to deal with enemies, whether from without or from within.' In pronouncing the last words," continued she, "Bernadotte's look made me tremble. One word more, and Bonaparte would have broken out. It is true," said she again, "it was a little his own fault; for it was he who first turned the conversation upon politics; and Bernadotte, in presenting to him a flattering picture of the condition of France, only replied to one of another description, which the

General had just drawn. You know, my dear Bourrienne, our friend is not at all seasons over prudent; and I fear he said too much to Bernadotte, on the necessity of changes in the government." Josephine was yet agitated by the thoughts of this morning scene; and I quitted her to consign these outlines of it to my notes.

Three weeks before our arrival from Egypt, Bernadotte had resigned the war portfolio, which was now in possession of Dubois-Crance. Some friends of the late minister, however, were attempting to recall him to his former post. This it imported much to prevent; and how well Bonaparte already understood his position, appears from a conversation held with me the second day after our arrival. After a short silence, and rubbing his forehead with his right hand, he continued, breaking off from less important matters,—"I am perfectly aware, that Bernadotte and Moreau will be against me. But of Moreau I have no fear; he is soft, without energy. I am sure he prefers military to political power: we shall gain him by the offer of a command. But, Bernadotte! he has Moorish blood in his veins; he is bold and enterprizing; he has been with my brothers; he does not like me. I am almost certain he will be against me. If he become ambitious, he is capable of daring any thing. Yet you will remember with what lukewarmness he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. Besides, this devil of a fellow is scarcely to be seduced; he is disinterested; he has judgment: but we shall see." In little more than three weeks after our arrival, Bernadotte had dined with Bonaparte, both in the Rue Victoire and in the country. The latter had laid himself out to persuade, and finally prevailed on the former, if not to forward, at least not actively to oppose, his schemes. In all these advances, Bonaparte acted upon his own principle,—"We must always be beforehand with our enemies, and shew them a fair outside; without

this, they think we fear them, and that gives them boldness." Moreau, again, had been brought in the same time completely over. Such were the difficulties in the way, such the imperative necessity of knowing well our ground, when Bonaparte began to act. Let us now advance into a more extensive field, and view our first chances.

As a mark of high esteem for the General, the Council of Five Hundred named his brother Lucien their president. The sequel proved the importance of this nomination, which, with the excellent conduct of Lucien, who throughout displayed a courage, activity, intelligence, and presence of mind, rarely united in the same individual, mainly contributed to the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The General had a fixed plan of conduct, whence he did not once depart, during the twenty-three days from his arrival, till the above date. He refused almost all private invitations, as a safeguard against indiscreet inquiries; waved all unacceptable offers, and all replies which might compromise him. It was even with considerable repugnance that he went into a project of the ardent Lucien, who, by every species of address, had brought the majority of his colleagues to take part in a public subscription dinner to be given in honour of Bonaparte. This, from the number of the guests, — two hundred and fifty, — the diversity of their opinions, and their mutual suspicions, the heaviest concern at which I was ever present, attained, however, its object. Two parties, till then irritated against each other, were thus brought together, and prepared to join against the common enemy. Bonaparte, wearied and impatient, dined quickly, rose as soon as he had finished, and, making the round of the table with Berthier and myself, addressed a few words of flattery to some, to others an unmeaning phrase, according to circumstances, and disappeared, leaving his entertainers still at table.

During this brief political crisis, nothing passed more

noble, more elevated, or less contemptible, than all we have seen in these revolutionary commotions, and especially in that of the 18th Fructidor. Every thing in such political dealings is so despicable, conducted with so much knavery, with so many lies and snares, so much treachery and impudence, that, for the honour of the human species, a veil should be drawn over the disgusting detail. All finishes by sabre cuts.

The first views of General Bonaparte were directed towards his former aim of obtaining a place in the Directory. But the old objection of age was still opposed, even by his warmest partizans, to his nomination,—so much are men more the slaves of names and forms, than the supporters of the essential in laws, government, and liberty. This *constitutional* objection, which Bonaparte, with all his efforts, perceived he could not surmount, was urged by those who were plotting fundamentally to overturn the constitution of the year III. So soon as his intentions became fully known, there were seen to group around him, all those who had long divined the man that would be called, and many reared by the Revolution, who conceived themselves neglected. It was now, who should share the spoils of the Directory, and of the two Councils. At that price, the services of all were venal. These able, and, in their own spheres, influential men, exerted their interest to engage Bonaparte to unite with Sieyes, though their hostility had been increased, by a report brought to Bonaparte's ear, that, on occasion of the dinner at Gohier's, already mentioned, Sieyes exclaimed, after the General's departure,—"See how this little insolent treats a member of that authority, which ought to have ordered him to be shot." In those days, too, Bonaparte had termed the nomination of Sieyes scandalous; but all was changed by able mediators. These represented to the General, how useless it was to seek to take place of Sieyes; better flatter him, in the hope of overturning the present, and making

a new constitution; above all, tempt his cupidity. One said, in my hearing, "Seek support among those who treat as Jacobins the friends of the republic; and be assured, Sieyes is at the head of that party."

In order speedily to rid themselves of a reputation which embarrassed and disquieted them, the members of the Directory sent for the General to attend a private sitting. On the morrow, he informed me of the result:—"They offered me the choice of any army I might desire to command. I did not refuse; but requested some time for the re-establishment of my health; and, to escape other troublesome offers, took my leave. I will not return to their sittings.—(He went only once again.)—I decide for the party of Sieyes. It numbers better than that of the profligate Barras. Besides, the latter would have repugnance to play an inferior part; and I will never yield to such a one. He gives himself out as the author of my fortune; and thinks only of himself as the future prop of the republic. What should I do with him? Sieyes, on the contrary, has no political ambition."

No sooner had Sieyes and Bonaparte come to an understanding, than the former let out, that Barras had said,—"The little Corporal made his fortune in Italy; he has no need to return." Bonaparte, upon this went to the Directory, expressly to rebut the accusation; complaining loudly, before all, of this attack; resolutely affirming, that his supposed wealth was a fable; and that, if he had made a fortune, it was, at least, not at the expense of the republic. "You know well," said he to me, speaking on this subject, "that the mines of Hydria produced the greater part of what I may have." The peculations of Barras were at this very time notorious.

During this important crisis, Bonaparte admitted few into his confidence. He communicated his designs only to those necessary to their success. The rest, like machines, followed their chiefs, and the impulse given them. They waited with passive obedience

upon the faith of those promises, by which their assistance had been purchased. As time advanced, agents of all descriptions, agitators, partizans, the public journals, were set to work, diffusing every where the requisite opinions and alarms.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVOLUTION OF 18TH BRUMAIRE — PREPARATIONS IN BONAPARTE'S HOUSE — IN THE CHAMBERS — ST CLOUD — BONAPARTE'S SPEECH — FEARS — CHAMBERS DISSOLVED — BONAPARTE ELECTED CONSUL, WITH SIEYES AND DUCOS.

THE parts were well cast in the grand drama, whose catastrophe approached. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire, (9th November,) every one was at his post. Lucien, with no less activity than intelligence, advanced the conspiracy in the Council of Five Hundred. Sieyes took care of the Directory. Real, under the wing of Fouché, negotiated with the departments, and, according to the instructions of his leader, laboured with admirable address, without compromising Fouché, for the destruction of those from whom that minister derived his power. Time pressed. So early as the 14th, Fouché said to me, — "Tell your General to be speedy. If he delays, he is lost."

On the 17th, Bonaparte was informed by Regnault St Jean d'Angely, that the overtures made to Cambacérés and Lebrun, were not received in a very decided manner. "I will have no tergiversation," replied the General, with warmth. "Let them not suppose I have need of them. They must determine to-day. If not, to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself sufficiently strong at present to stand alone." These individuals had remained almost strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, in his arrangements, had cast his eyes

upon Cambacèrés, the minister of justice, in order to create him one of his colleagues, when he should be in a condition to appoint them; because, through his former life, this functionary had given pledges to the partizans of the Revolution; and he added Lebrun, to counterbalance the former choice. Lebrun was well known as a man of honourable conduct and moderate principles. By this selection, Bonaparte hoped to satisfy all parties. Besides, neither was in a state to contend against his own inflexible resolution and ambitious views.

What low intrigues the 17th Brumaire beheld! That day I dined with Bonaparte. After dinner, he said to me,—"To-morrow I have engaged to dine with Gohier. You may well believe I shall do no such thing. I am not the less vexed at his obstinacy. To re-assure him still more, my wife has just invited him to breakfast for to-morrow. It is impossible he should apprehend any thing. I saw Barras this morning, and left him very ill at ease. He besought me to see him again to-night. I promised, but shall not go. To-morrow the affair will be finished. It is a little time gained. He expects me at eleven. All will be prepared for my reception. Take my carriage, name me, and you will be immediately admitted. Say to him, a severe headach has obliged me to go to bed; but that I shall see him to-morrow without fail: that he may be quite easy; for every thing will be arranged. Avoid as much as possible being questioned; do not stay long; and come to my apartment on your return."

I arrived at eleven o'clock at night precisely, in the General's chariot. The greatest solitude and most profound silence, reigned in the apartments leading to the cabinet of Barras. I was announced, when, seeing me instead of Bonaparte, he shewed extreme astonishment. He had a most disconsolate air. It was easy to perceive, that he looked upon

himself as a lost man. I discharged my commission, and remained but a short time. On conducting me to the door, he said,—"I see Bonaparte deceives me. He will not return. All is over. To me, nevertheless, he owes every thing." I replied, that he would certainly return on the morrow. A negative shake of the head shewed me plainly he did not believe the assertion. We shall see what passed. Bonaparte, on hearing the account of my visit, appeared well satisfied. In reply, he said,—"Joseph has just gone to Bernadotte's, to tell him to come to-morrow."—"From what I know," was my answer, "if he does come, he will be of no service to you."—"I believe so; but he can no longer do me any hurt: that is all I want. Come, good-night! Be here to-morrow morning at seven." It was then one o'clock.

Returning on the morrow a little before seven, I perceived a great number of generals and officers already assembled; and, on entering Bonaparte's chamber,—an extraordinary circumstance,—found him risen. At this moment he appeared calm, as on the approach of battle: the great agitation was reserved for the day after. I had not been there more than a few minutes, when Joseph entered, with Bernadotte, whom he had not been able to find the preceding evening, and had therefore brought thus early. I felt so surprised to see the latter in plain clothes, that I could not help approaching, and saying, in a low voice,—"General, every body here is in uniform, except you and I."—"Why should I be so?" As he pronounced these words, Bonaparte, struck also with surprise, interrupted his conversation with several persons collected about him, and turning abruptly towards Bernadotte,—"Hold!" said he, "you are not in uniform."—"I am thus every morning, when not on duty."—"But you shall be on service in a moment."—"I have heard nothing to that effect. My instructions should have reached

me sooner." Bonaparte then withdrew with Bernadotte into an adjoining room. The conversation was not long—there was no time to be lost.

In another quarter, under the influence of a party of the principal conspirators, the translation of the two legislative bodies to St Cloud, was decreed on the morning of the 18th, and Bonaparte appointed to the command of the armed force.

While these various transactions were going forward, Barras probably still expected Bonaparte, while Josephine waited Gohier for breakfast. In the residence of Bonaparte were assembled all the generals devoted to him. Never had I seen there so large a number. All were in full uniform. Some half dozen civilians also appeared, of those initiated in the mysteries of the day. The humble abode of the Conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage: the court, and even the entrance, were crowded. Bonaparte had been informed of the decree of the Council, and, before mounting on horseback, waited for the copy which would be transmitted to him. At the very moment even of this numerous convocation of officers, that decree was passed in the Council of the Ancients by a majority which might be termed factitious, for the members had been summoned in the evening at different hours, and matters were so managed, that sixty or eighty, whom Lucien and his friends had been unable to bring over, did not receive their intimations till too late.

When the message of the Ancients arrived, Bonaparte invited all the assembled officers to follow him. On the news which he announced, a small number drew back,—at least I observed two groups separately quit the house. Bernadotte, addressing me, said, "I remain with you." My belief then was, that a great deal of jealousy appeared in his demeanour. Bonaparte, before descending the stairs leading into the court from the small circular dining-room, which

served also as an antichamber, returned hastily to invite Bernadotte to follow. He refused. Bonaparte said to me in passing,—"Gohier is not come—so much the worse for him!" then sprung on horseback. Scarcely was he gone, when Bernadotte also departed.

Thus left alone with Josephine, I became the confidant of the inquietudes which agitated her, and which I sought to tranquillize by saying, that, every thing being prepared, affairs would go on of their own accord. She entertained much kindliness of feeling towards Madame Gohier: this sentiment extended also to her husband; and I have reason to believe, that Madame Bonaparte sent assurance to President Gohier through a friend of his wife, that, if he resigned voluntarily, without joining Barras, all would go well. But, at that moment, Gohier and Moulins were in their places in the hall of the Directory, waiting for their colleague Barras, to deliberate as a majority, not counting upon Sieyes and Ducos, respecting the translation of the two councils to St Cloud. They were deceived in their hope. Barras had been so completely prostrated by my visit of the evening before, which had opened his eyes at midnight, that he refused to appear, however pressing the messages sent to him; but remained invisible to his brethren till the moment when Bruix and Talleyrand made him acquainted with the accomplishment of what he dreaded, and demanded his resignation; for, in the position of things, *requested* would be too mild an expression.

On leaving home, Bonaparte rode to the garden of the Tuileries, where, accompanied by Generals Beurnonville, Moreau, Macdonald, he reviewed about ten thousand troops, assembled there from an early hour. He then read to the soldiers the decree of the Ancients, directing the transference of the two chambers to St Cloud for to-morrow, (19th,) and

interdicting all exercise of functions and all deliberations elsewhere, and before that time. The decree farther invested Bonaparte with the command of all the military force, and empowered him to require the aid of every citizen, if needful. After reading this document, to which the troops listened with the most lively interest, the General addressed them in a few words of explanation, shewing the decree to be conformable to articles 102-3 of the constitution, and that measures were in operation for the better government of the country, which he and they were called upon, in the discharge of their duty, to assist and protect. While the General was thus labouring in his vocation, the Council of the Ancients issued an address "to the French," setting forth, that "the Council of the Ancients employed the right delegated by the constitution, of changing the residence of the legislative body, in order to reclaim the national representation from the dominion of factions, and to restore internal peace." A proclamation somewhat similar was also issued by Bonaparte, addressed to the citizens, and dispersed throughout Paris. He was so certain of the manner in which the Council would act, that he dictated to me this same proclamation before receiving the decree upon which it was founded.

During these transactions, I remained with Josephine. We were at length considerably re-assured, by learning that a message, through Adjutant-general Rapatel, had been delivered at Joseph's house, who was absent, in name of Bonaparte and Moreau, requesting his presence at the Tuileries. This alliance, so long unhoped, appeared to us both a favourable omen. It was in effect a grand stroke played and gained, by Bonaparte thus engaging Moreau on his side: the game, too, appeared by no means without hazard, since we all knew Moreau to be justly alive to the injurious slights of Bonaparte, of whose projects,

besides, he was not ignorant. A slave to military discipline, the former now no longer regarded the fortunate rival, save as the chief nominated by hi Council of the Ancients. Orders were given him, and he obeyed. Bonaparte assigned to the Commander of the Army of the Rhine the quarter of Luxembourg,—the command of the jailor-guard of the Directory. He accepted, and no circumstance could have contributed more marvellously to the accomplishment of the views of Bonaparte, and the triumph of his ambition. Whatever might be the event, Moreau had been under his orders: the latter would, more than any other, thus be compromised with the Directors, should they prove refractory; and this stern republican had held captive the chiefs of the republic.

At last we beheld the General return. Almost every thing had succeeded; he had then to deal only with soldiers. In the course of the evening he said to me, —"They are now engaged in decreeing, by the commission of inspectors of the chamber, what shall be done to-morrow at St Cloud: I am better pleased that these people should decide—it flatters their vanity. I shall obey orders which I have myself concerted." Continuing our conversation, he expressed satisfaction at having gained Moreau; then spoke thus of Bernadotte's visit:—"A general without uniform!—he might as well have come in slippers. Do you know what I told him on withdrawing?—All. He then knew what to depend upon: I prefer plain dealing. I said his Directory was detested, his constitution grown stale; that it had become necessary to make a clean house, and give another direction to the government. I then added, go and put on your uniform; I cannot wait longer; you will find me at the Tuileries in the midst of all our comrades. Bernadotte, you need place reliance neither on Moreau nor on Beurnonville, nor upon any of the

generals of your side. When you know men better, you will find that they promise much, and hold to little. Trust them not. He then said, he would take no part in what must be called a rebellion. A rebellion! Bourrienne, can you conceive that? A pack of imbeciles; people who play the lawyer from morning to night in their pettiest affairs! All was useless; I could not overcome Bernadotte's resolution: he is a bar of iron. I requested his pledge to undertake nothing against me: Know you what he said?"—"Doubtless, something unpleasant."—"Unpleasant! that's a good one!—much worse. He told me, 'I shall remain quiet as a citizen; but, if the Directory give me orders to act, I will march against all perturbators.' After all, I laugh at him; my measures are taken, and he shall have no command. Moreover, I may just tell you, I completely outwitted him as to the sequel. I played off the sweets of a private life—the pleasures of the country—the delights of Malmaison—of, I know not what? I enacted the swain, and so parted. On the whole, things have passed off pretty well to-day. Good-night; we shall see to-morrow."

On the 19th, I went to St Cloud, accompanied by my old acquaintance La Valette. As we were passing through the Place Louis XV,* he asked me what was to be transacted, and what I thought of the events now at issue. "My friend," said I, "we shall either sleep in the palace of the Luxembourg, or we finish here." Who could have told which was to be the conclusion? Success has legitimated, as a noble enterprize, what the least circumstance had converted into a criminal attempt.

The meeting of the Ancients opened at one o'clock, presided by Lemercier. Discussion ran high upon

* A square in which the executions during the revolutionary times generally took place.

the situation of affairs; upon the admission of the members of Directory; and the propriety of an immediate election. Altercation was becoming warm. The accounts brought every instant to General Bonaparte determined him to enter the hall, and take part in the debate. His entrance was hasty, and in anger, —no favourable prognostics of what he would say. The passage by which we entered led directly forward into the middle of the house: our backs were toward the door: Bonaparte had the president on his right; he could not see him quite in front. I found myself on the General's right; our clothes touched; Berthier was on his left. All the harangues composed for Bonaparte, after the event, differ from each other —no miracle that. There was, in fact, none pronounced to the Ancients; unless a broken conversation with the president, carried on without nobleness, propriety, or dignity, may be called a speech. We heard only these words:—"Brothers in arms,"—"frankness of a soldier." The interrogatories of the president followed each other rapidly: they were clear. Nothing could be more confused, or worse enunciated, than the ambiguous and disjointed replies of Bonaparte. He spoke incoherently, of "volcanoes"—"secret agitations"—"victories"—"constitution violated." He found fault even with the 18th Fructidor, of which he had himself been the prime instigator, and most powerful upholder. He pretended to be ignorant of every thing up to the very moment when the Council of the Ancients had called him to the succour of the country. Then came "Cæsar"—"Cromwell"—"tyrant." He repeated several times, "I have nothing more to tell you;" and he had told them nothing. He said, he was called to assume a higher command, on his return from Italy, by the wish of the nation, and, afterwards, of his comrades. Out came the words, "liberty, equality." For these, every one saw he had not come to St Cloud. Scarcely were they

pronounced, when a member — I believe Linglet — interrupted him sharply, "You forget the constitution." Then his action became animated, and we lost him, comprehending nothing beyond "18 Fructidor" — "30 Prairial" — "hypocrites" — "intriguers" — "I am not so" — "I shall declare all" — "I will abdicate the power when the danger which threatens the republic has passed." Bonaparte, thinking all these allegations admitted as proofs, plucked up a little assurance, and accused the two directors, "Barras and Moulins, who had proposed," said he, "to place him at the head of a party, whose object was to put down those professing liberal ideas." At these words, revolting from their falsehood, great clamour arose in the hall. Some demanded, with loud outcries, a general committee to examine these revelations. "No, no!" exclaimed others, "no general committee! a conspiracy has been denounced: it is proper that France hear all." Bonaparte was then invited to enter upon details: "You ought to conceal nothing." These interruptions, apostrophes, and interrogations, overwhelmed him: he believed himself lost. Instead of explaining what he had said, he accused anew the Council of Five Hundred. The disapprobation became more violent, and his discourse still more wanting in method and coherence. Sometimes he addressed the representatives, now quite stultified; sometimes the military in the court, who were beyond hearing; then, without any transition, he spoke of the "thunder of war," saying, "I am accompanied by the God of war and fortune." The president then calmly observed to him, that he found nothing — absolutely nothing, upon which they could deliberate; that all he had said was vague: "Explain yourself, unfold the plots into which you have been invited to enter." Bonaparte repeated the same things, — and in what style! No idea, in truth, can be formed of the whole scene, unless by those present. There was not the least

order in all he stammered out, to speak sincerely, with the most inconceivable incoherence. Bonaparte was no orator. His place was in front of a battery, rather than before the president's chair of an assembly.

Perceiving the bad effect produced upon the meeting by this rhapsody, and the progressive confusion of the speaker, I whispered, pulling his coat gently at the same time, "Retire, General; you no longer know what you are saying." I made a sign to Berthier, to second me in persuading him to leave the hall; when suddenly, after stammering out a few words more, he turned round, saying, "Let all who love me, follow!" The guards stationed at the door offered no opposition to his passage; the attendant who preceded, calmly drew aside the drapery which closed the entrance, and the General sprang upon his horse, in the midst of the troops which filled the court. Truly, I know not what might have been the consequence, had the president, seeing the General retire, said, "Grenadiers! let no one pass." I have a notion, however, that, instead of sleeping on the morrow in the palace of the Luxembourg, he would have finished his part in the square of the Revolution.

We have just seen what a spectacle the hall of the Ancients presented: without, all wore a different aspect. Scarcely had the General appeared on horseback, when shouts from a thousand voices of "Long live Bonaparte!" rose in every quarter. This was but a ray of sunshine in the interval of the storm: the Council of Five Hundred was yet to be faced, and quite otherwise prepared than that of the Ancients. All combined to produce a fearful uncertainty; but there was now no retreat, the party was too deeply engaged; the last stake must be played; some hours more, and the die would be cast.

These apprehensions were not groundless. In the Council of Five Hundred, agitation was at its

height. The most serious disturbances were manifested in all its deliberations; the Council insisted, that the installation of the two Chambers should be announced to the Directory; and a message despatched to the Ancients, requesting to be informed of the motives which had rendered necessary an extraordinary convocation. But already no Directory existed: Sieyes and Ducos had thrown themselves into the party of Bonaparte; Gohier and Moulins, confided to the custody of Moreau, were detained prisoners in the Luxembourg; and, while the message was yet under discussion, the resignation of Barras, previously addressed to them, was forwarded by the Ancients to the Five Hundred. The reading of this document, by Lucien, as president, occasioned a great uproar in the latter assembly. A second reading was demanded, and the legality of the resignation, with other matters connected, were yet undergoing a stormy examination, when Bonaparte appeared in the assembly, followed by the grenadiers, whom, however, he left at the door.

I was not with the General on this occasion, having been commissioned to send information to his wife by express, that all would go well. But without guaranteeing things so positively as if I had seen them, I hesitate not to think, and to say, that we must rank among the grossest fabrications all that has been said of pretended acts of violence, and of imaginary daggers. This conviction is founded upon the relations given me the same evening, by individuals most deserving of credit, spectators of what passed. As to the reports then or afterwards promulgated,—in all, the recitals vary according to the opinions of the narrators. It is said, that, on the sight of armed men, a universal outcry arose. From all parts of the hall resounded the exclamations, "The sanctuary of the law is violated!"—"Down with the tyrant!"—"Down with Cromwell!"—"Down

with the Dictator!"—"What means the madman?" with others of the same kind. Bonaparte would needs hammer out a speech; but had no sooner opened his lips, than the sounds were lost in almost universal cries of "Live the Republic!"—"The Constitution for ever!"—"Outlawry to the Dictator!" Then, it is said, the grenadiers precipitately advanced, calling out, "Let us save our General!" that, upon sight of these, indignation reached its height; and Bonaparte, out of his wits, fell into the arms of the soldiers, crying out, "They have a design to assassinate me." I give faith to the cries, to the menaces, to the vociferations; but rank as fables the poniards and fire-arms with which the deputies are said to have been armed, and this irruption of the military, the more confidently that Bonaparte mentioned these circumstances neither to me nor to Josephine.

On Bonaparte's exit, the deliberations in the Five Hundred continued to be most tumultuous, and the most furious proposals were agitated. The president, Lucien, endeavoured to calm the assembly; but every sentence was interrupted by cries,—"Bonaparte has tarnished his glory!" "He is become a disgrace to the republic!" "I devote him to execration!" After new efforts, he resigned the chair to Chasal, desirous to obtain a hearing as a simple member. He requested that the General might be again introduced, and allowed to state his intentions, which, he maintained, were only to explain something of great moment in the situation of affairs; "for I believe none of you will, in any case, impute to him designs inimical to liberty." This proposition of Lucien was not received. Cries of "Outlawry!" "Bonaparte!" "Outlawry!" pervaded the assembly. Lucien a second time left the chair, that he might not, as president, be compelled to put to the vote the sentence of outlawry invoked against his brother. Braving the fury of the chamber, he ascended the

tribune, abdicated the presidency, renounced his mandate of deputy, and threw off his insignia. At the moment when he thus quitted the assembly, I returned to my station on the scene. Bonaparte, perfectly informed of what was going on within, sent some soldiers to his brother's rescue. They brought him out from the midst of the hall; and the General attached importance to the circumstance of having with him the president of an assembly, which thenceforth he affected to treat as rebellious. Lucien now reassumed the functions of president; but it was on horseback, at the head of the troops. Inspired by his brother's and his own danger, he pronounced, with inflammatory action, a spirited harangue, which shewed what a man could then dare, who was nothing, and could be nothing, save through the splendour reflected from his brother.

Notwithstanding the shouts of "Bonaparte for ever!" which followed this address, the hesitation reigning among the troops still continued. They shrunk from turning their arms against the national representation. Upon this, Lucien, unsheathing his sword, cried out, "I swear to pierce the bosom of my own brother, if ever he harbour a thought injurious to the liberties of Frenchmen!" This dramatic effort had entire success. Hesitation vanished at these words; and, on a sign from Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of the grenadiers, charged into the hall, and cleared it of the representatives. All were forced to yield to the logic of the bayonet, and here stopped the interference of the armed force on this famous day.

By ten o'clock at night, the greatest calm reigned throughout the palace of St Cloud, wherein so many tumultuous scenes had just been enacted. All the deputies had remained within its precincts. They might be seen wandering about in the saloon, in the galleries, in the courts. The majority had an air of

consternation not yet quieted. The rest affected a satisfaction well got up; but all burned with the desire of returning to Paris. This they could not do till a new mandate revoked the order for their translation.

At eleven o'clock, Bonaparte, who had yet taken nothing the whole day, but who seemed insensible to physical wants in the season of great action, said to me, "Come, Bourrienne, write. I must this evening address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow, on its awakening, I shall occupy the whole capital." The proclamation dictated to me that evening, proved, no less than others, how greatly its author excelled in the art of embellishing the truth to his own advantage.

The day had thus been passed in destroying one government: it was imperative to devote the night to the building up of a new one on the ruins. Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Sieyes, were at St Cloud. The Council of the Ancients assembled, and Lucien set about searching out such members of the other chamber as he could count upon. He was able to collect only about thirty, who, with their president, represented the *majority* of the numerous assembly of which they formed so small a portion. This shade of a representation was essential; for Bonaparte, in spite of the illegal proceedings of the previous day, desired to have the appearance of acting under lawful authority. The Council of the Ancients had already in the morning decided, that an executive provisional commission should be named, composed of three members, and was preparing to appoint the commissioners,—a measure, the initiative of which belonged to the Five Hundred,—when Lucien came to announce to his brother his own chamber unmanageable.

On these grounds, the Council of *Five Hundred*, represented now by the *majority* of *thirty*, passed with all speed a decree, to the following effect:—"There

is no longer a Directory; and there are no longer members of a national representation, by reason of the excess and felonious attempts to which they were continually proceeding." Then appeared a list of sixty-two deputies, noticed by name, as peculiarly turbulent. By other articles of the same decree, the Council created a provisional commission, similar to that the Ancients proposed to be instituted; decided that it should be composed of three members; and that these members should take the title of Consuls of the Republic. There were named as Consuls, Sieyes, Roger Ducos, and Bonaparte. The remaining dispositions, comprised in this nocturnal decree of St Cloud, were merely formal. This night sitting was perfectly peaceable; indeed, it could not well be otherwise. All the members knew in advance the part they were required to play. By three in the morning, all was finished; and the palace of St Cloud, lately the scene of so much tumult, assumed its wonted character of one vast solitude.

All the goings and comings, numerous little billets to write to different people, the necessary conversations, &c. did not allow me to dine till one in the morning. At that hour, and not sooner, had Bonaparte gone to take the oath before the Five Hundred, (the thirty,) as Consul. By three we were in his carriage, on our way to Paris, where he arrived extremely fatigued; and, as a new futurity had now opened upon him, so entirely was he absorbed in his own thoughts, that he spoke not a single word during the drive. But, having reached home, no sooner had he ascended to his bed-chamber, where I also followed, and where Josephine awaited his arrival, in the greatest distress, than, abruptly addressing me, he observed, inquiringly,—"So, Bourrienne, I blundered egregiously?"—"Not so badly, General."—"I like better to harangue my soldiers than to speak before lawyers. These —— put me out. I have not suffi-

cient experience for assemblies. That will come of course." We then all three fell a-talking. Madame Bonaparte was at length reassured, and the General recovered his usual self-possession. The events of the day naturally supplied the materials of our conversation. Josephine, who was much attached to the Gohier family, inquired feelingly about the president. "What would you have me do, sweet?" said Bonaparte to her; "it is not my fault. Why would he not hear reason? He is a fine fellow,—a simpleton! He does not understand me. I ought perhaps to cause him to be transported. He wrote against me to the Ancients. But I have his letter, and the Council knew nothing at all about the matter. Poor man! Yesterday he expected me to dinner!—And yet, he believes himself a statesman!—Let us talk of something else!" In the course of our chatting, the name of Bernadotte occurred: "Have you seen him, Bourrienne?"—"No, General."—"Nor I—he has not even been mentioned to me. Can you conceive of him? I heard yesterday of a great many intrigues going forward, in which he was concerned. Would you believe it? he asked nothing less than to be named my colleague in the command! He talked of mounting on horseback, and coming with the troops that should be placed under his orders, in the design, as he said, of maintaining the constitution. He did more: I am assured he had the audacity to add, that, if it were necessary to carry the sentence of outlawry against me into effect, he was ready; and that he would have soldiers capable of executing the decree."—"All these things, General, should make you aware of the inflexibility of his principles."—"Oh! true; I understand perfectly. There is something in it: he keeps his word; for, without his obstinacy, my brothers would have brought him over. They are connected: his wife, who is Joseph's sister-in-law, has much influence. I myself—but, let me ask you, have I not made

sufficient advances? You have witnessed. Moreau, who enjoys a very different military reputation, yielded at once. Upon the whole, I repent having condescended to Bernadotte a little; so am thinking how to remove him from all his haunts, without any one being the wiser. I cannot prudently revenge myself in any other way: Joseph loves him; every body would be against me. Ah! what foolish things these same family considerations are! Good-night, Bourrienne—*Apropos*, we shall sleep to-morrow in the Luxembourg!"

I then left the General, henceforth the First Consul, after having been constantly by his side for nearly twenty-four hours, except while he was with the Five Hundred, and reached home at five in the morning.

There can be no doubt, that, if Gohier had come to breakfast on the morning of the 18th, as invited by Madame Bonaparte, he would have been one of the members of Government. But Gohier enacted the lofty republican, and, to use a proverbial expression, got upon his high horse, the constitution of the year III, which, receiving a pretty hard fall, he came down along with it. Gohier, conjointly with Moulins, did, in fact, address the Council of the Ancients in a letter which, as we have seen, was intercepted by Bonaparte. In this document they complained of being detained prisoners in the Directoral Palace, unconscious as they were of any crime, save an unshaken resolution to perform those duties arising out of the confidence reposed in them by that assembly. They declared the republic to be in danger, and called upon the Council to "take measures for its defence."

A singular circumstance prevented these patriotic directors from defending their beloved constitution. They allowed it to perish out of sheer respect, seeing that, in order to save it, they must have violated the principle which forbade the directors to deliberate,

unless three were present. In a somewhat similar way, a king of Castile was suffered to give up the ghost,—having fallen into the fire, when, unhappily, there was no one present of the rank permitted by etiquette to touch the royal person.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONSULAR GOVERNMENT — BONAPARTE — SIEYES — DUCOS — SECOND CONSULAR GOVERNMENT — BONAPARTE FIRST CONSUL, CAMBACERES SECOND, LE BRUN THIRD — MUTINIES — DIFFICULTIES — NEGOTIATIONS WITH ENGLAND — ANECDOTES — EGYPTIAN OFFICERS — PROVIDENTIAL OCCURRENCE.

Nothing is more difficult than to vindicate the superiority of truth, when it is opposed to received error. Such is the difficulty I now experience. What has been just said respecting the days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire, is the exact truth: I speak of those things only which I have seen, and relate proceedings which I witnessed: but how reconcile this late truth with so many erroneous suppositions? How drag these accredited lies from the place they have usurped in history? One of these errors, in particular, respects the conduct of Bonaparte. Strange mania of certain writers! the moment they have adopted a hero, they remove from him all the weaknesses incident to humanity. Bonaparte, chief in the field of battle, must also be first in the eloquence of debate. "There were moments," says one writer, "when he spoke like a god, and others in which he expressed himself like the most ordinary mortal." The one half of this is true; but most assuredly I did not hear the god. Yet I was present; I wrote down the whole at the very time even, and have often repeated the narrative, as I now recount its events to the reader. Doubtless I should be better satisfied to be in accordance with all the world; but

cannot bring myself to play the part of a flatterer before a great man, in supposing an eloquence which did not exist; and as I honestly labour to destroy calumny, so I shall establish truth, at whatever expense of undeserved praise. Thus have I shewn, that Bonaparte exercised not an act of wanton cruelty at Jaffa; but he blundered on and spoke nonsense to the Council of Five Hundred. After all, what imported his blunders of speech? The oratory of the bayonet carried it over the most eloquent harangues. On the morrow he was not less Chief of the Republic; nor, at a later period, Emperor of the French.

The acts of the 18th Brumaire are, without doubt, open to censure, in point of legal right; but who will venture to assert, that the immediate result of that day was not to be regarded as a great happiness to France? To deny this, would be to proclaim a total ignorance of the wretched situation of affairs at that deplorable epoch. Let men lavish as they may the high sounding phrases, "oppressed representation," "violated constitution," "military tyranny," "usurped power," "soldier of fortune:" this did not, and will not hinder France from saluting, with almost unanimous voice, the advent of Bonaparte to the consular power, as a blessing of Providence. I speak not here of the ulterior consequences, but simply of the event in itself, and its first effects; such, for instance, as the repeal of the "law of hostages," and the abolition of the "forced loans." Few blamed the 18th Brumaire; no one regretted the Directory, with the exception, probably, of the five directors.—But let us speak no more of the directoral government: what an administration! in what a condition were the finances of the country! Will it be credited? on the second day of his consulate, Bonaparte desired to send despatches to General Championnet, commander of the Army of Italy: well, there could not be found in the treasury of France *twelve hundred francs* (£50) disposable, to give to the courier!

Hence may be conceived the difficulties, from the want of money, in the first movements of the new government. Of those who came forward to the assistance of the First Consul, M. Collot, whose excellent conduct and administration under Bonaparte in Italy merited only encomium, was among the foremost. No less disinterested than speedy in his aid, he was yet poorly recompensed. Five millions of francs in gold were thus placed in the consular chest, where they figured to excellent purpose. This sum was not repaid till long after, and without any interest; and the Consul afterwards acted as if he wished to punish M. Collot for being rich.

On the morning of the 20th, the First Consul sent his brother Louis to announce to the ex-director, Gohier, that he was at liberty. This haste was not without cause; but generosity had therein no part. Bonaparte eagerly longed to install himself in the Luxembourg; and we removed thither that same evening.

All was to create. Bonaparte had almost the whole of the army on his side; but the military no longer sufficed for his purposes: there was wanting a great civil power, legally established. The institution, therefore, of a senate, a tribunate, a council of state, and a new legislative body; in short, the creation of a new constitution, immediately commenced. This, the constitution of the year VIII, was presented on the 13th December, 1799, and accepted by the people 7th February, 1800. It recognized a consular government, composed of Bonaparte, First Consul, named for ten years; Cambacérés, Second Consul, also for ten years; and Lebrun, Third Consul, for five years. It established a conservative senate, and legislative body of three hundred, with a tribunate of one hundred members.* The ninety-five articles composing the constitution were ranged under seven grand divisions:

* Reduced to 50, 1802, and finally suppressed, 1807.

I. On the exercise of rights of citation. II. On the powers and duties of the conservative senate. III. On the legislative power. IV. On the executive government. V. On the tribunals. VI. On the responsibility of public functionaries. VII. General dispositions.

In forming the consular administration, Bonaparte not having yet experience of the men with whom he was thus about to surround himself, procured from those whom he knew of the most remarkable individuals of that period, and who were best instructed regarding France and the revolution, written information respecting the persons worthy and capable of entering the senate, the tribunate, and the council of state. These notes afford grounds for believing that the writers considered themselves as falling in with his sentiments, and regarded him as impressed with the current opinions, by dwelling, as strong recommendations, upon the patriotism, love of liberty, and former occupation of office under the republic, of those nominated for the projected functions. Bonaparte, however, thought only of organizing a complaisant senate, a mute legislature, and a tribunate which should content itself with a seeming independence, existing in certain fine speeches and sonorous phrases. He appointed senators without much difficulty; but it was not so with members of the tribunate. Here he hesitated long, entertaining an anticipated dread of that assembly. On attaining power, he dared not all at once disregard the exigencies of the times; but consented for a season to humour the hollow ambition of those who still continued their fine declamations about liberty. He considered that circumstances were not yet sufficiently favourable for the prevention of this third power in the constitution, destined in appearance to plead before the legislature the cause and interests of the people; but, even in yielding to this necessity, the very idea of a tribunate caused him a lively uneasiness. To say the truth,

Bonaparte could not bear public discussions on projects of law.

These notes are principally in the hand-writing of Lucien, though several portions are inserted by Regnault St Jean d'Angely. In the autographs, an asterisk is affixed to many names, placed there by Bonaparte himself, in order to distinguish those upon whom he intended to have his eye for future employments. These marks designate chiefly practical men, merchants, bankers, former administrators, and some few lawyers; but all men of talents, characterized as of moderate principles and steady habits. The descriptions annexed are usually very brief. Several are marked out, to be avoided as declared partizans of the Orleans party, which is there designated as secret, active, and numerous, and likely one day to be troublesome in France!

But we must do justice: of all qualities or recommendations, that which possessed the greatest influence with the First Consul, was uncorrupted integrity; and herein he was seldom mistaken. When Cambacèrés, on his elevation, vacated the office of minister of justice, Bonaparte conferred it on M. d'Abrial, a Peer of France, since dead. On remitting the portfolio to the new minister, the First Consul addressed him thus: "Citizen Abrial, I know you not, but am informed you are the most upright man in the magistracy: it is on that account I have named you minister of justice." Above all, he required talent, and little as he liked the men of the Revolution, he considered that, in this respect, they could not be passed over. For mediocrity he had conceived an extreme aversion, and rejected a character of this description, whenever presented; but, if such a one had long been in office, he submitted to the empire of habit, dreading nothing so much as change, or, in his own words, "new faces."

The first consular ministry, (under Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos,) was composed of Berthier in the

war department; Gaudin for finance; Cambacèrés, solicitor-general; Forfait at the admiralty; La Place, secretary for the home department; Fouchè, minister of police; and Reinhard, foreign secretary. La Place and Reinhard were soon superseded; the latter by the able Talleyrand, the former by Lucien, who did little more than merely make the round of the ministry before reaching his lucrative Spanish embassy. As to La Place, whose nomination was a tribute paid to science, Bonaparte had quickly reason to repent this choice. The philosopher, so aptly organized for meditation, exhibited the most incredible mediocrity in business, proving incapable of conducting the most trifling affairs of government; as if that spirit, formed to embrace the system of the universe, and to interpret the laws of Newton and of Kepler, could not stoop to the labours of detail, nor apply its powers to the cares required of the legislator, with whose functions its possessor was invested for a very brief, and yet too long, space.

On the 26th Brumaire, (November 17,) the Consuls issued arrests against thirty-eight ex-deputies, and others, sentenced to be transported to French Guiana; and against twenty-three others, ordered to be detained in some department of France. On the representation of Cambacèrés, that such proscriptions were impolitic and unreasonable severities, they were withdrawn, and the individuals named only placed under the surveillance of the general police. From this list, I had fortunately obtained from Bonaparte the erasure of Deputy Moreau of Worms. Some days after, Sieyes entered the cabinet of the First Consul, saying,—"Truly this Moreau of Worms, whom M. de Bourrienne prevailed on you to save from transportation, has been playing fine pranks! I warned you of him. Here is a letter from Sens, his native place, informing me that he is there, and did publicly, with the most violent declamations, excite the people against the 18th Brumaire."—

"Are you quite sure of your agents?"—"Perfectly sure; I answer for the truth of what is written." Bonaparte, shewing the letter, made me the most cutting reproaches. "What would you say, General, if, within an hour, I produce here this same Moreau, reported to be holding forth at Sens?"—"I defy you."—"I pledged myself for his good conduct," was my answer, "and I knew what I was about: he is an enthusiast, but a man of honour, and incapable of compromising a friend."—"Very well! we shall see: go and find him." I was pretty confident in all this, for, in truth, not an hour before, I had seen Moreau, who had lain concealed without quitting Paris. He was introduced, and the First Consul conversed with him a long while about the affair of the 18th. "Well," said Bonaparte to me, after his departure, "you were right. That fool, Sieyes, is credulous as Cassandra! This proves that we must not lightly put faith in the reports of the wretches we are obliged to employ on the police. But really now, Bourrienne, this Moreau of yours is not quite so bad: he pleases me mightily: I shall do something for him." In fact, a few days after, on my simple recommendation, he was nominated to a place with a salary of ten thousand francs, (£420.) How strange are often the chances in a man's fortune!

As to Sieyes, in the transactions, certainly not numerous, which occurred between us, I found him much below the great reputation he then enjoyed. He placed a blind confidence in that multitude of agents with which he filled every quarter. When he was informed of what had happened in the case of deputy Moreau, he replied, with a truly ridiculous assurance, "Oh! I am sure of my men." Talleyrand, who knows so well how to estimate character, and whose excellent sayings are not unworthy of a place in history, was one day conversing with Cambacérès about the Second Consul: the latter observed, "And yet you must acknowledge, that Sieyes is a very

profound man."—"Profound!" answered Talleyrand; "*deep*, you mean—very *deep!*" Sieyes had perpetually written in his face,—Give me money! This reflection upon his craving visage, I remember once to have made before the First Consul: "You are quite right," said he, smiling, "when money is in the question, Sieyes is quite obstinate; but he displays his *ideology:* that renders it easy to manage him. He gives up without scruple his dreams about a constitution for a round sum. He is a perfect convenience."

At the Luxembourg, Bonaparte occupied a suite on the ground floor, his cabinet being near a private stair leading to Josephine's apartments. I had rooms above. After breakfast, which was served at ten, he chatted for a few minutes with his ordinary guests, that is to say, his aides-de-camp, the persons invited, and myself, who never quitted him. There were also pretty generally present some political and literary friends, and his brothers Joseph and Lucien, whom he received with the greatest pleasure, and with whom he conversed most familiarly. When we rose from table, after breakfast, it rarely happened that, having bid good-morning to Josephine and Hortense, he did not add,—"Come, Bourrienne: come, let us to work."

During the day, I was occupied, either in reading to him, or writing to his dictation, or he went to council, which was his custom, three or four times a-week. On those days, he was always in bad humour, because he had to cross the court, and ascend to the council chamber by the grand stairs. It happened, too, that the weather at this time was particularly bad. This source of petty annoyance continued till the 25th December, when he got quit both of the grievance and his two colleagues, Sieyes and Ducos. From this date, he properly assumed the title of First Consul, uniting in the consular executive, Cambacérés and Lebrun. From the council he always entered his cabinet singing; and God knows how wretchedly!

He then examined what had been previously ordered, signed letters, stretched himself at length in his *fauteuil*, reading the letters of last night, and the publications of the day. When there was no council, he remained in the study, chatting with me, always singing; notched the arm of his chair, a common amusement; and often, in short, behaving like a great boy. Then, rousing on a sudden, he would determine the plan of some public work to be executed, or dictate to me those mighty schemes which astonished and awed the world.

We dined at five. After dinner, the First Consul retired to the apartments of Josephine, where he habitually received the visits of the ministers, and with especial pleasure that of the minister for foreign affairs, more particularly after the portfolio had passed to Talleyrand. At midnight, and often sooner, he gave the signal for retreat, by saying abruptly, "Let us to bed." In the apartments of the Luxembourg, of which the amiable Josephine did the honours with so much grace, the word *Madame* came again into use.

In selecting the members of the consular government and legislature, two classes of candidates were sources of apprehension to Bonaparte. On the one hand, he loved not the men of the Revolution; he distrusted still more the partizans of the Bourbons. The mere name of these princes filled him with secret terrors; and often did he speak to me of the necessity of elevating a wall of iron between them and France. We shall see hereafter what was his opinion of the regicides; but, in those early times of his power, he judged, that the more pledges any one had given to the Revolution, by the larger securities, also, did the same person appear bound to oppose return to the ancient order of things. In other respects, Bonaparte was not the man to listen to any consideration whatsoever where his policy had spoken out. The notes already alluded to were unceasingly

consulted. But, besides, he often received, with great kindness, recommendations from private persons whom he knew particularly. It would have been hazardous, however, to have recommended a knave or a fool. The men most cordially disliked were those whom he designated as "people who talked of all, about all, and always." "*I want*," he would say frequently, "*more head and less tongue.*" At first, so little did he know of the Revolution, or of its actors, that he was obliged to take much upon trust with regard both to men and measures. But this great facility in granting places assumed a more chary character, when the passions were no longer excited, when the spirit of party had become prudent, and, above all, when time permitted to pursue his own rigid investigations, which soon brought back around him order and economy, where formerly reigned unbridled licence. Previously he would say to me,—"Bourrienne, I give up your province to you, name me whom you will: but, remember, you shall answer for the consequences. You understand?" What a list would mine present of prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, commissioners, &c. appointed on my recommendation! I have little to complain of in those whom I thus obliged. Very true it is, however, that after my separation from Bonaparte, I have seen not a small number of these my ancient protegés prefer the side of the public walk on which I was *not;* and, by this delicate attention, generously save me the trouble of taking off my hat to them.

Though Bonaparte, on attaining the consulship, doubtless, in his secret wishes, desired war, yet he was not ignorant how much the people longed for repose; and that the appearance, at least, of seeking peace was the interest of a government erected on the ruins of one which had provoked an unpopular and disastrous hostility. In this view, he hastened to notify to the various foreign powers his new dignity,

and caused a letter of like tenor to be addressed to our diplomatic agents abroad.

On the 26th December, 1799, the very day after he had been disencumbered of his first two colleagues, Sieyes and Roger Ducos, Bonaparte accordingly endeavoured to open negotiations with the cabinet of London. At this period, we were at war with almost all Europe: Italy was lost to us; the Emperor of Germany obeyed the views of his ministers, who, in turn, were governed by England; and France possessed no army within herself. To sustain the dignity of the consular government, and to conduct the no less important interests of foreign policy, required no mean talent; while it was of vital importance to the First Consul that foreign powers should understand both the impossibility of restoring the Bourbons, and how to appreciate the system of the existing government, alike remote from the popular violence of the Convention, and the unmanly deceptions of the Directory. For the attainment of this end, the First Consul directed Talleyrand, the new foreign minister, to make the first overtures of accommodation to the British cabinet. There thence resulted a correspondence, which I copied, and which shewed how condescending were even then the advances of Bonaparte, and how haughty had already become the policy of England. I ought to mention, that, some time after, the First Consul caused the principal pieces of this correspondence to be published, but without acknowledging them as official: ordering it to be stated, on the contrary, that their authenticity was not guaranteed. These extracts were published as taken from an English newspaper, *The Morning Chronicle*, which was then at the devotion of the consular government. It behoved that, to the public, the First Consul should not appear as the author of propositions which were not accepted.*

* See Appendix, H.

The interchange of these communications produced no immediate result. Nevertheless, the First Consul had attained his object in part. If the British government had expressed no wish to enter into negotiations for peace, at least it had allowed him to perceive that, somewhat later, renewed overtures from the consulate might be listened to: at the very least, Bonaparte had thus been enabled to make a declaration of principles; and, what was really of great importance, he had discovered that the return of the Bourbons would not, on the part of England, be urged as a *sine qua non* in the political conditions of peace between the two powers.

Since Talleyrand had been called to the head of foreign affairs, great activity had been introduced into that department. It was an advantage to the Consul to have found among the republicans a nobleman of the ancient reign. Such a choice seemed even to have something of polish in the eyes of foreign courts. It was as if a delicate attention were paid to the diplomacy of Europe, thus to present to its members, as the organ of negotiation, one of rank at least equal to their own, and already known to all by the exquisite refinement of his manners, and by the elegance of address under which he veiled more solid qualities and real talents.

Not with England alone did Bonaparte and his minister endeavour to commence diplomatic relations. Peace, but separately, was held out to the House of Austria. Here the object was to awaken a jealousy between the two powers. Speaking to me one day of his extreme desire of peace,—"Look you, Bourrienne," said the First Consul; "I have two powerful enemies on my hands; I shall conclude with the more complaisant, which will give the means of falling all at once upon the other. I do not conceal from you that I prefer peace with Britain. Nothing would then be more easy than to overwhelm Austria. She has no money except through England."

Negotiations were essayed in the very import of these words, but unsuccessfully. All seemed averse from recognizing the new government of the Consul-chief, whose victory of Marengo was thus rendered a necessary prelude to the peace of Amiens.

But whatever occupation the cares and the necessities of the new government gave to Bonaparte, there still remained some moments when he could turn a regard towards the East.

With respect to all who remained in Egypt, Bonaparte found himself in a very singular predicament. Placed at the head of government, not only had he become the depositary of the information actually transmitted to the Directory, but despatches forwarded to one address were handed to another: thus, it was Bonaparte, First Consul, who received the complaints lodged against Bonaparte, the deserter of the Egyptian army. For all these complaints, too, it must be confessed there existed but too just grounds. And we cannot help admiring the rapid concurrence of events which had raised Bonaparte to the consular chair. According to the natural order of things, according to his own calculations, even, and desire, he ought first to have reached Toulon, where the laws of quarantine would most certainly have been enforced: well; fear of the English, the uncertainty of the pilot, obliged him to land at Frejus, where those salutary laws were violated by the very people most interested in maintaining them inviolate. Let us suppose an obligatory sojourn in the Lazaretto at Toulon. What would have happened then? Complaints and criminations would have fallen into the hands of the Directory, furnishing powerful weapons against Bonaparte. His accusation would then have become possible, and his suspension probable; for the complaints were of a nature to be certainly followed up by the former of these results. Of this there needs no other proof than the official despatch of General Kleber, which, after having read, the Consul placed in my custody.

This document, dated from Cairo, 26th September, commenced by informing the Directory of General Bonaparte's departure, and his own advancement to the chief command. "My first care," says Kleber, "has been to take a precognition on the actual state of the army. It is decreased one half. With this diminished strength, we have to occupy the principal points from the Cataracts to Alexandria and El Arych; and at the same time, to contend no longer with disorganized Mamelukes, but against three great powers,—the Porte, the English, and the Russians. Arms, powder, and shot are failing us, without the possibility of supply. The soldiers are naked, a state the more dreadful, that, in this country, it is the most active cause of disease; so that, with half the numerical force, we have a much greater number of sick than last year. Bonaparte exhausted all the disposable resources of the country in a few months after our landing: in revenue we are consequently in arrear twelve, in pay to the troops four, millions. The season, too, is unfavourable; the Nile has not risen. Egypt, in appearance tranquil, is any thing but submissive. I am surrounded by enemies. Such is the situation in which Bonaparte remitted to me the enormous burden of the Army of the East. He left me power to conclude a peace, if this year we should lose fifteen hundred men by the plague. This more than all shews his own opinion of the state in which he left things. What are fifteen hundred men, more or less, to the extent of country I have to defend, while every day is a day of battle? The Commander-in-chief has also written, Alexandria and El Arych are keys of Egypt. The latter is a wretched fort, four days' journey in the Desert; six hundred Mamelukes can cut off our communications when they please. Alexandria was sufficiently well defended; but Bonaparte carried off the artillery to fit out his frigates, and our own heavy guns were lost in the disastrous campaign of Syria. In fine, General

Bonaparte was deceived in the consequences of his success at Aboukir: he did indeed destroy almost the totality of the Turks who landed; but what is the loss of fifteen thousand men to such a power? It has not retarded, one instant, the march of the Grand Vizier. In these circumstances, what can — what ought I to do? I will try to gain time by negotiations, proposing as terms, that the French may occupy all the fortified places, till peace with England, receiving the revenues on paying to the Turkish Pacha the tribute formerly paid. If, as is likely, these terms be rejected, I will try our fortune, if, by any possibility, only five thousand men can be got under arms."

The rest of the letters from Egypt were not less criminative than this of Kleber; but the word of a general, (who offered to prove every allegation by a process verbal,) become commander-in-chief, accusing a predecessor in terms so precise, must have had great weight, especially looking to the coincidences of the whole correspondence. An accusation must have been inevitable, and then — no 18th Brumaire — no consulate — no empire — no conquests in all Europe; — but also, no St Helena. All these hinged upon the circumstance of the English fleet having constrained *Le Muiron* to voyage at a venture through the Corsican Sea, and to land at hazard.

The Egyptian expedition formed too grand an incident in the life of Bonaparte for him to desire earnestly, and often, to recall the public mind to his conquests in the East. It was requisite, besides, that the nation should never cease to behold, in the Chief of the Republic, the first of its generals condemned to forbear the glory of arms. While Moreau had been invested with the command of the Armies of the Rhine; while Massena received the Army of Italy, as the reward of his victory at Zurich; and while Brune was at the head of the Army of Holland, he, who had passed his youth in camps, solaced the hours of

temporary inactivity by a momentary retrospect to his ancient triumphs. Fame was not to be mute for an instant on the theme. With this view, he caused to be published, at short intervals, in the *Moniteur*, recitals of the eastern expedition. Often did it furnish matter of congratulation, that the damning correspondence, and especially Kleber's despatch, had fallen into his own power. So much was Bonaparte master of himself, that, immediately after having seized that communication, he dictated to me the following proclamation, thereupon published:—

"Soldiers!—The Consuls of the Republic often turn their cares to the Army of the East. France is grateful for the influence of your conquests in the restoration of her commerce, and the civilization of the world. The undivided regards of Europe are fixed upon you. In thought, I too am often with you. In whatever situation the changes of war may place you, be ever the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir: you will then be invincible. Give to Kleber that unbounded confidence which you yielded to me; he merits it all! Soldiers! think of the day, when, crowned with victory, you shall re-enter the sacred territory: it will be a day of glory for the whole nation!"

Nothing shews more completely the character of Bonaparte, than the paragraph touching Kleber, after the reader has seen the manner in which that general had written to the Directory. Reading expressions so flattering as these, how could any one entertain the idea, of the correspondence from Egypt being filled with accusations! It is, however, no more than justice to state, that, if the great proportion of these accusations was, on the whole, not exaggerated, there were also many calumnies in the letters. As to what was true, Bonaparte said little, but he felt most acutely the misrepresentations: for example, he was

most painfully affected on seeing himself accused, in some letters, of having carried away the pretended millions. I have already shewn how this matter really stood, and have never been able to conceive what could have given rise to so impudent a falsehood.

Perfectly aware in what light the Egyptian expedition ought to be held, Bonaparte yet looked with a favourable eye upon those who extolled that adventure. The correspondence now in his possession, rendered him master of important secrets. The confidences which concerned himself, were precious documents, as displaying the opinions entertained of his conduct. This was the source of much of the favour, and much of the disgrace, which, without this key, remains inexplicable. This accounts, better than any thing else, for the elevation of so many men of mean abilities to places and honours; and, at the same time, reveals why so many others of real merit were discountenanced and forgotten. Ah! how indispensable is pliancy to maintaining one's self in constant favour! If that be your aim, take good heed how you speak to-day, as you spoke yesterday. The wind has changed; veer with the wind: condemn what you approved, approve what you condemned: you will get on.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX TO VOLUME I.

Note A. Page 24.

Supper of Beaucaire. — This is a political *jeu d'esprit,* of about 16 pages 8vo. and, from its liveliness, vigour, and intrinsic merits, must have produced considerable effect at the time, though now interesting only as the earliest *regular* production of Bonaparte's pen. The object of the publication is to refute the principles, and expose the weakness, of the counter-revolutionists in the south of France, at the head of whom, at that time, were the inhabitants of Marseilles. The time when the piece is supposed to open, is soon after Avignon had been evacuated by the insurgents, as they were named, and seized by the republican troops. The whole is in the form of a dialogue, of which the characters and scenes are thus described in the introduction: — "Happening to be at Beaucaire, on the last day of the fair, I found myself seated at supper, in company with two merchants from Marseilles, a townsman of Nismes, and a manufacturer belonging to Montpellier. My companions soon discovered I had lately come from Avignon, and belonged to the army. Their minds, which, during the week, had been bent upon gain, and the transactions of business, were now directed towards the present posture of affairs, and those results whereon must depend the future security of their acquisitions. They were, therefore, particularly desirous of knowing my opinion, and of comparing it with their own.

Good fellowship rendered us mutually communicative; and, being thus in a talkative vein, we began to discuss matters in nearly the following terms."

In the discussion which ensues, the soldier, who represents Bonaparte, and expresses the sentiments he entertained, or at least wished to appear then to entertain, supports the principal part. The other speakers take, of course, the side of their countrymen; he refutes their arguments in succession, shews that the republican armies have been, and must continue to be, victorious. His opponents, in the end, are constrained to confess, that, in the anti-revolutionary party, "one portion knows not its own intentions, is blinded and fanatical; while the other is disarmed, suspected, humiliated."—"Now," finally replies the soldier, "you begin to see reason. But, through the wise measures of Albitte, and the representatives of the people, all France will yet become of one mind. Marseilles will then be the centre of gravity of liberty, with only a few lines to erase from her history."

"This happy prognostic," concludes the piece, "put us all again in good humour; the Marseillean, with hearty good will, treated us to more than one bottle of excellent champaigne, which banished all cares and solicitudes. We broke up at two o'clock in the morning, agreeing to breakfast together, when my comrades had still some doubts to propose, and I many interesting truths to communicate."

From this conclusion, it would seem to have been the probable intention of the author to recur, if necessary, to the same mouth-pieces, in future explanations of these said truths. The speeches of the soldier discover the most perfect knowledge of the state of parties, and of the warlike resources of the southern departments: neither are they deficient in vigour of composition, nor liveliness of repartee. In many of the remarks, too, we may discover the genius of those tactics to which Napoleon gave such perfection; as masking, not besieging, fortified places; marching without baggage; concentrating masses upon a given point; and what, in the then state of engineer science, was an original thought of high military genius, though we do not at this moment recollect any writer who

has noticed it, namely, discarding guns of heavy calibre, and breaking them up into a great number of eight, and even four, pounders.

Note B. Page 44.

Bonaparte's Marriage. — Extract from the register. — "This 18th day of the month Ventose, year IV, (9th March, 1796.) Act of marriage between Napolione Buonaparte, commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, aged twenty-eight years, born at Ajaccio, department of Corsica, domiciliated in Paris, Rue d'Antin, son of Charles Buonaparte, rentier, and Letitia Ramolyno; and Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher, aged twenty-eight years, born in the island of Martinico, Windward Islands, domiciliated in Paris, Rue Chantereine, daughter of Joseph-Gaspard Detascher, captain of dragoons, and of Rose-Claire Desvergers de Sanois, his spouse.

"I, Charles-Theodore-François Leclerc, public officer of the civil estate in the second arrondissement of the canton of Paris, having read, in presence of the parties and witnesses, 1. Certificate of baptism of Napolione Buonaparte, attesting that he was born 5th February, 1768; 2. Certificate of baptism of Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher, which testifies that she was born 23d June, 1767; also was produced, extract of the death of Alexander-François-Marie Beauharnais, 5th Thermidor, year II, husband of said Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher; also produced, extract of the publication of said marriage, duly affixed for the time, as the law directs, without opposition; and likewise, after Napolione Buonaparte and Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher had declared, with a loud voice, that they took each other, by mutual consent, for husband and wife, I pronounced, with a loud voice, Napolione Buonaparte, and Marie-Joseph-Rose Detascher to be united in marriage, and that in presence of witnesses, of the age of majority, hereafter named, *to wit:* — Paul Barras, member of the executive directory; Jean Lemarais, captain aide-de-camp; Jean-Lambert Tallien, member of the legislative body; Etienne-Jacques-Jerome Calmelet, practitioner at

law; all of whom, the parties, and myself, have signed, after reading. (Signed in the register,) M. J. R. TASCHER, NAPOLIONE BUONAPARTE. Tallien, P. Barras, J. Lemarais, junior, E. Calmelet, Leclerc. (Delivered by us, mayor of the second arrondissement of Paris, conformable to the original of the present act of marriage, at Paris, 17th February, 1829.)"

To this instrument, Bourrienne has attached the following note:—"It will be remarked, that, although Josephine was born 23d June, 1763, in the above act she is said to be born 23d June, 1767; and that Bonaparte, who was born 15th August, 1769, is there said to be born 5th February, 1768." He offers no explanation, nor even mentions another discrepancy in the body of the instrument, the name being constantly *Detascher*, while the signature in Josephine's own hand, is "M. J. R. *Tascher*," which must consequently be the correct orthography.

Josephine was married at an early age to Viscount Beauharnais, a native also of Martinico. He fought in the American war on the side of the colonists, and seems to have carried with him, on returning to the country of his ancestors, the ideas of equality and independence, which such a service was calculated to awaken in a youthful and apparently ardent mind. The family of her husband ranking among the noblest in France, Josephine was introduced at the court of Maria Antoinette; and, though still a girl, being a mother at seventeen, wit, beauty, and elegance placed her among its ornaments. But the gay illusions of such a scene, which left unchecked, if they did not nourish, the great blemishes in her character, levity and profusion, were soon to be dispersed. In 1789, assembled the States-general, to which Viscount Beauharnais was deputed by the nobles of Blois. Subsequently, he became a zealous partizan of the revolutionary cause, and twice presided in the National Convention. Invested with an important military command on the Rhine, he, in common with all of noble rank, fell under the displeasure of the democrats. Instead of abandoning a country where the cause of liberty was now desecrated, he retired to the estates of his brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais; was there seized, and soon after, July 23d, 1794, guillotined,

for crimes then esteemed the most heinous,—birth and virtue. On the death of her husband, the situation of Viscountess Beauharnais must have been sufficiently depressed. The property of the family being confiscated, she had at first no small difficulty in supporting herself and two children; and Eugene, then in his fourteenth year, is reported for some time to have received an eleemosynary education. It is certain, also, that he was apprenticed to a carpenter, but this nominally, and as a matter of security, in order to conceal his being a noble. Through the powerful interposition of Barras, a part of the property was restored. Still Josephine's circumstances were not affluent, when her acquaintance with the future emperor of France commenced, in their frequently meeting at the dinner parties of Barras. This brings us up with the history in the text, which will supply the rest.

The reader will perhaps be better enabled to carry along some of the details in these Memoirs, by a reference to a connected view of the other members of the Bonaparte family.

Charles Marie Buonaparte, the father, died in Corsica, 24th February, 1785, at the age of forty, of the same complaint which released the exile of St Helena. Lætitia Ramolyno, his wife, born August 24th, 1750, is still living at Rome, but, from the effects of a recent accident, is not expected long to survive. Those who have seen her within the last seven years will not easily forget the impression made by the placid and somewhat melancholy expression of her peculiarly fine countenance; and how well its antique character harmonized with the busts they may have just been visiting in the Capitol or the Vatican. To all others, Canova's exquisite statue will convey what the mother of Napoleon was, while it happily recalls one of the most perfect works of antiquity of similar character,—the Agrippina.

Joseph, the eldest of the imperial brothers, was born on the 7th January, 1768. Intended for the law, for several generations the hereditary profession of the family representative, Joseph was sent to study at Pisa, where the sole memorials of his college life are still preserved, in two initials—whether real or imputed is alike for the pur-

poses of fame—engraven, not in the first style of art, upon one of the benches. The troubles in Corsica, with the prospects then opened in revolutionary France, brought Joseph to the latter country. When this final removal actually took place, is not fixed beyond dispute; most probably in 1793, on Napoleon's second return from Corsica, as detailed in these Memoirs. At the same time were assembled, in France, at least all the brothers. Soon after, the whole family are known to have been settled in Marseilles. In the path of fortune, Joseph at first retained the precedence of birth, and his marriage with Mademoiselle Clary provoked, as Bourrienne tells us, the jealousy of the future emperor. In this first volume, the reader will find an account of the essential services rendered by Joseph, and especially Lucien, as instruments, at least, in promoting the early success of their brother. Napoleon once on the "firm ground of greatness," the elevation of his relatives, and of Joseph particularly, became equally extraordinary. In the most important and honourable diplomatic arrangements of the First Consul, Joseph was the constant plenipotentiary for France. Under the empire,—Prince and Grand Elector in 1804; he was made King of Naples in 1806; thence, in 1808, transferred to the more splendid, but dangerous throne of Spain. Here, at best but nominal monarch, by the terror of the French army, he literally lost all at Vittoria, the very ensigns of his shadowy power remaining in the hands of the victors. After the final reverses in 1815, Joseph escaped from Rochefort, with immense plunder, to America. Here, under the title of Count Survilliers, he still lives, on a fine estate purchased near Philadelphia. By his wife, who resides at Florence, he has two daughters, also residing in that capital, and married to their cousins, the sons of Lucien and Louis. In the character of Joseph, avarice and sensuality predominate; his conduct throughout his public life shewed only imbecility; and he never has displayed talents above the veriest mediocrity.

Lucien, nearly five years younger than Napoleon, was born July, 1774, and in talents and ambition, of all the brothers, approached nearest to the Emperor,—perhaps, in some respects, surpassed him. Of this, the Memoirs

furnish ample proof, while they shew, also, that he was alike unprincipled in the application of his talents, and in the means of furthering his ambition. Of all the five brothers, Lucien only will be represented in history without "the likeness of a kingly crown." Why he did not form one in the fraternity of kings, Bourrienne sufficiently explains. Yet it ought to be mentioned, that the whole life of Napoleon shews, whenever obligations were of a nature to detract, by their acknowledgment, from his glory,—that is, whenever services were important,—he uniformly requited them with ingratitude. At the same time, the atrocious and unmanly scenes with Josephine, as described by Bourrienne, were there nothing else, will not permit us to believe that virtue, in either case, had any influence in the separation of the brothers. This rupture ensued on the foundation of the empire, of which circumstance Lucien failed not to take advantage, though we see from these volumes that none laboured more diligently, none more insidiously, than Lucien, for the establishment of the imperial dynasty. The alleged cause of the imperial displeasure was his marriage with Madame Jouberton, when Lucien was forbidden to remain in France, and accordingly took up his abode, for the next ten years, in Rome, or at Canino, in the Roman States. In 1810, while attempting to escape to America, he was captured and brought to England, where he resided for the next three years, upon an estate which he was allowed to purchase near Ludlow, in Shropshire. This period he passed in literary pursuits. In 1814, he returned to Rome, and was created Prince of Canino by Pope Pius VII, a title which now indemnifies him for his brother's neglect, placing him above all the survivors of his family. Lucien, we shall find, was active in the return from Elba, and subsequently under the Emperor: he was, accordingly, arrested after Waterloo, but allowed to return to his principality of Canino, where, or at Rome, he resides. His family consists of one son, Prince Mussignano, married to his cousin Julie, daughter of Joseph; and three daughters, Lætitia, married to J. Wyse, Esq. an Irish gentleman; Lolotte, Princess Gabriella, her husband's title; and Christiana, married to Lord Dudley Stewart, son of the

late Marquis of Bute. The literary labours of Lucien consist of two epics, "Charlemagne, or the Church delivered," published, 1814, in two vols. 4to; the "Cyrneide, or Corsica saved," 1819, in two vols. 8vo; and "Stellina," a novel, 1799. In these works, the industry is more to be praised than the genius of the writer: they are already forgotten. Of his still more *fugitive* productions, Bourrienne will be found to have preserved some amusing anecdotes.

Louis, born September 2, 1778, appears to have been distinguished in early life for the same mild and unassuming dispositions which marked his advanced career. This is sufficiently detailed by Bourrienne, with whom he was a great favourite. He began his career in arms, as aide-de-camp to his brother: whom he attended on the Egyptian expedition. To the general amiableness of his character, his treatment of his wife, Hortense Beauharnais, seems the only exception. Perhaps there were faults on both sides. Created archchancellor and constable of France in 1804, Louis, two years later, was raised to the throne of Holland. In this situation he consulted more the happiness of his subjects than the interests of Napoleon's system: the brothers, therefore, disagreed. Holland was invaded; and Louis, in 1810, fled to Styria, deeming the loss of his crown fully compensated by "a happy riddance from his better half." Subsequently Louis took no part in public transactions; and, in 1813, retired to the Papal States, where, or at Florence, he still resides, under the title of Duke and Count St Leu. As Duchess of St Leu, the ex-Queen of Holland resided in great splendour in Paris. On the return of the Bourbons the Hôtel St Leu was the general rendezvous of the Bonapartists. At present she resides alternately at Aremberg in Switzerland, and at Rome. Of this marriage there have been three sons, two of whom are alive,—Napoleon Louis, and Charles Louis,—the latter married to his cousin Charlotte, daughter of the ex-King of Spain. The eldest, respecting whose birth Bourrienne labours so zealously, and, we think, successfully, to disprove certain monstrous scandals, died in infancy, a loss which, in its consequences, fell upon poor Josephine; for Bonaparte had destined the

child to be the heir of his empire. Louis has also distinguished himself in the field of literature. His most important work, published in 1820, "Historic Documents on Holland," is a valuable acquisition to the annals of the time. "Les Hollandaises," a novel, is descriptive of life and manners in Holland. His recent attack on the Scottish historian of his brother, has only tended to strengthen the good opinion entertained of Sir Walter Scott's general accuracy. A new work, by the Count St Leu, is just announced at Florence,—a translation, in quarto, with learned notes, of Tacitus's Life of Agricola.

In personal appearance, both Lucien and Louis, whom the writer has frequently seen, are prepossessing. Both are remarkable for a certain expression of countenance, which at once discovers the man of meditation and letters; though in them more indicative of taste or refinement than of energy—of meditation than of thought.

Jerome.—This amphibious hero—for he has been tried on both elements, as Bourrienne informs us, and on each with equal failure—was born 15th November, 1784, a few months before his father's death, and consequently is the youngest of the family. For his "doughty deeds," the reader is referred to various anecdotes in the different volumes of the text. In 1803, he married Miss Paterson of Baltimore, while seeking refuge, with his corvette, in an American port, instead of fighting the English. Having lain perdue for about two years, he ventured on a run across the Atlantic, and was lucky enough to escape to Lisbon. Making no scruple to abandon his wife for another and a kingdom, he was raised to the throne of Westphalia in 1807. If he was placed in such a station "in mockery of all state," and as the disgrace and scourge of his unfortunate subjects, both purposes were completely attained. Jerome was intended by nature to be only contemptible, because, born in obscurity, poverty would have set bounds to his vices; but an elevated station enabled him to become execrable. After the battle of Waterloo, which he beheld *at a distance*, as *commanding* the left wing of the grand army, he fled to his father-in-law, the King of Wirtemberg, who, for his daughter's sake, created him a noble of that kingdom, under his present title, Duke of Montfort.

He now resides in Italy, his conduct having so disgusted his protector, that he was forbidden the kingdom of Wirtemberg. We should be glad to think that the attachment of his wife argues some goodness in its object; but how far will not the faithfulness and the endurance of a virtuous wife extend? When will she be weary of forgiveness? This excellent woman, to remonstrances and entreaties that she would leave her worthless partner, has constantly answered, in the language of Desdemona,—"This is my husband."

Marie-Anne-Eliza, the eldest of Napoleon's sisters, was born 3d January, 1777. She received her education, as a pensionnaire, at St Cyr. Of her early marriage with a Corsican youth, named Bacciochi, the text shews how much the recollection annoyed Bonaparte. At the time of the marriage, Bacciochi was captain of artillery; and, as he was of noble rank,—that is, as such nobility may be defined,—his father and grandfather, &c. though pennyless, had never attempted, by honest industry, to mend their condition, while the bearer of their patent proved his pedigree by being too proud to work, though not ashamed, as he afterwards shewed, to pander for money to his wife's vices; and, as Madame Bonaparte, the mother, favoured the marriage, it does not appear why Napoleon, in 1794, was against it, unless he already contemplated crowns and sceptres for "all the *Bonapartes*." Eliza was subsequently, in 1805, raised to be Archduchess of Lucca, and Princess of Piombino. For the honour of the sex, a veil may be drawn over her private life. She died at Trieste, whither she obtained leave to retire, in 1820. Her husband, whom she treated much as if he had been her chief domestic in peace, and aide-de-camp in warlike matters, resides in Bologna, a good-natured, good-looking, good-for-nothing sort of personage. A daughter, Eliza, and a son, *Prince* Charles, are surviving issue of this pair.

Marie-Pauline, his second sister, was born 20th September, 1780. Her first husband, General Leclerc, whom she accompanied in that expedition, died at St Domingo, as related in the Memoirs. Afterwards, in 1803, she became Princess Borghese, by her marriage with Prince Camillo, the representative of that ancient house. Sub-

sequently, she was raised by her brother to an independent principality, under the title of Duchess of Guastella; but this territory being reunited to the kingdom of Italy, she received with the title an indemnity of £270,000. On her imperial benefactor's reverses, she shewed herself not unmindful of the fallen chief at Elba, but solaced him by her attentions; became his most trusty messenger and agitator; and, by disposing of her magnificent jewels, added to his means of escape. Her diamonds, among the most splendid in Europe, are said to have been in the imperial carriage which was captured by the English at Waterloo. If this be true, what became of them afterwards, the captors best know. They have never since been heard of. Even at St Helena, she did not, like some even more obliged, forget that the exile was her brother. Pauline had naturally a feeling heart, for she pitied, and lightened, to the utmost of her power, the captivity of the good Pius VII. when a prisoner at Fontainbleau. But she obscured all her good qualities, by a gallantry so shameless, as to surpass even the proverbial forbearance of an Italian husband. She died in her own *half* of the Borghese palace,—for the house was both literally and metaphorically divided,—in June, 1825. In person, Pauline was eminently handsome: casts of her hand and foot are to be found in the studios of the Roman artists; and the most beautiful of Canova's works, the Venus Victrix, was modelled from the Princess of Guastella. During the progress of the statue, the frail and fair original sat nude; merely replying to her female acquaintance who remarked on this, "That she found the artist a gentleman, and the room warm."

Caroline.—"The beautiful Caroline Bonaparte," as Bourrienne calls her,—"youngest of the imperial Graces," to quote one of the laureats of the empire—was born 25th March, 1782; married, as described in the text, to Murat, in her eighteenth year; created Grand Duchess of Berg and Cleves, 1806, and, on Joseph's transference to Spain, raised, with her husband, to the throne of Naples, 1808. Caroline was among her sisters, as Napoleon compared with his brothers. She was accomplished, not only beyond them, but far above the usual female education of the

continent. Her talents equalled her attainments; and her ambition surpassed both. Energetic in character, she supplied the defect in the chivalrous but fickle mind of her husband, to whom also she was attached, and faithful, —the only virtuous woman of her family. To these qualities, the ex-Queen of Naples owed the distinction of being the only one of her relations strictly looked to, after the final reverses of him who had made them all. Though treated with due consideration and respect, she was given to understand she would not be permitted to choose her residence, but might purchase lands in Bohemia. Here she has since resided, with the title of Countess Lissano. The family of the ex-King and Queen of Naples are two sons, both in America, and two daughters, married to Italian noblemen.

To these, nineteen individuals, now alive, and connected in the first or second degree with the ex-Emperor, are to be added, his own son Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and the family of Eugene Beauharnais, of whom the reader will find notices in the proper place. Cardinal Fesch still enjoys at Rome his hat, archbishopric, palace, and pictures; and though his silver hairs shew him to be no "younger brother of the church," his rosy good-humoured face promises no speedy relinquishment of her good things.

Note C. Page 62.

Bourrienne has given a variety of documents on the affairs of Venice, from which it appears that the French had at least a plausible pretext for the occupation, and final partition, of the Venetian territories. This is more than can be said in excuse for Austria, not only sharing in, but *proposing* the spoliation of the republic. None, we believe, who has read the history, or has visited the dungeons, of "ducal Venice," can for a moment regret that such elevated and bigoted tyranny — so base an intruder on the rights of humanity, has been swept from the map of European states. But at least she deserved not to fall by Austria—*et tu, Brute!* The conduct of

Austria, indeed, in pulling down a despot, may be palliated on the principle of the vulgar saying,—two of a trade never agree. The following is the manifesto, in which Bonaparte enumerates his grievances against Venice, and is referred to in the text, as sent to the Doge, and dispersed throughout the French army:—

"Manifesto:—While the French army was engaged in the passes of Styria, and had left, far in the rear, Italy, and its resources, guarded by a few battalions only, the following was the conduct of Venice:—1. She took advantage of the Holy Week to arm and organize 40,000 peasants, and, uniting them to the Sclavonian regiments, marched them upon different points, so as completely to intercept all communication with our rear. 2. Commissioners, arms, ammunition, and cannon, for organizing these corps, were sent from Venice. 3. Those who were supposed friendly to us were arrested; our enemies, and especially those engaged in the massacre of the French, received praise and reward. 4. The French, insulted and maltreated, were finally forbidden to enter Venice. 5. The inhabitants of Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, were ordered to take arms and massacre our soldiers; the officers of Venice everywhere publishing, "It belongs to the Lion of St Mark to verify the proverb, 'Italy is the tomb of the Gaul.' 6. Priests, pamphlets, anonymous letters, all from Venice, were set to work, fermenting all minds, and acting only as the senate directed,—a body as much to be feared, as it is secretly abhorred. 7. Our convoys, couriers, all that belonged to our army, were thus intercepted: the blood of Frenchmen was everywhere shed. 8. At Padua, a chief of brigade, and two other Frenchmen, were assassinated. At Castilione, upon all the highways, from Mantua to Legnano, from Cassano to Verona, more than two hundred French were assassinated. 9. Two entire battalions at Chiari were surrounded by a division of the Venetian army, but fought their way through, after an obstinate conflict. 10. Two other combats at Valegozio and Dezenzano had the same result. 11. On Easter Sunday, on the bells beginning to ring, the French were indiscriminately assassinated in Verona, to the number of four hundred, and thrown into the Adige. 12. For three

days, the Venetian army besieged the three castles of Verona, but were defeated, after setting fire to the city, and losing three thousand prisoners, among whom were several Venetian generals. 13. The house of the French consul was burnt at Zante, in Dalmatia. 14. A Venetian ship of war took protection under an Austrian convoy, and fired upon the corvette La Brune. 15. The Liberator of Italy, a republican vessel, carrying only three or four small guns, with a complement of forty men, was sunk in the very port of Venice, by the fire from the fort, and the admiral galley, from which she was not more than pistol-shot distant. The young and interesting Langier, lieutenant commanding the vessel, was shot dead in the act of addressing the assassins. His crew were massacred with hatchets, by men in six shallops, while attempting to escape by swimming: — For these grievances redress is demanded by Chapter XII. Article 338, of the Constitution. BONAPARTE."

NOTE D. PAGE 67.

The Marquis de la Fayette is well known as having been among the earliest, and to have continued among the most virtuous, of the primitive republicans. Probably he carried his prestiges in the cause of equality, and, if reservation here may be ventured, in favour of liberty even, to an improper extreme. The honesty of his intentions, however, remains unimpeached. When the excesses of the Revolution had disappointed his hopes, in common with those of all honourable men, he left France, and, while sojourning within the confines of the imperial dominions, was seized by order of the Emperor of Austria, and sent as a prisoner of state to the fortress of Olmütz, in Bohemia. Here he continued from 1794, till released, as mentioned in the text, in 1797. In his detention were also included two companions, of similar principles, MM. de Latour Marebourg, and Bureau de Puzy. The prisoners were in separate apartments, and in close confinement, as described in the deposition of De Puzy: — " I declare, that, since 18th May, 1794, to this present

day, (26th July, 1797,) I have never been permitted to leave for an instant the chamber in which I was shut up on my first arrival; that, deprived of all other exercise save what may be taken in such a situation, I have never breathed the fresh air, except through the double iron bars with which my window is secured, and which very often, (from that window being on a level with the moat of the fortress,) is so infected, so noxious, as to be poisoning rather than refreshing." The depositions, which occupy a whole chapter of Bourrienne's work, and which were taken by the Marquis de Chastler, commissioner appointed for that purpose by the emperor, are filled with details of misery, filth, insolence, and insufficient nourishment, alike revolting to humanity, and disgraceful to the manners and policy of the Austrian government. For the last eight months of their confinement, all the prisoners express their gratitude to a British officer in the Austrian service, named M'Eligot, who, appointed commandant at Olmütz, " had, during that space, in a manner as polished as it was attentive and feeling, attended to all their wants, so far as he was permitted." In the text it is said, that these prisoners, thus harshly treated, " accepted liberty nobly, and without compromise." This is true. The emperor had proposed to liberate his captives on a condition which M. de la Fayette's deposition will explain, as also how it was received. " His majesty the emperor and king desires to be assured, that immediately after my liberation I shall proceed to America. This intention I have often expressed. But, as my acquiescence in this demand, under present circumstances, might seem an acknowledgment of a right to impose such condition, I cannot deem it behoves me to satisfy his majesty on this head. His majesty the emperor and king does me the honour to intimate to me, that the principles which I profess being incompatible with the security of the Austrian government, he prohibits me from entering his dominions without his special permission. There are duties from which I cannot withdraw. Of these, some I owe to the United States; but, above all, I owe them to France, and I ought not in one iota to derogate from the rights which my country possesses over my person.

With these exceptions, I can assure M. de Chastler, that my invariable determination is never to set foot in any country subject to his majesty.

(Signed) La Fayette."

The reply of his companions in misfortune to the same proposition was equally firm and resolute. "What men!" might Bonaparte well exclaim.

Note E. Page 145.

This despatch is a romance from beginning to end—a special pleading, where the arguments are descriptions of partial successes by the land forces, so conveyed as to draw attention entirely from the fleet; or accounts of a correspondence with Brueys, which Bourrienne *demonstrates* not to have taken place. The passage respecting the fleet runs thus:—"On the evening of the 14th, the English attacked the admiral. He had despatched an officer to inform me of his dispositions and intentions on first perceiving the English fleet. This officer perished by the way. It appears to me, that Admiral Brueys had been unwilling to return to Corfu until certain that it was impossible to enter the port of Alexandria; and that the army, of which he had heard no news for a long time, was in a position to have no need of a retreat. If in this fatal catastrophe he committed errors, he has expiated them by a glorious death! In this case, as in so many others, the Destinies have shewn, that if to us they grant a vast preponderance on the Continent, they have given the empire of the seas to our rivals. But however great may be this reverse, it cannot be attributed to the inconstancy of Fortune. She does not yet abandon us: far from that, she has, in this expedition, favoured us more than ever." He then runs out into a splendid description of the disembarkation, and first triumphs, of the army, "which five days firmly established in Egypt." Here he introduces the famous passage,—"At a distance to windward was seen a ship of war: it was the frigate Justice returning from Malta. I exclaimed, '*Fortune! wilt thou abandon me?*

— *I ask but five days!*' — In these five days the squadron should have been in a situation to bid defiance to the English, whatever might have been their number; but, on the contrary, it remained exposed the whole of Messidor. Each ship received a provision of rice for two months in the beginning of Thermidor. The English shewed themselves in the offing during six days, in superior force. On the 11th Thermidor, news of the entire possession of Egypt, and the entry of our army into Cairo, reached the coast; and it was not till Fortune beheld all her favours useless, that she abandoned our fleet to its destiny."

In a long separate discussion, at the end of his second volume, Bourrienne, examining in detail all the circumstances, clearly proves, — 1. That Bonaparte has falsified dates. 2. That he pretends to have issued orders which he never gave, though complaining of their non-execution. 3. That he cites letters from the admiral which never reached him. 4. That Brueys could not enter the harbour of Alexandria. 5. That he never had provisions for two days. 6. That, consequently, no blame attaches to the admiral; nor is Bonaparte farther culpable, than in accusing Brueys.

Note F. Page 148.

On the subject of Bonaparte's connection with the Mahometan religion, the original contains a long and angry note upon Sir Walter Scott's *History of Napoleon*. Many allusions, in the same spirit, are made, both in the text and notes of the original, to that distinguished writer. Bourrienne seems to participate largely in the animosity of so many of the French authors against the Scottish historian of their late idol. In most cases, it is not difficult to account for this hostility; but, in the present instance, its exhibition becomes the more singular, that the views entertained by Bourrienne, on the character and actions of Napoleon, correspond, more nearly than those of any of his countrymen, with the opinions of Sir Walter Scott. In other words, the work now presented

to the English reader, is the only one in which a Frenchman has spoken out, and truly, on the subject of the ex-Emperor. It could hardly have been anticipated, then, that one alike anxious for the discovery, and fearless in the exposition, of truth, should have been the subject of attack by an author so respectable, and so honourably distinguished for these very qualities, as Bourrienne. The translator, it will be observed, has omitted all such angry expostulations. He owes it to truth, and is constrained by the personal responsibility thus incurred, to state here why he has done so. After most carefully considering every passage, in which, to use his own words, M. de Bourrienne charges Sir Walter Scott with "writing history as romance, and romance as history," the translator has risen from the examination more satisfied of the general accuracy of the Scottish historian. Sir Walter may have erred in a date, or in the scene of a minor event; but the facts of history are in his page: inferences are, of course, out of the question. Every writer has a right, at his own peril, to draw his own conclusions from facts honestly narrated: and, in this respect, it is presumed, Sir Walter's opinions will conciliate confidence, and number supporters, with those of any living writer whomsoever. In the present instance, the reader may judge for himself—*ex uno disce omnia*. The quotation is Bourrienne's own words, so there can be no mistake:—"Walter Scott has not hesitated to conclude, that Bonaparte joined himself to the Turks, in the external forms of their religion: he has embellished his romance with the ridiculous farce of the sepulchral chamber in the great pyramid, wherein the General is represented to have held conversations and discussions with the imaums and muftis. He subsequently adds, that Bonaparte was on the point of embracing Islamism. Every thing that Walter Scott has said on this subject of religion, is the height of absurdity, and is unworthy of refutation." Now, the reader is requested to compare this description of Sir Walter's version, with the facts in the text, as given by Bourrienne himself,—that Napoleon was not only upon the point, but would actually have embraced the Mahometan faith, had it been for his interest, "had the conquest of the

East been the price of conversion." With regard to the conversations, Bourrienne's own words are,—" I must acknowledge, that Bonaparte held numerous conversations with the heads of the Mussulman religion, upon the subject of their worship; but in all this, there was nothing serious; it was rather by way of amusement. If Bonaparte *spoke as a Mussulman*, it was in his capacity of a military and political chief in a Mahometan country." In these two accounts, where is the essential difference? There is none—absolutely none. The facts are similar. Sir Walter seems to have been misinformed, merely respecting the scene of these religious discussions. There was not *one* conversation in the *pyramid*, as we learn fully from Bourrienne, but *numerous* others *elsewhere*. The translator is under no apprehension that the object of this note will be misunderstood, or misinterpreted. To give a complete translation of ten volumes in four, left him no room for idle bickerings or hair-breadth disquisitions. He, therefore, threw them out: the reader had a right to know why. It likewise conciliates confidence for both, to find that the two best writers on the subject,—Bourrienne for the private and political life of Napoleon, and Sir Walter as the historian of the warrior and of his age,—are not at issue on important matters.

Note G. Page 198.

Bonaparte's Notes on Egypt.

1. Egypt is properly only the valley of the Nile, from Assouan to the sea.

2. That portion of the country only is habitable and cultivated over which the inundation reaches, and where it deposits a slime, which the Nile washes down from the mountains of Abyssinia. The analysis of this slime yields carbon.

3. The Desert produces nothing except a few bushes, which assist in supporting the camels. No human being can subsist in the Desert.

4. Nothing so much resembles the sea as the Desert; nor the shore, as the boundary of the valley of the Nile. The

inhabitants of the towns near this boundary are exposed to frequent incursions of the Arabs.

5. The Mamelukes hold the villages in fief. Being well armed, and well mounted, they repulsed the Arabs, of whom they were the terror; but were too few in number to guard this immense line.

6. On this account, the frontiers and roads are respectively protected by the Arabs of the province, who, armed and mounted, are bound to repel the attacks of the wandering Arabs. In requital of this service they enjoy villages, lands, and privileges.

7. Thus, while the government is stable, the domiciliated Arabs, respecting it, remain quiet, and then Egypt has little to fear from foreign invasion.

8. But when the government is weak, the Arabs revolt: in this case, they abandon their habitations to rove in the Desert, and joining the stranger Arabs, pillage the country where they make incursions into the neighbouring provinces.

9. These foreign Arabs do not live in the Desert, which cannot support a single inhabitant: they have their settlements in Africa, Asia, or Arabia. They obtain information of any disorder in the government; they then quit their country, traverse twelve or fifteen days of Desert, establish themselves on different points of its frontier, and thence make desolating incursions into the interior of Egypt.

10. The Desert is sandy. Wells are rare, and of these the greater part are salt, bitter, and sulphurous. There are, however, but few routes on which wells do not occur within every thirty hours.

11. Camels are employed with bottles (of skin or leather) to carry the water which may be required. One camel is able to carry water for one hundred Frenchmen during a whole day.

12. We have said, that Egypt is only the valley of the Nile; that the soil of this valley was primitively the same as the surrounding Desert; but the inundation of the Nile, and the slime which it lodges, have rendered the valley which it traverses one of the most fertile and populous districts in the world.

13. The Nile increases in Messidor, and the inundation commences in Fructidor. Then the whole country is inundated; communications are difficult. The villages are situated on heights of from 16 to 18 feet. A small causeway sometimes serves to maintain a communication: more frequently there is nothing but a foot track.

14. The rising of the Nile becomes greater or less in proportion to the quantity of rain in Abyssinia: but the effects of the inundation depend still more on canals for irrigation.

15. At present the Nile has only two branches—those of Rosetta and Damietta. If these two mouths were closed as much as possible, the inundation would become greater, and the habitable country more considerable.

16. If the canals were kept in good order, well contrived, and more numerous, the water might be kept the whole year on the lands, and so increase both the valley and the soil for cultivation. In this manner, the Oases of Scharkyyeh, and a portion of the Desert from Pelusium, were watered; the whole of Bohahyreh, Maryoutt, and the provinces of Alexandria, were cultivated and rendered habitable.

17. By a skilful system, the fruit of a good government, Egypt might acquire an increase of eight or nine hundred leagues square.

18. It is probable that the Nile has issued by the Dry River, (*Bahun Belâmeh,*) which from Fayoum passes through the middle of the Natron Lakes, and joins the sea beyond the Arab's tower. It appears that Mœris joined this branch of the Nile, and thus formed the celebrated lake of whose origin even Herodotus was ignorant.

19. The government has more influence here on public property than any where else; for, elsewhere, anarchy and tyranny have no influence on the progress of the seasons, and on rain. The land may be equally fertile in Egypt. A dyke not opened, a canal not repaired, may render a whole province desert: for seed-time, and all the productions of the earth, are regulated by the date and magnitude of the inundations.

20. The government of Egypt having remained in the most careless hands for a period of half a century, the

country has annually disappeared in many places. The Desert has gained upon the valley, and has even formed sand-hills on the very margin of the Nile. Seventy years more of the same government as that of Ibrahim and Mourad-Bey, and Egypt will have lost a third of its cultivated territory. It would be easy to prove that fifty years of such a government as that of France, England, Germany, or Italy, might probably triple the extent of cultivation, and number of inhabitants. Men would never be wanting for the soil thus gained or recovered, for they abound on every side both in Arabia and Africa.

21. The Nile, from Assouan to eighty miles northward of Cairo, flows in a single bed. From the latter point, named the *Cow's-belly*, it forms the branches of Rosetta and Damietta.

22. The waters of the Damietta branch shew an evident tendency to flow into that of Rosetta. It ought to be a principle in our administration to aid this tendency, which is for the advantage of Alexandria, and all the direct communications with Europe.

23. If the dyke at Farâ-ou-Nyeh were cut, the province of Bohahyreh would gain two hundred villages, and that, with the canal which extends from Fayoum, would bring the inundation to the wall of Alexandria. This operation would do most injury to the provinces of Scharkyyeh, Damietta, and Maussourah; therefore it ought to be adjourned to a fit season for executing it. The design, however, should one day be carried into effect.

24. The canal which conveys the waters of the Nile from Ramahanyeh to Alexandria, ought to be deepened, so as to be navigable at all seasons of the year. Vessels of one hundred tons, will then be enabled to pass for six months yearly, from Alexandria to Cairo, without encountering any impediment.

25. A work, to be undertaken at some period, will be to construct dykes, to dam up the two branches of the Cow's-belly. By this means, the whole waters of the Nile may be thrown successively east and west, and thus the inundation may be doubled in extent.

26. During the inundation, the waters reach within forty miles of Suez. The remains of a canal are quite

distinct; and there cannot be the least doubt, that boats may one day transport goods from Alexandria to Suez.

27. We have said, that Egypt, properly speaking, was the valley of the Nile. A great part of the Deserts, which surround it, form, however, a part of Egypt, and in these Deserts there are oases, just as in the ocean there are islands. On the western side, the Deserts forming part of Egypt extend ten or twelve days' march from the waters of the Nile. The principal points are the three oases, Syrahs, and the Natron Lakes. The first oasis is distant about three days' journey from Syouth. No water is to be found on this route. In this oasis are some palm trees, several wells of bitter water, a portion of productive soil, and almost constantly malignant fevers.

28. To proceed from Cairo to Tedigat, which is the first cultivated country, there are thirty days of Desert to be crossed: during five of these, no water is to be found.

29. The Natron Lakes are situated about twelve hours' march within the Desert of Tarranneh. Excellent springs are found there; several natron lakes; and four Coptish monasteries. These monasteries are fortresses: we have stationed there a Greek garrison, and several pieces of cannon.

30. On the east, the Deserts which belong to Egypt extend to within a days' journey of El Arych, and beyond Tor and Mount Sinai. Quattyyeh is a species of oasis; there are five or six hundred palm trees, and water for six thousand men, and one thousand horses: it is distant about fifteen miles from Salahyyeh. A little water is to be found in two different places on the route. We have established a fort of palm trees in this important oasis.

31. From Quattyyeh to El Arych, are sixty miles. El Arych is an oasis. There was on this spot a very beautiful village, which we demolished, and five or six thousand palm trees, which we cut down. The abundance of water, and the quantity of materials, induced us to construct a fortification, which is already in a respectable state of defence. From El Arych to Gazah are forty-five miles; water is found several times. The route leads by the village of Kan-you-Ness (in Syria.)

32. Tor and Mount Sinai are distant ten days' march

from Cairo. The Arabs of Tor cultivate fruits, and make charcoal. They import grain from Cairo. Throughout the whole of this oasis there is water, very good, and in abundance.

33. The population of all the Fellahs, or Arabs, who inhabit the oases, both of the eastern and western Desert, and not comprised in that of the fourteen provinces, does not amount to thirty thousand souls.

34. The valley of the Nile is divided into Upper, Middle, and Lower Egypt. Upper Egypt contains the provinces of Dgirgeh, Manfelout, and Mynieh; Middle comprises those of Fayoum, Beni-Youcef, and Cairo; Lower comprehends Bohahyreh, Alexandria, Rosetta, Garbyyeh, Menoufiyyeh, Maussourah, Damietta, Kalyoubieh, and Scharkyyeh.

35. The coast extends from Cape Durazzo to within a day's journey of El Arych. The first post where we have an establishment is at Marabout, six miles east of Alexandria. The harbours of Alexandria are defended by a great number of batteries and forts, which, both by sea and land, place it in security against any attack. Fort Cretin is a model of fortification. Aboukir, situated thirteen miles from Alexandria, is a good road-stead. Lake Maad'yeh, into which formerly flowed that branch of the Nile, called the Canopii, extends to within three miles of Alexandria, six of Rosetta, and, on the south, reaches within three of Birket. The Rosetta mouth has a bar, which is very difficult to cross. From Rosetta to Bourlosh are fourteen miles. The Lake of Bourlosh contains about a hundred dgerms, and communicates with Mehel-el-Kebir by a canal. The embouchure of the lake forms a very good harbour, having from ten to twelve feet of water. The Damietta mouth is defended by Fort Lesbè. Lake Menzahleh, which extends to the ancient Pelusium, or, in other words, which is about seventy miles long, commences at little more than a mile from Damietta. This lake communicates with the sea in two places, namely, at Dybeh and Omm-Farege. There is a great quantity of craft upon the lake. The canal of Moses disembogues into this lake. Tineh, or the ancient Pelusium, is about twelve miles from Quattyyeh. We have

already spoken of the route from Quattyyeh to El Arych. The coast is, throughout its whole extent, low and bad, with sand-hills extending three, and, in some places, from six to nine miles inland.

36. The population of Egypt is about two and a half millions. The Arabs, domiciliated, and under the protection of government in the different provinces, form a total of twelve thousand horsemen, and forty thousand infantry. There are about twenty-four thousand Copts, fifteen thousand Christians of Damascus, and six thousand Jews.

37. The Porte had given up the government of Egypt to twenty-four Beys, of whom each had a military establishment more or less numerous. This establishment, or house, consisted of slaves from Georgia and Circassia, whom they purchased for from 3000 to 4500 francs a-head, (£125 to £188,) and brought up to a military life. There might have been against our army, eight thousand Mamelukes on horseback, well mounted, well disciplined, well armed, and very brave, the property of the reigning Beys. Double that number may be reckoned for those who, descended from other Mamelukes, were established in the villages, or living in Cairo.

38. The Pacha had no authority. He was changed every year, as also the Kadi-askier, whom the Porte sent from Constantinople. Throughout the rest of the empire were, besides, seven other auxiliary bodies. Of these, the chiefs were named the Seven Grand Odiag-lys. These bodies are so diminished by the war, that there now remain only about one thousand, old and infirm, without masters, and even attached to the French.

39. The Sheriffs are the descendants of the tribe of the successors of Mahomet, or, to speak more correctly, the descendants of the first conquerors. They wear the green turban. The Ulemas are the men of law and the church, but who, in no respect, resemble our judges or priests. The chief of the ulemas of Cairo is named Grand Sheik. He is held in the same veneration by the people as the cardinals were *formerly* in Europe. The ulemas pronounce the prayers each in a mosque, which brings them some revenue, and great credit. The grand mosque of Cairo,

called El Ashar, is large and beautiful, and has a great number of teachers and others attached to its service. Of these, there are twenty-four principals.

(Here Bonaparte's Notes cease to be numbered.)

There are many coffee-houses in Cairo, where the inhabitants pass the greater part of the day in smoking: the poor and travellers lodge in the mosques during the night, and in the heat. There are a great number of public baths, to which the women resort to bathe and relate the news of the town. The mosques have endowments, much the same as *were* those of our own churches.

The villages of Egypt are fiefs belonging to the prince who bestows them. In consequence of this, a cess is exacted, which the peasant is obliged to pay to the landholder. The peasants constitute real proprietors, since they are respected; and, in the midst of all revolutions and overturnings, the right of the peasant is never violated. Hence, there are, in Egypt, two classes of men,—the proprietors of the soil, that is, the peasants, and the proprietors of the fiefs, the feudatories, or seigneurs.

Two-thirds of the villages belong to Mamelukes, for the expenses of the administration. The *miri*, properly so called, is an imposition, sufficiently moderate, being a kind of cess destined for the Ottoman Porte.

At present, the revenues of the republic in Egypt consist of five articles:—1. The custom-houses. 2. Diverse established rights. 3. Miri, or duty of the Kaschefs and others. 4. The hundredth, or seignorial right on two-thirds of Egypt, the fiefs being now vested in the republic. The custom-houses of Suez, Cosseir, Boulac, Alexandria, Damietta, and Rosetta, yield from four to five millions, (£170,000 to £200,000.) 5. The miri and manorial rights amount to fifteen millions, (£625,000.) The *avanies*, (forced contributions,) to two millions, (£85,000.) The avanies formed one of the greatest sources of revenue to the Mamelukes.

Egypt, then, may yield, including all, about twenty-four millions annually to the republic, (£1,000,000.) In time of peace, it may yield thirty millions. Four-and-twenty years hence, the revenues of Egypt may amount to fifty

millions, (£2,085,000.) In this valuation, I do not include the prospect of a trade with India. But, during war, the suspension of all commerce renders the country poor, and every branch of revenue feels the effects. Since our arrival in Messidor, to Messidor of the present year, that is to say, in the space of twelve months, there have been drawn from Egypt,—

	Francs.
Contributions from Alexandria, . . .	500,000
——— Rosetta, ...	150,000
——— Damietta, ...	150,000
——— Copts of Cairo, . .	500,000
——— Natives of Damascus,	500,000
——— Turkish coffee-houses,	1,000,000
——— Various merchants, .	500,000
——— Wives of Mamelukes,	500,000
——— The Mint, . . .	300,000
Territorial impositions, ...	8,500,000
In all,	12,600,000

There were still due from the villages, pretty considerable sums, of which military affairs had prevented the collection.

Note H. Page 251.

These letters are well known, and have been often printed; and, as space must be husbanded, they are omitted in the translation. These documents are,— I. A note from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville, dated 26th December, 1799, enclosing, II. A long letter, thus addressed, "Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to his Majesty, the King of Great Britain and Ireland," (same date.) III. Lord Grenville's reply, 4th January, 1800, to Talleyrand's note, enclosing, IV. An official letter, with the concurrence of his Majesty, in answer to the First Consul; but signed, of course, by his lordship, as Secretary of State. V. A note from Talleyrand to

Lord Grenville, (14th January, 1800,) enclosing, VI. An answer from the First Consul, in reply to his Majesty's official note. This note is without signature; and, after pressing the necessity of peace, concludes,— "The First Consul offers to grant all necessary passports for this purpose."

END OF VOL. I.

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